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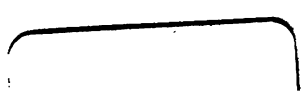

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BY THE

AUTHOR OF "SAYINGS AND DOINGS."

[Theodore Hook]

"Critics, whene'er I write, in every scene
Discover meanings that I never mean.
Whatever character I bring to view
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But, every babe his christ'ning owes to you.
'The comic poet's eye,' with humorous air
Glancing from Watling Street to Grosv'nor Square—
He bodies forth a light ideal train,
And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain,
Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
'And gives the airy nothings place and name.'"

COLMAN THE ELDER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1831.

ever did taint that class of society, it was a circumstance of very rare occurrence.

It is curious to see how insignificance, like charity, covers a multitude of sins: the peccadilloes of middling life nobody knows of; and if any body did know of them, nobody would care about them. The importance of the characters alone give interest to the great drama of life. The billing and cooing of a couple of sparrows is matter of no great edification to any body, but a flirtation between a pair of elephants would be a matter for general wonderment and conversation.

The truth is, as I have already said, Maxwell was so dazzled by the wealth which Apperton had promised him, that he put himself entirely under his guidance; and having so far linked his fate with that of his minister, he neither saw nor sought any reason against binding him to his interest by ties of a nearer and dearer nature than those of a mere professional duty; and thus it was that Katherine's happiness was sacrificed. That it *was* sacrificed, had been now made too evident to her father; and, therefore, when he found that his only objection to its completion existed in a much stronger degree in the case of Apperton than in that of Somerford, his feelings were beyond description painful.

In the morning, in consequence of new letters from London, the necessity of the stockbroker's departure for town was decided. The house of Simpson, Hopkins, and Brown *had* stopped payment, and all the worst anticipations of their trembling customers were realized. The horror-stricken countenance of the stockbroker too plainly spoke the greatness of his apprehensions, if not of his actual loss. His looks were wild, his manner restless. The illness of his wife seemed not a feather's weight upon his mind;—he groaned with agony as he sat at the breakfast table, and swallowed his tea unconscious of what he was doing.

"Why, stockbroker," said Moss, "you have had bad news from town, hav'nt you?"

"Yes, sir," said Apperton, snappishly,—"very bad."

"And are you going up to London?" said Moss.

"At twelve o'clock," said Apperton; "at least I have sent Stevens to get a place if he can."

"And when do you come back?" said Moss.

"God knows," said Apperton.

"*No chance* of waddling, is there?" said Moss.

"*Of what, sir?*" said Apperton, looking at him as if he *could have eaten him.*

"No serious loss, I hope," said Moss, moderating his voice, and judiciously changing his style with his tone, so as to suit the "fluctuations" in his companion's temper.

"Serious," said Apperton, "that time will show—two banking houses gone in six-and-thirty hours—at one of which I had an account—and at the other, for all I know, large deposites; however, my maxim is, nothing venture nothing have—and, perhaps, all may be right yet."

"'Tis a sad business to wind up the gayeties of the honeymoon," said Moss.

"Gayeties," said Apperton, "Ha! ha!—there has been not much gayety for me—Mrs. Apperton, I fancy, will feel my absence a great misfortune."

"Misfortune!" grunted Moss, filling his mouth with a large square piece of toast and butter, as an excuse for not saying any thing more.

"I dare say, Mr. Moss, you know what I mean," said Apperton, whose pecuniary embarrassments seemed to have exacerbated his general character—"that Captain Somerford, sir—it seems very strange nobody could mention his name before me, during the whole time I knew the family."

"Somerford!" said Moss, not at all aware of the extent of Apperton's knowledge, and not at all anxious to enlighten him more than was absolutely necessary—"ah—Charles—Charles Somerford."

"My wife's former lover, Mr. Moss, I mean," replied the stockbroker, with a look of *fierté* of an entirely novel character; "his unlucky arrival here has caused all this illness of hers; his letter to her unravelled the mystery, and I find myself duped by Mr. Maxwell into marrying his daughter, and thus unconsciously destroying her hopes of happiness with the man she loved."

"Ah!" said Moss.

"And here I am," continued Apperton, "like a bad bill, dishonoured after acceptance."

"And without even three days' grace," said Moss, who could not resist the opportunity of carrying on the facetious figure.

"And for what, Mr. Moss," said Apperton, "has all this mischief been done?—to avoid the disgrace of marrying the young lady to a deserving man whom she loved, because he could not tell who his grandfather was. In a country like England, where the highest places are open to the lowest candidates, it *would greatly* check the course of promotion, if

the government were to be equally scrupulous;—for my part, I scorn the pride that has been the source of Kate's unhappiness. I laugh at it, sir. Is it because my mother keeps the Cat and Cauliflower in Ratcliff-highway, that I—"

Moss conceived at this period of the conversation, that his associate's brains had been turned by the fluctuation of the money market, drew back his chair, muttering a sort of curse at the words Cat and Cauliflower; and would, in all probability, have made the best of his way out of the room, had not Apperton's servant informed him that there was a place in the twelve o'clock coach, which he had secured for him.

"Then go up to Mrs. Apperton's maid," said Apperton, "and bid her tell Mr. Maxwell that I wish to speak to him; and ask at the same time whether I may see your mistress, as I have not above three-quarters of an hour to stay."

"Am I to go with you to town, sir?" said Apperton's servant.

"No," said Apperton, "I go alone. Pack a small portmanteau, and put up my razors."

Moss thought the last part of these directions was given with a peculiar emphasis; and that those smooth-edged instruments were very likely to perform some other and more dreadful duty than simple shaving—so thoroughly was he convinced of the madness of his companion.

"Mr. Moss," said Apperton, when the servant had left the room, "there are turns in our lives which happen suddenly; and there is a saying, that 'misfortunes seldom come single.' I have been a very prosperous man in life—but the point is past; my prospects in London are any thing but cheering; the alteration in public affairs is evident, and I have, I honestly confess, hazarded every thing on the chance. The discovery made in my private life by the unexpected, and I now say, unfortunate meeting of Kate and her old lover, goes to my very heart. I am an unpretending person, and but partially polished or endowed with what are called accomplishments; but, such as I am, Miss Maxwell accepted me. I was gratified in having such a wife, and anxious to do every thing in my power to please her and serve her father; but he has deceived me; and she has deceived me, to oblige and obey him: and, in a few words, I'll tell you, Mr. Moss, I am a wretched man."

"My dear Apperton," said Moss, "you must not talk in this manner: whatever Kate's feelings may have been, or may be, towards Charles Somerford, you will never be wronged by *her*. She has plighted her faith to you, and to you will she be

the same excellent exemplary wife as if Somerford had never seen her."

"I know she will," said Apperton, "and therefore she is doomed to be a wretched woman all her life. Her existence is to be a struggle between her affection for one man and her duty towards another. The wind and the tide, when they go together, make the voyage sweet and pleasant; but when they are opposed, Mr. Moss, the storm and strife is continual, and the inconvenience, not to call it danger, is of no inconsiderable magnitude."

"But she,—" said Moss.

The return of the servant with Mr. Maxwell's compliments, and his wish that Apperton should come to him then to Mrs. Apperton's room, where he and Edward were, stopped the speaker in his progress; and Apperton's prompt obedience to the summons of his father-in-law put a period to the conversation.

When the agitated son-in-law had quitted the room, Moss began to think on "things in general," and the result of his deliberations was extremely unfavourable to the future peace and tranquillity of the family. In coming to this conclusion, he seemed more fully justified when he found that Apperton was on the point of going to the coach-office to start for London, after a conversation with Maxwell of no great length, but of very considerable violence, and which indeed had been audible in the greater part of the house, and consequently of the neighbourhood. Reproaches were mutually cast by the contending parties, and Apperton, whose allegations against his father-in-law all bore upon the tender point of his deceptive conduct in forcing on his daughter's marriage, were retorted in sharper terms by Maxwell, who charged Apperton with neglect of his interests, and even a wilful misapplication of the funds which had been entrusted to him. Both parties were angry—both disappointed—both unhappy; while the gloomy appearance of the event, which affected them both, gave to the contention a character of carelessness and desperation not likely to change or moderate until some great alteration in existing circumstances had occurred; and even then, Maxwell alone expected to reap advantage by change. In Apperton's view of his matrimonial connexion, nothing could ever occur to destroy his confidence in his wife's honour and duty, for those he never doubted; but belief in her affections, which he held it to be impossible for any woman to divide, he had *none*.

The parting was stormy; and Moss, who remained ensconced in the parlour, was not displeased to find that Apperton did not think of turning in to bid *him* farewell. The old gentleman looked over the blind as he passed before the window, on his way to the coach-office, and amply feeding both his nostrils from the tortoise-shell chest in which he carried his snuff, made one of his usual expressive noises, thereby meaning to imply, that he considered it extremely probable, under all the circumstances of the case, that he should never see the stockbrokering boy again.

"Is he gone, sir," said Kate to her father, when he returned to her room.

"He is," said Maxwell, "and in anger too; his language was violent, and even coarse; and one allusion he made, which I confess, has alarmed me."

"On what account?" said Katherine.

"Edward," said Maxwell, "go down to Moss for a few minutes; I wish to speak to your sister alone."

"That will I do, sir," said Edward; "or, perhaps, if you don't want me here for half an hour, take a stroll on the cliff till luncheon time."

"As you please, my boy," said Maxwell.

"Hunt for my beauty," said Edward; "she seems to haunt me every where, perhaps she may be hovering about me here."

"No, no," said Maxwell, "you'll not see her *here*, depend upon it."

Edward obeyed his father's desire, and quitted the room.

"Kate," said Maxwell, in a tone and manner which marked the deep interest he took in her answer to the question he was about to put to his daughter, "Apperton has said a thing which may or may not bear the meaning I apprehend it does; you alone can satisfy me on that head."

"You may of course command me," said Kate.

"My character," said Maxwell, "my life, perhaps, depends upon his knowledge or ignorance of that affair, to which my timid and suspicious nature leads me to dread that he may have pointed. Now, Kate, calm yourself, or I will not proceed."

"I am calm, sir," said Kate; "to what do you refer?"

"You are his wife," said Maxwell; "and it may be, that, being so, you have considered it right to have no concealments from him—no mental reservation?"

"Alas!" said Kate, "you surely do not mean to reproach *me now with my unwillingness* to acknowledge Charles. I—"

"No, no, no," said Maxwell; "on that point, I would to heaven the concealment had lasted to eternity—no harm could have arisen, with feelings like yours, and principles like Somerford's;—no—but there *are* circumstances—facts, Kate, of which you are in possession, not affecting him or yourself, that, when once united to Apperton, you might have felt it your duty to mention."

"To what do you allude, sir?" said Kate.

"I mean that secret, Kate," said Maxwell, "which you ripped from my bosom at the end of last year—that secret, on which my respectability—my character—my existence, as I have always said, depend."

"But, sir," said Kate——

"Have you, at any moment," said Maxwell, "glanced at the event to Apperton?"

"Never, sir," said Kate; "and to no human being existing *have* I ever hinted one syllable concerning it. I lament to my very heart that mistaken zeal and too ardent affection put me in possession of that secret; but no—am I not sworn to you, by the duty I owe to you, never to whisper it?—ask Edward, my dear, dear brother, who has often urged me to confide it to him—I have rejected his prayer with scorn—and to Apperton, should I, do you think, have imparted what I refused to Edward?"

"Why," said Maxwell, "fraternal affection is one of the sweetest links in nature; but a husband, perhaps, might claim a confidence which no other connexion has a right to demand."

"But he knows not of it," said Kate.

"He knows *of* the secret," said Maxwell; "and I thought, perhaps, he might have inquired the cause of the disturbance, and you might have told him."

"Not I," said Kate—"not one syllable has passed my lips."

"Then I am comparatively happy," said Maxwell. "In the temper in which Apperton has left me, a man would inconsiderately ruin his nearest and best friend, upon an impulse, which perhaps he might for all the rest of his life regret; and what he said in his anger led me to suppose that I was in his power."

"Assure yourself, my dearest father," said Kate, "he knows nothing of those circumstances."

Whatever those circumstances were, it was clear they must be rather important, since the manner and appearance of Maxwell *were totally* changed, after this conversation with his

daughter; he was agitated and alarmed about his pecuniary speculations, and began to believe, as, indeed, he had told his son-in-law, that he had risked too much; but although that consideration naturally preyed upon his spirits, it was as a feather compared with the weight of alarm and apprehension under which he suffered, whenever the mysterious affair of his bed-chamber was alluded to.

Maxwell, who with the tender care of the parent combined all the skilful attention of the doctor, prescribed a short walk for Kate; gentle exercise in the sun and air, to which her simple-minded husband had thought proper to attribute her indisposition, her father considered as most essential to her recovery; and accordingly, it was arranged that they should stroll along the cliffs, and bask, as it were, in the sun-beams, having the carriage in attendance; so that, should the weather suddenly change, or the delicate patient feel herself fatigued, she might change her course of proceeding, and return in the chariot. This expedition was to move after luncheon, and Moss bargained that he should take his share of exercise in the carriage in the first instance, to be ready to become Kate's companion on her return, if she found it necessary to avail herself of its accommodation.

According to the *programme* was this arrangement put into execution, and Kate, between her father and brother, proceeded to walk, while Godfrey and his snuff-box were established in the carriage. Edward, who never gave up the hope of seeing his fay, kept looking round in every direction, anticipating the awkwardness of a rencontre, which should by any accident bring the beautiful vision in contact with himself and his father simultaneously.

Maxwell, as it was natural he should, saw many faces he knew—bows answered bows—and smiles beamed upon him from various people, some of whom were indebted to him for having brought them into the world, and others who were equally obliged to him for having sent their rich relations out of it. Maxwell was a very popular man, and made it his study to be so; to be sure the world in general had not the opportunities of seeing him "at home" with which the reader has been indulged, and when abroad, his words were honeyed, and the lips from which they flowed dressed in the most winning smiles. Never is a naval captain known till one has sailed with him in his own ship, and on the blue water—never is a man understood until we have seen him divested of his world-going

habits, and in the mental *dishabille* which gentlemen of all ranks and conditions are pretty much in the habit of wearing at home.

"Mercy on us!" said Maxwell, "here's Lord Hillingdon—of all the bores—what can we do?—he'll be sure to stop; and if he does, Kate, you will get chilled and cold."

"Why he won't stop long, perhaps," said Kate, who, meek and humble as she was, felt no disinclination at a transient *tête-à-tête* on the Steyne at Brighton, with a nobleman so known and so distinguished as the Earl of Hillingdon.

"But he *will* stop," said Maxwell; "he is a sort of inquisitor general, and if he begins his usual interrogatories, we shall never shake him off; however, the Philistines are on us."

"Maxwell," said the Earl, "how do you do?—how do you do?"

"Quite well, my lord," said the surgeon, making a bow, and endeavouring to pass on. Here he was foiled.

"When did you come here?" said Lord Hillingdon, looking at Kate, while speaking to her father, the top button of whose coat his lordship firmly grasped.

"I came from town yesterday," said Maxwell.

"Your daughter, I presume," said his lordship, bowing to the young lady.

"It is, my lord."

"And pray, Miss Maxwell, where are you staying?" said his lordship.

Kate's blushing, and a sort of queer feeling of confusion, and something like shame, at being the wife of Apperton, betrayed her.

"My daughter is married, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Married!" said his lordship,—"long?"

"Not long."

"What is the name of the happy man?" said Lord Hillingdon.

"Apperton, my lord."

"Apperton!" said Lord Hillingdon, "odd name!—Apperton!—What! is he a doctor?"

"No, my lord," said Maxwell.

"A merchant, I suppose," said his lordship.

"A stockbroker, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Stockbroker!" said his lordship, "they are all great rogues, ar'n't they?—I remember hearing so once;—and where are you staying?"

"*On the East Cliff*, my lord," said Kate.

"What an infernal situation!" said Lord Hillingdon; "bad houses—bad look out;—what could induce you to go there?"

"We could not get any other house, my lord," said Kate.

"Plenty of houses, now," said his lordship; "do you stay long?"

"Only a week or ten days," said Maxwell.

"Do you like Brighton?" said his lordship.

"Very much, my lord," replied Mrs. Apperton.

"Is your husband here?"

"No, my lord."

"What!" said his lordship; "so soon a truant? ha! ha! very bad taste, eh?—don't you think so, Maxwell, eh? Any news in town when you came away?"

"None that I heard of," said Maxwell.

"Good deal of distress about money, isn't there?" said Lord Hillingdon, "bankers breaking every day—are you going to the ball to night, Mrs.—what name did you say?"

"Apperton, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Apperton!" said his lordship, "deused odd name—like apple-pye—is it Scotch?"

"I believe not," said Maxwell.

"I never heard the name before," said the nobleman.

No! thought Maxwell, perhaps your lordship has never seen the Cat and Cauliflower on Ratcliffe-highway.

"You *are* going to the ball?" said his lordship.

"No, my lord," said Kate, "I—"

"Why don't you go?" asked his lordship.

"I did not hear there *was* a ball," replied Kate.

"Ah! that's because you live on the East Cliff," said his lordship—"do you like dancing?"

"I did, my lord, formerly," said Kate.

"Capital!" said his lordship, "but at your venerable age you abandon it, eh?—do you waltz?"

"I never have waltzed, my lord," said Mrs. Apperton.

"Upon principle, eh?" said his lordship.

"I do not admire the dance," said Kate; it makes me so giddy after it is over."

"The cynics say, you must be giddy before you begin," said Lord Hillingdon: "which way are you walking?"

"Towards the West Cliff, my lord," said Maxwell.

"I'll turn with you," said his lordship; "is that your carriage?"

"It is my lord," said the surgeon.

"*Why do you have it* follow you?" asked his lordship.

"Kate is not very well, and I have it as a refuge for her at hand, if she should feel tired," said Maxwell.

"Not well!" said Lord Hillingdon; "what's the matter?—she don't look ill."

"A head-ache," said Kate, as women always say when any thing, even the heart-ache, ails them.

"I'm afraid a little pining for Mr.—what did you say his name was?—Ap—Ap—?"

"Apperton, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Very odd name to be sure, Apperton," said Lord Hillingdon; "have you as much practice as ever, Maxwell, eh?"

"Pretty much the same, my lord, said Maxwell.

"You must make a fine income, Maxwell, said his lordship; "I wonder you don't retire from business—nasty work, cutting, and sawing, and chopping, and all that, at your time of life, eh?"

"I love my profession," said Maxwell.

"What a very odd taste," said his lordship; "don't you think so, Mrs.—I've forgot again."

"Apperton, my lord," said Kate. "I do not wonder at my father's affection for a profession which, before he entered it, he chose."

"Ah!" said the Earl, "that's no rule. I entered the army by choice; but I assure you I was deuscdly glad to get out of it. I suppose you stand third or fourth on the list now, Maxwell?"

"I am incompetent," said Maxwell, "to place myself."

"Surgery is better than physic," said the Earl, "it requires more skill and more study; the work is superficial, and a blunder betrays itself; a physician may work away at a fellow for a twelvemonth, and kill him at last, and yet nobody know that he did not die of a disease; but with your craft a bad cut shows itself. I remember reading in a book, that a surgeon ought to have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand—eh!—did you ever hear that?"

"I have, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Do you recollect where!" said his lordship.

"I can't say I do at this moment," said Maxwell.

"I have seen it in Ray's Proverbs," said Edward, who had for the first time ventured a word.

"Ah!" said the Earl, attracted by the sound of a new voice, "you are right—hey?—is this one of your family, Maxwell?"

"*My son, my lord,*" said Maxwell.

"Indeed!" said his lordship, "what is he?"

"He is to be a lawyer, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Lawyers are all infernal rogues, eh?" said Lord Hillingdon; "upon my honour they tell me so.—I don't mean judges and chancellors, and that sort of thing—but small lawyers, eh!—barrister, I suppose—eh?"

"Yes, my lord," said Edward Maxwell, to whom this interrogatory was put.

"Do you know much about it?" said his lordship,—"eh?"

"Not a great deal, my lord," replied the young man, wishing him, at the same moment, at the bottom of the sea.

"Coke upon Littleton, eh,—Blackstone, and all that," continued Lord Hillingdon; "my grandfather used to tell me, when he was a young man, that the lawyers wore their wigs and gowns wherever they went—eh!—droll that?—what—ladies do so now—but not lawyers. Where are you—Lincoln's Inn or Temple?"

"Lincoln's Inn, my Lord.

"Very good, very good,

'Lincoln's Inn for gentlemen.'

eh—that's quite right. I look upon professional men as gentlemen; hey! don't you? Law, physic, and divinity, eh!—the three male graces, eh?—don't you know, eh!—do you know the Smiths?"

"No, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Clever fellows—*they* said that—about the male graces, eh! rejected addresses: don't you know the rejected addresses—*you* do, I dare say, Mrs. App—? what is it again,—I always forget."

"Apperton, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Apperton—such a very odd name to be sure, eh!" said his lordship; "have you been on the chain-pier?"

"I was there yesterday," said Kate, and a thousand recollections here occurred to her.

"So was I—saw such people come out of an Indiaman, eh!" said he, "have you never been at sea?"

"No, my lord," said Maxwell, "very little indeed."

"You didn't begin as naval surgeon, eh!" said the Earl; "half the cleverest men in your profession have begun at sea, eh!—d'ye like sailing?

"I cannot say I do," said Maxwell.

"*I belong to the* yacht club," said his lordship; "I have got

a schooner—sharp—fast and compact. I should be very glad, Mrs. App—App—eh!—what is it?"

"Apperton, my lord," said Kate.

"Ah!—odd name to be sure," said the Earl; "I should be very glad if you would do my Narcissa the honour of coming on board, if you should visit the Isle of Wight. Sea breezes are very wholesome, Maxwell, ar'n't they?"

"Very, my lord," said Maxwell, who was heartily sick of the Earl and his interrogatories.

"When did you say you go to town?" said his lordship.

"In about ten days, my lord," repeated Maxwell.

"Town full when you came away?"

"Getting full, my lord."

"Do you know Lord Bryanston," said his lordship.

"Not personally," said Maxwell.

"Here he comes," said the Earl, "excellent creature—*such a heart*,—eh!—don't he look it, eh?"

Maxwell turned towards the nobleman who approached them, with a double feeling of gratification: he saw before him a fine venerable personage, whose aspect was at once noble and benevolent; and moreover, he saw in his lordship what he hoped would be a relief from the kind attentions of the Earl; but he was mistaken.

"Lord Bryanston, how do you do?" said Lord Hillingdon; "why you are walking stoutly to-day."

"Yes," said the noble lord, "I flatter myself that King Gout, who generally torments his subjects at Brighton, is abdicating."

"If he return," said the Earl, "I can do no better than recommend my friend Maxwell to your lordship's notice, as a very able antagonist of the fiery monarch."

Maxwell bowed to Lord Bryanston, as in duty bound, and Lord Bryanston bowed in return.

"I have often had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Maxwell's name," said Lord Bryanston, at the same time looking as if he was endeavouring to recollect where.

"Good morning, my lord," said Maxwell, anxious to disentangle himself from the peerage.

"I'll be after you in five minutes," said Lord Hillingdon: "keep along the cliff, and I shall overtake you,"

"I trust not," *mentally* ejaculated the surgeon, who had no sooner cleared the peer, than he bore up East Street towards North Street, thus adroitly destroying the chance of being overtaken; *first having deposited* Kate in the carriage with Moss,

and directed the coachman to take the full range of both cliffs, from Hove to Roedean, upon the saving principle of driving "between the Pikes," universally adopted by dowagers and others of economical propensities.

"I do not recollect," said Lord Bryanston, to his noble companion, "ever to have seen Mr. Maxwell before; but I have had occasion to know that he is a man of most amiable character and benevolent disposition. I am sorry that I leave Brighton to-morrow, or I should very much like to have made an acquaintance with him: and, indeed, now you have broken the ice for me, I could do so with much less difficulty than I could before—umph!" continued his lordship—musing—"and that young lady is his daughter, I presume."

"Exactly," said Lord Hillingdon.

"A nice looking, lady-like girl," said Lord Bryanston, who seemed anxious to continue the conversation.

"She is a bride," said the Earl.

"Married is she!" said Lord Bryanston; "do you happen to recollect the name of her husband."

"Upon my life, no," said the Earl, "it is something like apple-pie, but I never can recollect it—it's a deused odd name: a name I never heard before. And so you are off to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Lord Bryanston, "not to remain for any great length of time. I have a ward, a young lady, who is troubled with a large fortune, which I am troubled to take care of; and she is coming to town to be presented, and to come out, and dance herself into fashion during the season. However, I suppose I sha'n't have her long on hand; eight or ten thousand a-year, and a pretty person, are likely soon to be snapped up in the matrimonial market of London. So that if constant vigilance is required to see that she does not fall into bad hands, this watchfulness will not be required for any very long period. By-the-by, Lord Hillingdon; do you happen to recollect what profession Mr. Maxwell's son-in-law, follows?"

"A—what d'ye call those people?" said his lordship, "psha—a—stockbroker."

"A stockbroker!" repeated Lord Bryanston, "umph!" and again he seemed to muse.—"Can I do any thing in town for you, Lord Hillingdon?"

"Nothing, nothing," said the Earl; "I shall be up myself, about the end of the week. Adieu—I must overtake my friends;" saying which, the noble lords separated; and the Earl hastened onwards in the hope of catching Maxwell, and *recommencing his* questions: for, as the reader may have

observed, the propensity to inquire was never present when he was in the society of his equals; it was from his inferiors he hoped to gain information upon all subjects, and an insight into the ways and manners of a class of society in which he did not ordinarily mix; besides he felt that it gave him consequence to catechise his humble companions, and his questions, as it may have been perceived, were more general in their bearings *than* useful in their objects.

Kate, on her return home, felt considerably better for her little excursion; nor was Apperton's absence displeasing to her in her present state of mind: conscious as she was of his opinion of the nature of her present affection for *him*, and her former attachment to Charles, she could not associate with him tranquilly or comfortably. As he had too truly said, this intercourse, while her feelings were still in a state of perturbation, *was* little else than a struggle between duty and inclination; *and she* breathed a silent prayer that his occupations in London might, for the present, detain him there.

Maxwell, although suspicious of the nature of her sentiments and her secret wishes with regard to the return of her husband, was all kindness and gentleness to his poor wounded daughter; he saw the ruin he had caused, and Apperton's confession, made in a moment of mistaken pride and anger, having reduced the husband of his choice even below the standard of her former lover, he sought by every possible act of paternal love and affection to soothe poor Kate's sorrows; of which, over-reached as he had been, he could not but consider himself the real cause.

Edward met scarcely anybody he knew at the seaside, and his chief pleasure was watching the wide waste of waters, thinking (poor young gentleman!) that his beloved and lost Maria was borne upon its bosom to some distant land. All society now was painful to him, except that of his sister, with whom, in his father's absence, he could talk of his sorrows, and the final fiat pronounced by the old gentleman against his daughter's happiness.

In this state of feverish agitation and painful suspense, the family party were united alone in one wish; namely, to hear the result of Apperton's financial proceedings, in the issue of which, it now appeared but too certain, that the fate of the whole family was most seriously and vitally involved.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, sacred sorrow! He who knows not thee,
Knows not the best emotions of the heart;
Those tender tears that humanize the soul,
The sigh that charms, the pang that gives delight:
He dwells too near to cruelty and pride,
And is a novice in the school of virtue."

THOMSON.

THE state of mind in which Somerford reached London may be easily imagined. The infidelity of a long-loved being falls upon the heart a heavy, dreadful blow; and if in common cases the infliction is terrible, in Somerford's it was doubly so. In losing the object of his affection, his only tie to England was dissolved; her family were almost, if not quite, the only persons he knew in his native country. The home of his heart, to which he had looked forward with longing eyes, was closed against him, and he felt, when he reached the metropolis, alone in the multitude.

Of his mother, who had died during his absence, who should speak to him? he had heard no particulars even of her death, the intelligence of which had been conveyed to him in a letter from Maxwell; he knew of no relations that he had, nor any friend to turn to for consolation or advice. He was ignorant of the true cause of Maxwell's decided disinclination to a connexion with him; and from not knowing the real character of his mother's connexion with the Woodly family, of which she was always considered by *him*, and all who knew them, the daughter, he was led to hope that there might be some relation of hers, or of his fathers, still living. But upon this latter point he had little faith; since he recollected to have heard, not only Maxwell, but his father himself, state that he was an only son of an only son, an argument he used to adduce in favour of having married an inferior, saying, that being so completely alone in the world, he had nobody to please but himself.

Although Kate Maxwell's marrying had so decidedly separated her from Somerford, and closed the door of her father's *house* against him, there was still an aching, longing pain about *his heart, which* proved to him how deeply rooted was the

feeling which attached him to the family; the first hour he passed in London was devoted to a walk to visit the well-known street in which his youthful hours had been so happily passed; he stopped before it, and gazed upon the door, and on the very steps that led to it, and a thousand reflections and remembrances came into his mind. From that door how frequently had he departed with the dear object of his first and only love for scenes of gayety and parties of pleasure! Oh! there *was* a time when he was welcomed into it by the cheering looks of friendship and the sweet smiles of love; now, it stood sullenly shut against him, and the closed windows of the rooms in which his days of boyhood and careless joy were spent, seemed to announce the death of all his hopes and pleasures. Yes—Kate was gone—and gone—to be the wife of another!

There *are* streets and houses in this great city of ours which *cannot fail* to conjure up such thoughts as these, in minds not *given much* to sorrow; and strike daggers into hearts which *those who* knew them not, believe incapable of such a feeling; Somerford himself had scarcely understood the full extent of his unhappiness, till this visit to the well-remembered scene of all his former joys had brought it clearly to his view.

Charles, at the period of which I now write, did not believe it possible that he could ever see or speak to any of the Maxwell family again. Kate, whose heart was on the rack after the receipt of his letter, felt that she ought not to reply to it, as the wife of Apperton; but, candid and ingenuous as she was, she imparted to her father a wish that *he* should, as far as possible, exonerate her from the hateful charge of fickleness and falsehood, and explain to Charles the real state of her heart and mind when she accepted Apperton.

The task, it must be confessed, was somewhat difficult; for Maxwell, though kind and good, was, as he himself said, proud; and for him to descend to particulars with Somerford, which could not fail in their disclosure to exhibit something very like duplicity in his own conduct, as regarded the termination of the correspondence between Charles and Katherine, and which throughout must evince to the young man a disinclination on her father's part to a matrimonial connexion, which could not be accounted for without needlessly wounding his feelings, was indeed a trial. Maxwell felt no disinclination to meet, to see, or even to receive his former *protegé;* but Kate forbade a renewal of the acquaintance under the circumstances; she felt that *she had fallen,*—perhaps by the influence of *misrepresentation and even* falsehood, which had been called in to

the consummation of Somerford's rejection; but she was sure they could not now live upon terms like those on which they had lived before his departure.

Whatever were eventually to be the results of Mrs. Apperton's request to her father on this point, it is clear that Somerford, agitated as he was on his arrival in the metropolis by a thousand contending feelings, was not likely to desire that a reconciliation, or a renewal of his correspondence with the elder Maxwell should (and he never believed it would) take place. His inquiries were particularly touching the death of his mother.

Somerford's affection for his surviving parent, at the time of his departure was exemplary; and frequently his pride had taken fire at what even then appeared to him her almost studied exclusion from Maxwell's house, while he was so favourably and flatteringly received under its roof; yet he could not but admit, that her manners and habits were not so polished as those of Miss Maxwell: and when she was invited on certain festivals, such as Christmas-day, the birthday of her son, or Maxwell's birth-day, or any of those family celebrations at which she was bidden to assist, he not only saw by her conduct, but knew from herself, that she disliked the trouble of playing fine; and preferred her own snuggery, as she called her lodgings, and such associates as she could select from among a class of people, highly respectable in their way, but who were by no means versed in the little delicacies of superior society.

Still she was his mother; and now that the turn of circumstances had induced him to look at the conduct of the Maxwell family with suspicion, if not with bitterness, a thousand doubts flashed into his mind as to the treatment they had shown his parent after his departure from England. When he was here before, his whole heart was with the Maxwells—love, friendship, affection, and esteem, every kindly feeling of his nature, they swayed and controlled; but now the link was broken. From what Kate herself had said, he knew that the elder Maxwell had played him false, in his letters, as far as *she* was concerned; why might not the coldness, which he had noticed as a youth, and which the family evinced towards his parent, have been so much increased as to have been converted eventually into neglect and contempt. If it had been so, would his sword rest in its scabbard while a Maxwell lived? would he not avenge the *slightest* insult that had been cast upon his lone and helpless *parent? His* course was soon resolved on. He knew the *village where* she died; the house in which she breathed her

last; the name of her whose house it was; and who, as Maxwell had told him, had most carefully attended her during her last illness. Thither would he go, see the woman so spoken of, and ascertain from *her* whatever particulars might be attainable respecting the last hours of his poor mother's existence.

Apperton, who reached London in the middle of the day following that on which his *rival* had arrived in it, was infinitely more worried than the Captain, except as far as filial solicitude went, because the comfortable establishment of the Biddles rendered any anxiety of his on their account wholly unnecessary: but affairs in the city had taken a most serious turn; loss upon loss had accrued; and the bolstering system having been adopted, the whole object of the enterprising stockbroker was to delay, as long as possible, a crisis which, to his prospective eye, began to appear inevitable. Acceptances which he held to a serious amount, had been dishonoured; the securities offered for the money were unavailable; and the fresh and increasing failures on every hand began terribly to alarm him.

Maxwell as yet reposed in comparative tranquillity; although in less than ten days, his name and solvency would come to be questioned. Maxwell, the proud and ambitious Maxwell, had not only placed the whole of his personal property at the disposal of his son-in-law, for the purchase of shares and bonds, and slices of loans, and other wonderful speculations, but had gone the length of accepting bills to the amount of more than thirty thousand pounds, his name being, upon the strength of what he was known to possess as a fundholder, very well received by the doers of such commodities.

In addition to this responsibility, Apperton had persuaded him to remove his account from a banker's at the west end of the town, where he had kept his money for years, to the banker's (that is, to one of his bankers) in the city. To the floating credit there, Apperton had always looked for an immediate supply for casual expenses, in case that greater affairs should not make their returns exactly as they were anticipated. His embarrassment may be conceived, when, on the day of his arrival, he found among others the very firm that he had recommended to his father-in-law's patronage, bankrupt!

His first care, upon the aforesaid bolstering system, was to get five hundred pounds and send it per post to Maxwell, at Brighton, *in the letter which* announced the failure of the bank, *where at the moment his* balance was not very much more

than that sum. That manœuvre, he thought, would hav double effect of soothing the old gentleman's mind as t present inconvenience, and very much exalt the charac his active connexion, who had taken such prompt mea assure him, in the most satisfactory manner, not only of hi safety, but of the power his son-in-law and monitor poss of smoothing any difficulties as soon as they occurred.

The reader may begin to perceive that the causes the toil and trouble of this once peaceful, happy, and u family of Maxwell, had their origin in pride and amb Pride it was, that rejected Somerford; ambition—the ambition of wealth—it was, that made Apperton accept but the justice of Providence seemed likely to thwart th row views of fallible man: we have already found that Ap was even more objectionable in point of birth than Some and it seemed now more than probable, unless a chan affairs rapidly took place, that Somerford would shortly the richer as well as the better man.

Somerford, however, was destined to meet with inforn new to him, and decidedly unexpected. On the secon after his arrival in town, he proceeded from Ibbotson's to which he had been recommended by Mr. Macleo compagnon de voyage from the Cape, to the village of S well, in Surrey, where his late respectable mother Stockwell, so celebrated as the last residence of the "Ar upon earth, and famed in all the magazines and newsp of the day for the "wonder" which bears its name, and w if true, is indeed of all wonders the most wonderful.

Thither did the dutiful son repair, and finding, withou difficulty, the residence of the old gentlewoman with wh mother had latterly lived, and in whose house she died, intro himself to her, and was as cordially received as he coulc wished or expected, by one who had long cherished a and affectionate friendship for his parent.

"She lived with me, sir," said Mrs. Anderson (so w mistress of the house named), "from about a year aft went abroad to the hour of her death. She was a gre to me; for she was so kind, and good-natured, and a that we all loved her. My daughter's little children u call her mother. Dear lady! she had no pride nor c about her, and we all lived here together just like one family."

Somerford was deeply affected at the genuine tone in *the poor old lady* spoke her feelings with regard to his

"*And* pray," said he, "during my poor mother's illness, did Mr. Maxwell's family pay her much attention ?"

"The old gentleman," said Mrs. Anderson, "never failed to visit her once or twice a day; and as for Miss Katherine, she did not quit her side till all hope was over. Oh, sir! she is a sweet, good young lady, and a thousand pities it is, that you and she were ever parted. I've heard all the story from your poor dear mother herself—but perhaps even yet you may come together,—who knows ?"

"That, I fear, is past praying for," said Charles; "Miss Katherine, that *was*, is married."

"Married, sir !" exclaimed the old lady; "dear me, only think of that! I never heard a word about it—has she been married long, sir ?—it wasn't in the newspapers."

"*Not* very long," said Somerford; "scarcely a week, I *think*."

"And who is she married to, sir ?" said Mrs. Anderson.

"To a Mr. Apperton," said Somerford.

"Apperton !" repeated Mrs. Anderson; "not Johnny Apperton sure, that was at school two-and-thirty years ago at Streatham, long before these houses were built. What is he, sir ?"

"I believe a stockbroker," said Somerford.

"Ah, I know," said Mrs. Anderson; "there's a great many of them living about here; that's the same man, rely upon it. He was son of old Wagstaff, that used to live on the common, long before you were born."

"Wagstaff!" said Somerford; "how came his name Apperton then ?"

"That was his mother's name," said Mrs. Anderson; "she was a very good-looking woman in her time, and if it is she as I mean, she is lawfully married, and her name now is Biddle, and her husband is very well to do, and keeps the Cat and Cauliflower in or near Ratcliff-highway."

"What a curious combination of names," said Somerford; "Biddle and Wagstaff—but you surely must be mistaken."

"No, sir, I'm not," said the old gentlewoman. "His father, although he was only a natural son, left him a large sum of money, and he set up as a stockbroker, and has made a deal more of it, they say; and, to my certain knowledge, has been very kind to his mother, and the children she has had by her husband Biddle."

"*But isn't it rather a strange connexion for the Maxwell family ?" said Somerford.*

"It is, indeed," said Mrs. Anderson; "but that's the w
the world, sir—they strain at gnats and swallow camels.
Mr. Maxwell's sending you abroad, as your poor dear m
always said he did—she never quite forgave him for *tha*
put an end to your sweethearting with his daughter, to
of his putting up with Johnny Apperton—why, you kno
your case, it wasn't half so bad, because *your* poor
mother *was* an honest woman, whatever his might have be

"What!" said Somerford—"how d'ye mean? *My* m
—what——"

"Why, sir," said Mrs. Anderson, who concluded that
merford must be acquainted with his own history; "I
that your mother—but la! dear me! perhaps you don't k
the story—you look pale, sir—I am sure I have done wro
I thought of course you knew the reason why Mr. Ma
never would consent to—dear sir——"

"Stay! stay!" said Charles, "I shall be quite well
moment. Don't stir—don't stir—only let me—that is,
implicates my mother—if any blame is to be cast upon h
if I am to hear any thing against her memory, let it be
here, where she lived, where she died, and where I feel
spirit present."

"Oh, sir!" said Mrs. Anderson, "there's no harm goi
be said of dear Mrs. Somerford; all that can be said is,
she was not the daughter of those who passed for her par
but an orphan—perhaps—an orphan—and brought up by
as their child, and always considered so, until, on her d
bed, Mrs. Woodly, of whom you have always heard spoke
your grandmother, confessed that she was not their o
whose child she was, neither she nor your father ever kne

"And is this the mystery, then?" said Somerford; "is
the cause of my eternal separation from Kate—the wreck
ruin of my hopes—have I been spurned for this?"

"Yes, by Mr. Maxwell," said Mrs. Anderson, "who
bettered his daughter by marrying her to Johnny Apperton
son of poor Mary Biddle, of the Cat and Cauliflower in
cliff-highway. Often and often did your poor mother say
vexed your father was, that they ever knew so much an
no more. If old Mrs. Woodly had died and revealed no
of the secret, all would have gone happily; but to tell
she did, and conceal the rest, went to unsettle the mind
both your parents, and to cast a doubt over the legitimac
your mother, without any one advantage to any human bei

"*In what a situation* this circumstance places me,"

Charles; "but I thank heaven that this accidental discovery throws no blame, no imputation upon the character of my beloved parent. And no clue was left by which to trace her relations?"

"Not the slightest, sir," said Mrs. Anderson. "I don't know, sir," continued she, "whether you ever saw a pocket-book of your poor mother's, in which she kept some old letters of your father's, and some—I'll show them to you, sir," saying which, she proceeded to open a drawer, where the valuables were stored—"here—here is a little thing that she set great store by, for her dear son's sake."

"Saying which, the old gentlewoman deposited upon the table a small and much-worn work-box, containing scissors, thimbles, and the ordinary apparatus of such things.—It was not much to look at; but Somerford, soldier as he was, burst into tears at the sight of it. For years he had seen it close to his mother's hand—a thousand times had he been sent to fetch it from one room to another for her use, and as often had been rewarded for his little trouble by a kiss.

"And here," added the old lady, "is a book that did belong to you, I think, sir, of which she was very fond."

It was a poor shabby looking grammar and spelling-book—on the first page of which was Charles's name, written by himself, as a proof of his skill in penmanship.

From this book his mother had taught him to read; in the margin were the marks yet visible, made with her own pencil, to divide his lessons, and when he saw them, he could recall the events of almost every day in which they had been made, and too well remembered how he stood beside her knee, and repeated his task, while her arm was fondly placed round his little neck. It brought all her cares and all her kindness to his mind's eye at once; but she was gone for ever, and the sight of all these objects more fully exhibited to poor Somerford, the contrast between her fondness and affection and the sad and desolate state in which he now stood.

Mrs. Anderson saw how much he was affected; but she saw that the expression of his sorrow gave him relief.

"She was bed-ridden for some months before her death," said the old lady, "so that at last, her departure was a release; she had not been out of this little room for upwards of fifteen weeks before her death," continued the old lady, at the same time pushing open a door, by which the apartment they were in communicated with a neat bedchamber facing the garden.

"And," said Somerford, bursting into an agony of grief which he could not suppress, "did—did she die here?"

The old lady answered him not, but bowed her head.

Charles saw her meaning, and throwing himself on the death-bed of his mother, shed a flood of tears.

And need he be ashamed of such a natural weakness? No! Tears such as his are no reproach, and leave no stain upon the manly cheek.

The poor old lady, who had thus touched the chord which vibrated through the heart of Somerford, saw with dismay and alarm the effect produced by what she had done; but Charles soon recovered himself, and entreated her to be composed.

"Ay, sir," said she, "if poor dear Mrs. Somerford could know what a kind, affectionate son you are, she would rest happier in her grave. Come, sir, let us leave this room; I was very wrong to show it you—I—"

"No," said Somerford—"no, I shall be better now—I feel my heart relieved; and I am glad to know my friends, the Maxwells, were kind to her to the last. But," added he, evidently wishing to change the subject which had so deeply affected him, "you have strangely unsettled my mind about my family."

"Oh, sir!" said Mrs. Anderson, "why worry about that? Your father was an excellent man, and your mother an exemplary woman; does not that suffice to set your heart at rest? Many of the lords the king makes would be sadly puzzled, if his Majesty commanded them to find out their grandfathers."

"And yet," said Charles, "it is that blot on my escutcheon which exiled me from England, and lost me Kate for ever. I never can cease to recollect that."

"Perhaps it is all for the best, sir," said the old lady, "we are poor blind creatures, and dare not presume to question the will and ways of Providence. You are now independent, free, and—"

"—— Desolate," said Somerford; "in my marriage with Miss Maxwell, I should have secured around me connexions, friends, relations, of which, by your own account, I have none."

"Ay, sir, that's more than I can say," said Mrs. Anderson, "or you can say. You may be the king's grandson, for all we know."

Somerford who thought the supposition savoured somewhat of treason, and whose ambition had never been exalted to so high a pitch, checked his venerable companion in her imaginative flights; and after some farther conversation on indifferent subjects, quitted her, and returned to town, satisfied with

his visit, the paying of which seemed, after what had occurred, to have been the fulfilment of a duty, but sadly tormented with the mysterious cloud by which the root of his family tree was obscured. It entirely unsettled him; every old man he met, he considered, for aught he knew, might be his grandfather; and this visionary relationship so perpetually haunted him, that scarcely did he pass a stranger in the street, without feeling the probability that he might be his nearest relative upon earth.

Yet amidst all this worry there was something like consolation;—all misery, like all pleasure, is comparative, and Somerford felt satisfied that, disagreeable as was the state of doubt in which he now existed with regard to his ancestors, it was, at all events, far preferable to the wretched certainty of his successful rival, whose descent was not even mysterious, and whose near alliance to the house of Biddle was matter of notoriety to all who knew him in his early days: nor did he, with all his kindness of heart, and smouldering affection for the Maxwells, feel any very great vexation when he reflected upon the total failure of the old gentleman's schemes for Kate's advancement, by rejecting him, and accepting a son-in-law far below him in the scale of legitimacy. How Mr. Maxwell had been induced to play so strange a game, Charles could not very readily comprehend; but from what he had seen he was quite certain of one thing—that Kate herself had had no participation in the manœuvres by which it had been brought about.

As to the feelings of Maxwell towards Charles, it is but fair to say that they were still most kindly; nor was their natural tendency in his favour at all weakened by the useless discovery of the real state of Apperton's circumstances. The surgeon felt that he had made his daughter completely wretched, by the rejection of the man she fondly loved on a point of pride, and now would have given the world to recall all that had passed.

This desire came too late, and yet the operation of the feeling upon Maxwell's mind was to increase his regard for Somerford—as I have already said, he felt, and was desirous that Kate should feel it quite possible to receive the Captain again as a friend of the family—as one who had in early life been loved, and who now appeared in a different, but scarcely less interesting character. But Kate was fortunate enough to possess a large portion of that rare commodity, common sense; and continued strenuously and decidedly to decline bringing herself to a trial, the result of which could be satisfactory to none of them; so that her father found himself, after a long argument with his

daughter, eventually reduced to the necessity she had urged of writing to Charles, in terms of warm friendship and congratulation, but without even hinting at the possibility of their returning to their old intimacy. This letter he despatched to the hotel, and Somerford received it with pleasure, and read its contents without surprise, though not without emotion. He, like Mrs. Apperton, was fully convinced that their acquaintance ought to terminate, although he admitted to himself that he should be grateful for one short interview, if she felt inclined to grant it, in order to hear from her own lips the details of a change which he could not yet account for, even although in the course of their hurried conversation at Brighton, she had more than hinted that her father's double-dealing with regard to the correspondence, had no small share in bringing about the results so much desired by him, and so much lamented by herself and Somerford.

There could be no question as to the sort of answer Charles should return to Maxwell's letter, and accordingly he sat down and wrote at length an explanation of his views and feelings, together with a statement of his progress in India, his successful career, and the great object of his ambition, now so sadly blighted. He added, that he had been ordered to proceed to Cheltenham, but that when he returned he should be most happy to take his old protector by the hand, and extremely glad to see Edward, whose stride in life during his absence had put him, in all probability, beyond his personal knowledge without a fresh introduction.

The continued absence of Apperton from Brighton was a continued, a great relief to Kate, who found, in the society and conversation of her brother, the necessity for an effort at appearing happy and contented. Indeed she anticipated the return of her husband as one of the most dreadful events that could occur; and all the consolation she had was talking of Somerford to her brother, who reciprocated her confidence by bestowing upon her all the tediousness of a lover while eulogizing his unknown, lost Maria.

"My father," said Edward, "appears to have a vast many secrets; there is the great secret of which you are in possession; there is the secret of this young lady; there is clearly a secret reason for his disinclination to your marriage with Somerford; and from what he threw out at breakfast, to-day, I'll be hanged if I don't believe there is another secret connected with Apperton. We are grown prodigiously mysterious in our affairs."

"*The secret* with which I unfortunately have become ac-

quainted," said Mrs. Apperton, "can have no connexion with your secret. And if there is any secret with regard to Charles, most assuredly he is not in it himself, or else I think in those days when our thoughts and hopes were in common, I should have been mistress of it."

"What an inestimable blessing is candour," said Edward; "all underhanded manœuvering, all crooked politics in families are so debasing, so unworthy: now all this stuff about the young lady—why should I not be trusted? my father says that she is amiable and excellent herself, but that a connexion with her would bring ruin upon *him*, and disgrace upon us all, and yet he walks about the street with her himself."

"What does he say?" said Katherine, "that a connexion with an innocent and amiable girl would be destruction?"

"He has repeated it over and over again," replied Edward, "*and has* bound me never to mention the subject again, or *even her* name."

"Your obedience," said Mrs. Apperton, "does not appear to be quite so scrupulous as mine."

"Oh! but he says," said Edward, "that your secret is after all, merely—merely important as a test of your fidelity, but in itself a trifle."

"A trifle!" said Katherine. "Heaven only can tell; at least, I am sure I cannot, what the consequences would be to *my* father were I to reveal what I saw."

"He speaks," said Edward, "of my adventure with Maria as something extraordinary, as a coincidence; that if it were written in a romance it would be considered almost impossible: and yet, although she was present at your wedding, of course upon some principle of affection towards our family, she, of all human beings, is the one with whom any sort of intercourse on our part would be destruction."

"Stay," said Kate, a thought evidently flashed like lightning into her mind; "she was in mourning, you said?"

"Yes," said Edward.

"And met my father," murmured Katherine, "and at the church afterward. I see it all; I know her—the mystery is unravelled—at least I think it must be so—and if it be, it is, as my father says, a most extraordinary circumstance."

"Tell me, my dear Kate," exclaimed Edward, his countenance brightening into a summer sunshine, "tell me, I conjure you, what is it all!"

"Never again," said Katherine, "must you mention this subject even to me, Edward; and if you love me, as I think

you do, never, as you value my peace of mind, or wish me to live happily with our father, hint in his presence at what I have inadvertently said. I *do* believe I know who your Maria is; but *you* never must."

"Rely upon it," said Edward, you are right in your conjecture, Kate, whatever it may be: at least so I consider from the decision to which you have thus rapidly come, as to my never having any thing further to say to the young lady; but surely you can tell me whether any tie connects her to our family beyond some circumstance—some—"

"If she be what I suppose," said Kate, "for I have never seen her, and therefore cannot satisfy myself of her identity by your description of her: her tie to us, or rather to our father, is gratitude; and if I can judge another's feelings by my own, gratitude beyond expression. I *may be* mistaken altogether; for I have never exchanged a syllable on the subject with my father, yet from his vehemence in denouncing her, mingled with wonder at the strange coincidence of circumstances which brought you in contact with her, I incline strongly to believe in the justice of my suspicions."

"This is worse than all, Kate," said Edward; "now the tempting fruit actually hangs within my reach, and yet I must not grasp it. Kate, too, with whom I have no disguise, from whom I keep no secret,—besides, to this you are not pledged—your father has never bound you to silence on this point, although he has tied me down never to refer to the subject."

"Why did you not obey him?" said Katherine; "if you had not recurred to your Maria, as you call her, and mentioned some new circumstances to me, I never should have guessed —for after all it is but guess—who she was,—now that you have let me so far into the history, I must, like my parent, entreat you never to urge me on the point again, nor indeed even to recur to it."

"If Apperton," said Edward, "desired you to tell *him*, are you not bound to obey a husband?"

The very name of Apperton, coupled as it was with the idea of command, in his marital capacity, struck upon Kate's ear like a death knell: no art, no effort could conceal her feelings towards her "other half," and a silence of some minutes succeeded the question.

To what a state had the commands of her father, and the events of a few days, thus reduced the unhappy Katherine *and how strange*,—fortunate she considered it,—was the ab

solute necessity which had sent the bridegroom away so early in his matrimonial career. It was clear that something preyed heavily upon Maxwell, who now secluded himself from his family, and passed his hours between reflections upon the birth, parentage, and education of his son-in-law, and a feverish anticipation of the results of his financial manœuverings: every thing seemed to go wrong; and in the whole family there was not to be found one grain of happiness to counterbalance the opposing heap of sorrow and disappointment.

Moss was the only individual of the party who kept the even tenor of his way: indeed, he grumbled rather less than when there was less cause for dissatisfaction; for Godfrey was one of those persons who are worried by trifles, but whose minds strengthen with the urgency of a case: and now that he saw real difficulties and embarrassments growing around him, he endeavoured to divert the elder Maxwell's attention from the contemplation of them, and attract Kate's thoughts from the subject from which he was convinced they were wholly occupied. But the blow had not yet fallen, which neither mirth nor philosophy could avert, nor prudence nor energy withstand.

CHAPTER III.

"Whether we shall meet again I know not;'
Therefore one everlasting farewell take,
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why we shall smile,
If not, why then this parting was well made."

SHAKSPEARE.

MAXWELL, whose reliance upon Apperton's high credit and respectability was entire and unqualified, felt considerable relief in receiving the full amount of the balance which he had left in the hands of the insolvent bankers; and related the fact of its arrival to Edward as a proof of the admirable activity of his son-in-law. This was exactly what Apperton had anticipated; he knew enough, if not of human nature generally, at least of his father-in-law particularly, to be quite sure that he would catch at the little luring bait he had prepared for *him, and, while greater* events were in progress, amuse him-

self with the prospect of security from misfortune which thi well timed manœuvre would hold out.

Edward knew nothing of the sort of business in which Ap perton was an adept, and Kate of course could form no judg ment of financial matters; but she never reverted to the subjec of her father's pecuniary engagements with her husband, witl out thinking of the one brief, but pithy conversation whic she had had with him, relative to the great obligations unde which the surgeon ought to consider himself for the exertion he had made in his behalf. She could not fail to remembe the strange alternative he had in that conversation mentioned the chances amounting to something which, to her, seemed al most like desperation, to which he had alluded; and whe she found that the success of his speculations had not been a very triumphant, her anxious feelings suggested the dreadfi reverse which she had ventured to insinuate might occur and which Apperton himself appeared to look forward to wit fear and trembling.

Kate's situation was, to be sure, most peculiar and most dis tressing, nor was it rendered at all less irksome by the perpetu remarks and observations of Moss; who, with all his desire t be civil and even soothing, could not control the expressio of his own satisfaction and triumph at the verification of a his prophecies with respect to the results of the marriage.

Moss, however, was yet in ignorance as regarded the real hi tory of the Cat and Cauliflower, and the state of Mr. Apperton family connexions: he had once glanced at the subject in conversation with Maxwell, and offered an opinion that h son-in-law's brains were turned by misfortune; instancing h transient allusion to the sign of the ale-house at Ratcliff-higl way, but the surgeon was too much on his guard to give Go frey one iota more of information than he already possesse fully convinced that to a man of his turn of mind, the absurdi of the combination would be sufficient to make it matter of co stant reference, if he were once in possession of the facts.

Charles Somerford, a few days after despatching his a swer to Maxwell's friendly letter, left London for Chelte ham, in the company and under the advice of Mr. Macleo who had, for the three previous months of his existence, do little else than talk of the delights and advantages of that pop lar watering-place. If poor Charles could have foreseen tl events which were to occur there, he might, perhaps, ha faltered in his determination of taking this journey, and ev

have hesitated before he decided upon the impossibility of meeting his beloved Kate again.

Three days—three dreadful days, had the Maxwells passed at Brighton; and Apperton's letters gradually became shorter as the week advanced, until, on the fourth morning, his regular despatch did not arrive. This added greatly, as may naturally be imagined, to the restlessness and disquietude of the family, but Moss argued from the omission of writing, the certainty that the stockbrokering boy was coming, an argument which, strange as it may sound, was any thing but agreeable to Kate. Maxwell did not at all agree in the conclusion at which Moss had arrived, and seemed to anticipate something beyond their conception unfortunate in his son-in-law's silence.

The time hung heavily on hand until dinner, and Maxwell was on the point of arranging a journey either for himself or Edward to town the next morning, when a knock at the door announced an arrival. All ears were open, all eyes directed to the entrance of the dinner-parlour; Maxwell was sure it was Apperton; Moss, who firmly believed, though he did not openly say so, that Apperton had destroyed himself, thought it was some messenger to break bad news; Edward himself was agitated, and Kate's heart beat at the rate of two hundred to the minute, because she, like her father, was convinced it was her husband;—the door opened, and the servant, advancing to Mr. Maxwell, whispered, somewhat audibly, that Mr. Biddle had arrived from London, who wished to speak to him.

The name of Biddle, unknown to any one of the party except Maxwell, imbodied in itself such a mass of doubts, fears, and antipathies, that its very mention conjured up a host of feelings the most difficult to contend with.

"Where is he?" said Maxwell, "where is the gentleman?"

"I have shown him into the drawing-room, sir," said the servant.

"I'll go to him directly, say," said the surgeon.

The servant went.

"Who's your friend, Mack?" said Moss, "who's Biddle?"

Kate, in the midst of her agitation, could scarcely stifle a laugh at the tone and manner in which Godfrey repeated the very strange patronymic of the new arrival.

"He is a clerk," said Maxwell, "I believe of Apperton's; I will go and hear what he has to say."

Maxwell left the room pale and trembling, for not only di

the arrival of Mr. Biddle in the bosom of his family agitated him greatly, but he felt quite certain that something very serious had happened to Apperton himself, which induced him to despatch a special messenger to Brighton.

"Something's wrong," said Moss, after Maxwell was gone, and out of hearing; "Apperton would not have sent if he could have come."

"My dear Mr. Moss," said Kate, "what can have happened?"

"No matter, Kittums," said Moss; "you'll be no great loser whatever it is—eh—I'll have one more cut of that mutton, Neddums, grieving's a folly—laugh when you can—eat when you may."

"I wonder," said Kate, "if I might go up-stairs, and—"

"No, no," said Moss, "none of your up-stairs tricks; remember the night in London, when you chose to go up-stairs, and found out papa at some of his tricks."

"Moss," said Edward, "let me intreat you to spare all this just now. I am sure—certain in my own mind, that something terrible has happened, what I do not pretend to say; but rely upon it, no trifling matter would have brought this confidential person here."

A short time elapsed before Maxwell returned to the room: when he did he appeared calm and composed, but cast down in sorrow; he was accompanied by Mr. Biddle, a vulgar, half dandyish man, with large whiskers, and black hedge-hog hair; the former of which ornaments were full of dust, collected in his journey outside the Regulator, or Magnet stage-coach, whichever it might be. Maxwell presented him to the party, and asked him to take wine, an invitation which he, having dined at Crawley, on his road, bowed and accepted, and, grasping a decanter with a huge red hand, on one of the fingers of which appeared a thick heavy ring, helped himself to a bumper of port.

Kate, although silence seemed the order of the day, and nobody felt at liberty to make any general inquiry, thought that she ought to ask after her husband, from whom Mr. Biddle had avowedly and notoriously come, and accordingly she begged the stranger to tell her how he left Mr. Apperton.

"Quite well, ma'am," said Biddle, "in health, but a good deal worried with business."

"When does he talk of coming down?" said Edward.

"Why," said Biddle, looking extremely foolish, "as to that, I—"

"Oh, not this week, I dare say," said Maxwell, interrupting his guest.

"Any news in London?" said Moss.

"No good news, sir," said Biddle; "three or four extensive failures yesterday have thrown the city into great confusion. I never saw such times in my life."

A servant, at this juncture, entered the room to know what letters were to go to the post; bellmen in Brighton being unknown at the period to which I am now referring.

"Stay," said Maxwell, "I must write one or two more."

"And, Williams," said Kate, "there is one for Mrs. Dawes on my table, take that."

Mrs. Dawes was Maxwell's housekeeper in Burlington Gardens.

"I must not miss this post, for I want several things down from town, and I—"

"You had better let it be," said Maxwell, "I—"

"Yes, ma'am," said Biddle, "I think you had better let it be."

"I'll explain," said Maxwell, again interrupting his new friend. "I'll take care of your letter, Kate; perhaps I may go up to-morrow, or—"

The mystery which seemed to envelope all the proceedings of the parties in London, began to grow evident and disagreeable, and Moss could not refrain from whispering to her, "there is something wrong, depend on't."

Maxwell, having evinced various symptoms of mental uneasiness, rose from his chair, and announced that he was going up-stairs to write for an hour, desiring Edward, as he quitted the table, to take care of Mr. Biddle; giving Biddle at the same time, a hint by signs not to be too communicative on the subject of his visit during his absence.

"Mr. Biddle," said Edward, "help yourself—and Apperton, I suppose, is a good deal harassed by these failures."

"Yes," said Biddle, "he is of a very speculative turn, you know, and has embarked every thing of his own, and, indeed, of many other people's in these new concerns."

"But I suppose it will all come right at last," said Moss—"wind up well?"

"Why, I hope so," said the clerk; "at present it does not look quite so well as one might wish."

"But," said Kate, "Mr. Apperton is well in health?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Biddle, "very well in health."

"Ah!" *said Moss, taking* one of his largest pinches of *snuff.*

"Is he at Burlington Gardens?" said Edward.

"Why," said Biddle, "I really don't know where he is day; his mother was with him yesterday, and I think he mised to go to Ratcliff-highway, if he could, to-day."

"His mother!" said Edward.

"Yes," said the clerk; "*his* mother and *my* mother, know."

"What both?" said Kate.

"No," said Biddle; "they are the same person, but two names.

"Ratcliff-highway!" said Moss, half in joke and hal earnest, "what is that the Cat and Cauliflower?"

"Yes," said Biddle, "the same."

Biddle took it for granted that the whole history of his nexion was known by the Maxwells, and felt himself on the family.

"The what, Mr. Moss?" said Kate.

"Cat and Cauliflower, Mrs. Apperton," said Godfrey, r bing his chin, and smiling complacently; "why then stockbrokering boy is not so mad as I took him to be, after al

"You know," continued Biddle, "the old gentleman l bound me to silence about what has happened in town; l what's the use of secrecy—the thing must be known; all y furniture in Burlington Gardens has been taken in execut and the bailiffs are in the house at this minute."

The sudden and abrupt off-hand manner, in which Bid grown familiar from the effects of the wine he had swallow announced this fact, regardless of Maxwell's injuncti almost overcame poor Kate.

"What, sir!" said she, "bailiffs in our house—what d it mean?"

"Why," said Biddle, "the old gentleman up-stairs has gi bonds and judgments over and over again; and upon on these for a good large sum, a greedy devil of a fellow, anx to be first in at the death, has laid hold of the personals."

"I say, master Ned," said Moss, "who is right now?"

"But," said Edward, "my father has abundance of p perty to answer all demands upon him."

"My belief is," said Biddle, helping himself to a t bumper as he spoke, "that the old gentleman has not g five-shilling-piece left to bless himself with."

"Merciful heaven, sir," said Kate, "are you trifling with feelings—or can this be true?"

"Oh, it is true enough," said Biddle—"true as gospel;

what's worse than that, I don't see how he is ever to recover a farthing: the kite system has been going on at a great rate, and so has the bolstering scheme, but neither will do any onger."

"Kites and bolsters," said Moss, "what jargon is that?"

"And is my father ruined," said Kate, bursting into tears.

"Ruined is a strong term, ma'am," said Biddle; "I suppose he has got the use of his eyes and hands; so if he just toddles over the water for a few weeks, he'll come out whitewashed, and may begin business again."

"Is this raillery, sir," said Edward, "or are you serious? because if the former, you carry the joke somewhat too far; and if the latter, your want of feeling and delicacy are beyond endurance;—do you recollect, sir, to whom you are addressing yourself?"

"To be sure, sir," said Biddle; "to the family of which my half-brother Apperton is one."

"Half-brother," murmured Kate, through her tears, who, although she certainly felt no enthusiastic affection for the stockbroker, held him in infinitely higher estimation than the clerk.

"Yes, ma'am, half-brother," said the clerk, colouring up, and looking at once angry and impudent, "as you know, ma'am; for my brother told me, only yesterday, he had explained the whole of our family connexion; and I say I see no cause to be afraid of speaking out in the company of one's own relations, nor any reason why I, who am the lawful son of my mother, should stoop to John Apperton, who is not."

The amazement of the family group at this tirade kept them silent, even while Biddle continued.

"And as for *that*, I say *now*, and I'll say it again, the honest landlord of the Cat and Cauliflower is a better man than the speculator who ruins himself, and every body round him, by building castles in the air."

The situation of poor Kate at the end of this speech may be better conceived than described. The impulse by which Edward was affected, would have induced him to expel his new connexion in a summary manner; but Moss, who knew that there was something true, as well as important, in the mystic sign of the Cat and Cauliflower, endeavoured to soothe the lady, while he extracted a few more historical facts from Biddle; but his efforts were frustrated by the entrance of Maxwell himself, who instantly perceived, by the appearance of the party, *that something* unpleasant had happened.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Maxwell; "what has occurred—Kate in tears?"

"Why, sir," said Edward, "this person has been pleased, under the influence of wine, I conclude, to exhibit so much insolence and ill-breeding, and to declare our present state in such coarse and unfeeling terms that I——"

"You need not make a speech, Mr. Maxwell," said Biddle; "I know you are a mighty proud set, and Apperton knows it too; but proud as you are, your pride has had a fall; and I verily believe, if it had not been for the persuasion of your father, my brother-in-law would have been as good a man as any of you."

"Sir," said Maxwell, in a voice of mingled rage and grief, "you forget yourself—your business was simply with *me*—you were sent here as the clerk of your employer—I wished to treat you kindly and civilly, but I warned you not to allude to business—the sooner you quit my house the better."

"*Your* house, sir," said Biddle; "if it was your house, you dare not stay in it—nor would you have a chair to sit on, or a bed to lie in—but I require no second bidding sir, to go out of your—ready furnished lodging, sir."

"Kate, my love, leave the room," said Maxwell; "Edward, take care of your sister."

"Oh, I dare say I am not fit company for her," said Biddle: "recollect, however, she is my brother's wife—yes, the wife of the brother who has risked every thing to keep you out of prison at this very moment—don't stir, ma'am, I am going—you may stop where you are—I shall return to London to-night, and give John a faithful history of my reception, and we will see, before four-and-twenty hours are over our heads, whether he will submit to be made the tool of a set of proud upstarts, who haven't a guinea in the world to bless themselves with."

Saying which, the barbarian saved Edward the disagreeable task of kicking him out of the room, by making a retreat, which he did without taking the slightest notice of any one of the party.

"I say, Mack," said Moss, when the monster was well out of hearing, "this is all very pretty, but what the deuse does it mean?"

"Why," said Maxwell, "it means, Moss, that I am utterly undone by the failure of Apperton's schemes for my enrichment; and it follows, that I am doomed to be trampled upon by his relations."

"And is that man a relation of *his* ?" said Kate.

"You must know all in time," said Maxwell; "I have been blinded, duped, deceived, and you have been betrayed; but this is not the moment to recount all my miseries; a day's reprieve is only granted me. This very night I must fly the country, which I thought never to have left. Apperton's arrangements are made; he thinks things, perhaps, may be accommodated to a certain extent; but not if I am once arrested. The house and furniture in London are gone. There are judgments against me for upwards of thirty thousand pounds; and they are not to be resisted. To-morrow will be Sunday; that alone gives me four-and-twenty hours' breathing time, a period not likely to be extended, especially after this squabble with his vulgar brother-in-law."

"But where can we go ?" said Edward.

"You need not go with me," said Maxwell.

"*I will*," said Kate, "to the very farthest end of the world."

"Your husband will claim your society here," said Maxwell.

"My father demands my care," said Kate.

"And the stockbroker," said Moss, "can find plenty of solace and society at the Cat and Cauliflower. Oh! Mack! Mack! what have I said of that wooden-headed cretur ?—what did I foretell ?"

"It serves no purpose," said the surgeon, "to recur to what is *past*—what is done, cannot be undone."

"For my part," said Moss, who could not resist joking in the worst of times, "I believe you have been done, and undone too, by him."

"Upon one thing I am resolved," said Kate; "no power shall induce me to quit my father."

"Unless," said Edward, "your husband insists upon your staying."

"That is arranged," said Maxwell; "since Kate has thus nobly expressed her determination, I will set her heart at rest on that point. Apperton has directed our course, and made arrangements accordingly. Madeira is the place of our destination; thither he advises me to take Kate; thither he will certainly follow us; and thither I particularly desire to go, from having a friend there upon whose kindness I can rely."

"What a strange thing," said Moss, "is the human mind! Here you are at sixty, or whatever it is, ruined and without a shilling in the world, calmly talking of rooting yourself out of your native soil, and crossing the Bay of Biscay, as if it were the result *you had expected* to your fine speculations."

"My dear Moss," said Maxwell, "I place my trust in Providence, and meet the evils of this world with faith and hope; what has happened is the fruit of a worldly ambition. I wished to give that poor fellow there a better fortune than I could otherwise have done."

"And that poor fellow," said Edward, running to his father's arms, "will follow your fortunes too, wherever they lead you."

"Moss," said Maxwell, "I suppose we part with you to-morrow, perhaps for ever?"

"Yes, Maxwell," said Godfrey, "I am no sailor—you'll abandon me, lamenting on the shore, like the old hen, who sees her brood of ducks swim over the pond, and leave her on the bank."

"You will sometimes think of us," said Kate.

"I think I shall, Katherine," said Godfrey; "but as yet I haven't had time to think about it, the blow has fallen so suddenly—'tis but a dream—I cannot fancy myself awake—I don't believe it real."

"We have no time for thinking," said Maxwell, "we must act; and it is a great blessing that, in all cases of emergency, it is necessary to exert our energies to meet the difficulty, which prevents the mind from inertly dwelling upon its miseries."

"The subject that principally occupies my mind at this moment," said Edward, "is the insolence of that fellow. What does he call himself—Biddle? I never—"

"Stifle that resentment," said Maxwell; "we shall have leisure to talk over *his* insolence, when we are beyond the reach of his malice. The pride of little minds sometimes leads to the commission of the deadliest injuries; and if we had not the day of rest to-morrow, which the law itself may not violate, I should feel more uneasy at the apprehension of what that man's injured dignity might induce him to commit, than any greater evil."

"But the servants," said Kate, "in London?"

"They are dismissed," said Maxwell, "with the exception of Dawes, who, being permitted to carry with her all your articles of dress and personal property, will meet us at Portsmouth, for which place, early to-morrow, we must start, so as to be on board the vessel pointed out by Apperton before Monday morning, when she sails."

'We shall have but short sea stock of clothes," said Edward.

"What matters?" said Moss, "why, one shirt will do; you *won't be more than* a fortnight getting to Madeira, and who is *to see you on board* ship?"

"My mind is made up to any thing," said Kate, "now that I am not to be separated from my father,"—and her thoughts glanced at the moment to Somerford, in which mingled a desire, at the last hour, to write one brief letter to him. She was about to be decidedly so parted from him, so eternally alienated from him in this world, that the most scrupulous judge in existence could not have decided against the impulse which she felt. Selfishness was a crime of which her heart was innocent, and she wished to stifle the desire she felt, until she had an opportunity of consulting her father, without whose sanction she determined not to gratify it.

"Well!" said Moss, as if catching the connexion of her thoughts, "I only wish one thing—that Charles Somerford had married Katherine, and that the stockbroker had been hanged before you knew him."

Maxwell entreated his friend, on the last evening they were *to pass* together, perhaps for ever, not to rake up old grievances, especially as it was absolutely necessary to collect their spirits, and make their arrangements for the morrow; and, by any body but Godfrey Moss, such a request would have scarcely been required. Here was the respectable, excellent Maxwell, who for years had been looked up to and esteemed by a numerous circle of society, beggared and driven into exile by one of the most sudden blows that can fall, having always in his mind the reflection, that he himself had caused *the* overthrow of his fortune, and the destruction of his child's happiness, by a blind adherence to the romantic expedients of an ignorant, unlettered man, himself the dupe of greater capitalists, who, having secured their own property, lived upon the wretched victims of their vice, and, strong in their resources, even ridiculed those whom they had first inveigled and destroyed.

The evening passed wretchedly; the wind whistled along the cliffs, and shook the fragile windows of the house; and Kate,—like all uninitiated people, who deduce from the fact of there being a breeze in any particular part of England, the dreadful certainty of a gale of wind affecting their friends in the Pacific or Atlantic,—shuddered at the perils they were destined so soon to brave, when exposed to the power of the warring elements next day.

Strange it is, but true, though not complimentary to Apperton, that, in the midst of all her regrets, she never lamented her husband's absence. In their short intercourse as man and wife, selfishness had so distinctly characterized his disposition, that *she felt* relieved rather than pained by his ab-

sence. It might have been that her feelings would not have taken a tone so decided, if Somerford had not so inopportunely arrived; but when she once beheld *him*, all the rules she had laid down for her conduct, all the resolutions she had made as to the regulation of her mind, and the mode of passing her life, were put to flight; and to this change a decided disaffection, I might almost say hatred, of Apperton, succeeded. It is perhaps only a woman of strong feelings and sensitive mind who can appreciate such a sentiment, or understand such a feeling as I wish to express—the very kindnesses of Apperton were repulsive, and the slightest marks of his affection, hateful.

Edward had quitted the house, to breathe, perhaps for the last time, his native air, and Moss had gone to visit his smoking friend upon the Steyne, in order to ascertain whether he could give him what he called a "beddums" when Maxwell was gone; and Kate and her father were left alone. It was *then* that Maxwell explained to her the various allusions to *the* public-house at Ratcliffe-highway, and the mingled families of Apperton and Biddle. Then it was that the tears chased each other down his furrowed cheeks as he implored her forgiveness for having caused the ruin of her hopes. Then it was he related to her the true reason of his disinclination to the match with Somerford, and then confessed that her fortune, which ought to have been secured to her, and placed her above the powers of fate, had been all swallowed up in the general ruin.

Oh! it was a grievous sight to see the gray-headed old man imploring his daughter's pardon—it was a dreadful wreck of all his proud ambitious hopes to find himself the ruined father of a beggared family, actually at the mercy of his son-in-law even for common subsistence; but then it was cheering to behold the affectionate Kate drying her father's tears, and imploring him to be calm and composed, and place his trust in heaven—from the bottom of her heart *she* forgave him all, and would devote her life to prove her duty and affection towards him; all she asked was leave to write her last farewell to Charles. "No word of love shall mingle in my sad adieu," said Kate; "it is banished from my heart for ever; but to redeem my character, to vindicate myself from the imputation of fickleness and falsehood, to breathe the purest wishes for his happiness, is all I ask."

"It must not be, my child;" said Maxwell, "our situation *is so perilous, that* a clue once given by such a letter might be

destruction ; at present, although my embarrassments are fatal, they are unknown publicly. If you in your address to Somerford hint at the probably eternal separation between you, it will lead perhaps to some inquiry—some explanation, the consequences of which might be ruinous—write to him when we are safe, from our asylum, wherever it may be. In the island to which Apperton has recommended us to go, there is a man, a merchant of some eminence, who owes me a debt of gratitude; there we shall be at all events secure from the storm of failures, and there you can address yourself to Charles."

Kate was, of course, compelled to submit to circumstances, and forego the desire nearest her heart ; but having obtained her father's consent to write eventually, it served her as something to look forward to on the stormy horizon by which they were surrounded, she little dreaming of the events by which her after-life were to be affected. It was, however, something *to have* achieved, and she felt pleased that she had opened her heart, and that her wish had not been deemed improper.

But when she began to reflect upon the connexion she had been so unhappily forced into, all the pecuniary consequences to her father, brother, and herself, seemed light by comparison with her indissoluble tie to the family of her husband. Kate was not proud, but when she reflected that reduced as she was in fortune, and linked as she was to a husband also ruined in *his* circumstances, what her situation must be if she lost (as in the ordinary course of nature she might be presumed to do) her beloved father, she could not but tremble ; she would sink into the connexion, and perhaps compulsorily become the associate of the Biddle family, who, from the specimen she had seen exhibited, she anticipated might consider themselves conferring a high favour in granting her their protection.

She had two maiden aunts in the north of Scotland, both older than her father, and both, it was more than probable, deriving their income from his professional exertions. To them she could scarcely look with any thing like hope, and Edward, her next natural protector after her husband, was by the circumstances which involved his family, thrown out of the channel of his profession, at all events for a time. Never, indeed, did ruin more sudden or more complete fall upon a devoted family ; the mere recapitulation of their distresses seemed like a reproof to her parent, and the unfortunate Katherine, still hoping, prayed that he might be spared the miseries of actual want, and that whenever death closed his troubled career, she too might *end her days.*

Moss and Edward returned to the house nearly together; and Moss, who with all his *brusquerie* and bluntness, had a kind heart, gave the most decisive proof of the state of his feelings by letting ten o'clock go by without whispering the word supper, although his dinner had been somewhat abbreviated by the arrival of Apperton's clerk.

He, however, was not forgotten, and never in Maxwell's house had that meal been put down under such trying circumstances. It was the last time perhaps they should ever be assembled round the same table—it was the last repast they should take together; nay, to the Maxwells, it was the last night perhaps they should ever pass in England. Nothing alleviated the weight of their sorrow, but the suddenness of its arrival, and the imperious necessity for exertion; and of all the party who braved the storm, Kate was the firmest—cleaving to her father, she felt she derived new strength; without him, like the ivy torn from the oak, she would have sunk to the earth, and have been trampled on; but twined round the parent stem, she seemed to gain new strength and freshness by the difficulties which threatened them; at least, such was her strength of mind, that if some woman's fears assailed her she overcame them, and set a good example to her comrades in distress, of bearing up against inevitable misfortune. There are points and incidents in our lives, trivial in themselves, but which affect us more than mightier events; and it was not until the moment of separation for the night, that Maxwell appeared to sink under his calamities; it was a separation so dissimilar to the hundreds of partings which had preceded it, when the events of the following day would bring the friends and companions together again. To-night, for the last time, they slept under the same roof, and all after to-night was blank, vague, dark, and uncertain.

It was a fortunate circumstance among the distressing ones, that the Maxwells had left their house—their usual place of residence—before it was seized upon. Kate, as she pressed her solitary pillow, could not but think of the hours she had passed in her favourite *boudoir*, now pulled to pieces by the hands of merciless creditors—stripped of its well-known furniture, ultimately to be sold to any buyer who might offer. It appeared that Apperton had made all the necessary arrangements with respect to the property exempted from the effects of the execution; but his selections had not been guided by taste or feeling; he saw no charms in a favourite picture, nor associated *any pleasing* ideas with familiar objects, in the shape of

plate or furniture; he secured what the law permitted him to save; he put that portion of their valuables under the care of Mrs. Dawes, who for many years had acted in the capacity of assistant housekeeper to Katherine. She, poor body, was too infirm and too old to follow the fortunes of the family farther than the coast; but thither she had Apperton's directions to proceed, to meet her master and young mistress.

The clock struck twelve before the members of the once happy family separated; it was a scene not to be described—little was spoken, but the heart of each was full and heavy—each after its fashion. Of all, Maxwell felt the deepest sorrow; the others wept for the ruin of the house, but Maxwell wept doubly, for that he had been the cause of it. And so they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

"Beneath the trembling main the sky was clear,
And wing'd our course with slender airs, we sail'd,
Till straight as evening fell the fluttering gale,
Increasing gradual from the red north-east,
Blew stiff and fierce; at last the tempest howl'd:
Next morning nought but angry seas and skies
Appeared, conflicting round. Meantime right on,
Our strong-ribb'd vessel drove before the blast,
That falling something of its fury, gave us
A quick auspicious voyage."

THOMSON.

JUST as the Maxwells were stepping into the carriage which was to convey them to Portsmouth, Somerford was stepping into the Cheltenham stage-coach, perfectly unconscious of the ruin of the family from which he had been so cruelly excluded; and although the young soldier was free from the trammels of debt and difficulties, his heart was not with him. Still, still it lingered at Brighton, and he felt that every mile the foaming horses dragged him westward, he was so much further from the only place in the world at which he wished to be. But he had obeyed the dictates of honour, and even if he had wavered in his good resolution, he could not now retrace the course he had pursued.

It was early when the Maxwells quitted their residence;

made, still hoping that the Isle of Wight was to be the end of their voyage, but yet obeying the injunction of her father to ask no questions, and to make no observations touching their own proceedings in the presence of anybody else. Three-quarters of an hour terminated their *trajet*, and they found themselves, within sixty minutes of leaving Portsmouth, seated in the Bugle Inn at Ryde, waiting for the coming out of a sociable and pair, in which and about which they were to betake themselves to Cowes.

When Kate heard this order given, and saw the luggage again packed into another carriage, her heart failed her, and she lost the bright spark of hope with which she had hitherto solaced herself. It was clear there was no house at Ryde; it was therefore most probable there would be no house at Cowes prepared for their reception. However, all she had to do was to agree with everybody, and follow the stream. The sociable appeared; the drivers were mounted; the passengers stowed; and away the fugitives went, amidst the bows of master, mistress, waiters, and chambermaids.

Along that beautifully undulating road to Wooton did the carriage roll; and at any other period, with what rapture would Kate have gazed on the varying scenery through which they passed; but whatever their feelings might be during the present part of the journey, it was requisite to keep perfect silence as to its object, since it had been found necessary to pack up Mrs. Alsop in the inside of the vehicle. In due course of time, they reached and drove through Newport, and turned off to the seaport, where the house was situated to which they were going. Four miles more of sweet country, just in the dusk of a spring evening, brought them to Cowes, where they suddenly stopped at the door of the Vine Inn; and where, as was the case at Portsmouth, it appeared they were expected; for a man, in a sailor's dress, stepped from the doorway to open the carriage, and touching his hat to Maxwell, made him at once comprehend that *he* was the person to be spoken to on business.

The roseate hostess speedily ushered the mystified Kate and her brother into a comfortable room, facing the harbour; and there it was agreed that they should dine, it being now nearly seven o'clock. What was to occur afterward, the younger branches of the family could only surmise. One thing alone seemed certain, that they were destined to sleep on board the vessel which was to convey them to their destination.

The repast was speedily prepared: it was none of the finest,

nor were the appetites of the parties calculated for its enjoyment, even if it had been; for sorrow filled their hearts, and the contemplation of the void before them occupied their thoughts.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the same man who had opened the carriage for them entered the room where they were sitting, after having respectfully tapped at the door.

"The boat's ready, sir," said he to Maxwell.

"The luggage—"

"Is on board, sir," replied the man—"all but the young woman's—the young lady's maid—she won't part with her boxes and things."

"Why?" said Maxwell.

"I don't know, sir," said the man; "she is crying below-stairs, and says she can't go to foreign parts."

"*Send* her here," said Maxwell; "we shall be ready in ten *minutes* ourselves."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the man, and retired.

"Is this," said Maxwell, "your faithful maid, Kate, who hesitates to accompany you on your voyage?"

"Poor girl!" said Kate, "it is not very surprising. She has no object to gain by going, and she gives up all her friends, connexions, home—"

"She travels," said Maxwell; "and what can a person in her situation do better? However, the thing is unimportant, except as you may be inconvenienced. Give her her wages and dismiss her. Williams can pay her; but I suppose you will like to bid her good-bye, after six or seven years knowledge of her.—I'll send for her."

Saying which, Maxwell rang the bell, and directed the waiter to send his servant Williams to him.

"Well," said Edward, "I *do* think, Kate, considering the exalted opinion you had of Mrs. Alsop's affection for you, she has not turned out quite so devoted as might have been expected."

"Those of this world are worldly, Ned," said Maxwell; "we must not look for miracles—Williams," continued the surgeon, addressing his man, who had entered the room, "I find that Mrs. Apperton's maid declines accompanying her mistress on our little excursion."

"Yes, sir," said Williams, "she does; she says she is not used to the sea, and knows nothing of foreign parts, and prefers staying at home; and as she was not engaged to travel abroad, she would *rather not.*"

"Oh, she must follow her own inclinations," said Maxwe
"you may tell her, that her mistress will speak to her, and th
when her business is settled, you will collect the cloaks
coats, and we must now go on board."

"I beg your pardon sir," said Williams—"I am very so
to say what I am going to say—but I really cannot go w
you. You did not tell either Mrs. Alsop or me what
going to happen, and, for all we knew, we were only com
here to stay."

"What, Williams, and do you leave me too!" said Maxwe

"Why, sir," said Williams, "I am very sorry,—I have be
with you many years, but—I have an objection to travel—
Mrs. Alsop, sir—and—I—"

"Oh, agree upon that point," said Maxwell.

"Why, yes, sir," said Williams, looking rather foolis
"Mrs. Alsop, sir, as you call her, of course guides me, see
that she is my wife, sir."

"Married!" said Kate.

"Yes, ma'am," said Williams, more than five months; a
so as she won't go, I can't well leave her; and we mean
stop in England and try to better ourselves. We have been
service a long while, and—"

"Better yourselves!" said Maxwell; "by what means c
persons better themselves who have to pay neither for rent
for taxes, nor for food nor for clothing, and who have a cert
income to receive?"

"Why, sir," said Williams, "that's very true; but the sa
thing may be said of the niggers in the West Indies, who
rather better off than we; but still, after working for oth
for a long time, it's agreed to set up for oneself."

"And pray," said Kate, curious to ascertain what partica
vocation her maid and her maid's husband had chosen, in or
to realize a fortune, "what business do you propose
follow?"

"Why, Ma'am," said Williams, "I have been in treaty fo
public-house down by Ratcliffe-highway; and now you a
all going to leave England, I think I shall strike the bargain

The words were magical—Kate coloured crimson; h
father turned pale—it might be—it was not probable—but
was just possible that the snug retirement of the seceding s
vants was the Cat and Cauliflower; the family mansion of t
Biddles and Appertons.—The bare mention of the trade a
situation put a stop to all further questions.

"*Well, well*, said Maxwell, "of course you must follo

own inclinations: circumstances prevented my explaining I was about to leave the country, so that I have only lf to blame for being left without servants.—Come, Kate, ust be going—if you wish to see Alsop, go and bid her ell; the boat is ready, and we must not keep it waiting."
ate proceeded to take leave of her *faithful* handmaid, and ams having rendered a due account of the moneys en- d to his care, was paid the joint wages of himself and ife; and the Maxwells, having walked down to the steps he Parade, embarked by moonlight in the boat for the l which was destined to bear them to scenes of new in- ts, new sorrows, and new adventures.
he effect produced upon Edward by the sudden change in circumstances of his family was most extraordinary—he mured not—he spoke not—he sat or moved in silence, im- itly obeying the slightest wish of his father—he seemed to sunk into a despondency from which nothing could rouse : he fancied himself doomed to a life of poverty and ry, and to have lost the power of struggling with misfor- . On the subject of his Maria, to the recollection of n he clung with pure devotedness, he dared not speak to ather, oppressed as he saw him by sorrows of his own; if he had violated his parent's command never to allude to subject again, what object was there to be gained: he told a connexion with her would be destruction; and all seemed like hope about the affair was derivable from the ation in his own circumstances, which might, by lowering in the scale of society, obviate some of the objections h his father had declared to exist to a continuation of their aintance previous to his fall.
s for Moss, he was left helpless at Brighton, taken far n his London haunts, and still farther from his Lincolnshire uits; he knew not what to do; he affected to joke at the eon's being obliged to *cut* and run, but he was deeply and ously affected by his friend's misfortunes; it was a sort of k up that unsettled and unhinged him: and he twaddled ut Brighton, because he could not exert himself to leave ntil the end of the week, in the beginning of which, they k their departure.
But to return to our poor friends themselves. The evening mild and moderate, and after half an hour's pulling through lm sea, they reached the brig which was to convey them to deira. On boarding her, the same well regulated arrange- nts appeared *to have been* made, and every body was pre-

pared to receive the party. When Kate, however, discovered that she was the only female on board, the ingratitude of Mrs. Williams, *ci-devant* Alsop, struck her forcibly—if ingratitude that feeling can be called, which induces a woman to prefer her native country and the society of her husband, to a perilous voyage and an unknown land.

Conceive the embarrassment of poor Kate—an embarrassment rendered more greivous from the suddenness of transition from a comfortable, not to say luxurious home, where every want and wish had been anticipated.

The difficulty, however, about female attendance might be overcome. One of the crew, a Cowes man, would be glad enough that his "old wumman," as he called his wife, should accompany him on the voyage, and act as servant to the young lady; but then she could not get on board until the morning: she had to pack up her things, and dispose of her little cottage, and get somebody to take care of her furniture. Still it seemed so impossible to Katherine that she could endure the duties of housemaid to be performed by a red-headed boy in a hairy cap, tarred canvass trowsers, and a particularly dirty blue jacket, that the delay to her appeared nothing, compared with the escape from perpetual misery and inconvenience.

Maxwell had other feelings on the subject, which he could not exactly declare; and without doing so, he could hardly oppose his daughter's desire for an accommodation which decency, not to say comfort, seemed imperatively to demand—his dread was of the detention of the vessel while within reach of the laws of England; he had a confused idea of "*ne exeats*," and moreover a fear of that little implement, which, though fashioned as if for accelerating a voyage, has not unfrequently put an end to one; namely, the "silver oar;" by virtue of which, the anxious refugee from his country on suspicion of debt, may be brought back and lodged in safe custody, to be baited by his creditors at large. The surgeon resolved, however, to stifle all selfish alarms, and run any personal hazard, rather than expose his poor child to the misery she so naturally anticipated.

Accordingly he requested the master of the brig to let his boat take the Cowes Benedick on shore, in order that it might bring off his Beatrice and her bundles as soon as possible; and then it was that he became convinced, that the man who commanded the vessel was perfectly aware of his motives to the voyage, and the peculiar delicacy of his situation. He, of himself, suggested to Maxwell the necessity of getting up his anchor at daylight, and standing on and off the harbour.

"Because," said he, "when we are once adrift, if any of these land sharks should come out after us, why we can up helm and away; then neither crocodile nor alligator can catch us."

"How do you mean?" said Maxwell.

"Why, I mean this," replied the sailor, "I look upon counsellors and attorneys just as I look upon alligators and crocodiles; they are of the same genus, but only a different species, and I hate them. I was once ruined by law myself, and I'll run all hazards before any of the Does or Roes set foot on board my craft. John Apperton and I are not new friends, Mr. Maxwell; if we were, I should not have been freighted with you; so confidence is every thing—and now we understand one another."

It is impossible to describe the force of the shock, which a man of delicate feelings and gentlemanly habits receives in the first advance of even a well meaning inferior, who lets him understand that he is in the secret of his difficulties, and proffers his assistance and confidence as to the best mode of meeting them. Maxwell felt degraded, debased, lost. His pride and his ambition, as Mr. Biddle said, had, indeed, a fall. He had been recommended to the protection of a man who was the master of a little merchant brig, in order to ensure whose favour and care, the knowledge of his ruin and misfortunes had preceded him. Nobody can comprehend the shuddering sensation which affected Maxwell when he made this discovery. He began, however, to believe, either that Apperton had been much longer anticipating the evil result of his speculations, and had prepared the present means of escape some considerable time previous, or that the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange maintained a sort of subscription yacht, ready at a moment's notice to carry them out of the reach of danger and difficulty. He knew that one of the greatest of the profession did keep a vessel to himself, and what he had just seen led him to imagine it not impossible that the smaller fry supported a joint-stock brig for speculative expeditions.

"I don't think it would do," continued Hilton, (such was the captain's name) "for your daughter to sail with us without a woman, seeing she has been used to it, and therefore we'll contrive to get one for her; but to say truth, I was not prepared for her coming."

"Did not Mr. Apperton," said Maxwell, "mention her."

"No," said Hilton, "he seemed to think she would stay behind; but, however, she is better where she is. He is too deep in the mire *ever to get* out; of *that* I am sure; and he

would only have left her in the mud, if she had staid. We were to have gone to Lisbon," added he, "but he tells me you prefer Madeira, because you know somebody there, and you are right. Madeira is a fine island; there you'll have good English society, a healthy climate, and a short run home when you are able to return; and too happy shall I be to bring you back again, if it may ever be."

It was to be gathered from this conversation, that Apperton had thought it possible Kate would remain; it was clear *from* his conduct, and the short, hurried notes he had written to her during his absence, and from his not having written at all when the necessity of flight was announced, that he did not particularly wish it; but it might have been, that his half-brother, Biddle, had been charged with some communication when he went to Brighton, which the unexpected and stormy termination of his visit to the family circle might have checked. At all events, Kate had now made her decision, and was *safe* from the vicissitudes of life in London, and secure *with her* father, to whom, in spite of his admitted, yet perhaps well-meant, duplicity with respect to Charles, she remained, as we have already seen, a true, faithful, and affectionate daughter.

When poor Kate, unattended and alone, huddled herself for the night into a standing bed-place in her little cabin, and heard the water ripple by the side of her head as she rested it on a board-like pillow, her thoughts reverted to Charles; and, unused to nautical matters as she was, she reconciled herself to her own miserable position on board a small merchant brig, by comparing her sorrows with those which she fancied he must have suffered in an East Indiaman of twelve hundred tons, in which, if there had been water enough, Cleopatra herself might have been happy to navigate the Cydnus.

Edward "turned in" in silence, and with a heart loaded with sorrow; yet, like his sister, he resolved to sacrifice every thing to his duty, and determined, when once the voyage began, to look at every thing on its bright side, and live on in hopes of better days.

The morning dawned, and the anchor was weighed. Hilton was on deck watching the progress of the jolly-boat pulling ashore. The sun shone, and the wind was favourable for their starting. Hilton calculated that until the arrival of the mail from Southampton they were safe as to pursuit; for although there was no post on Monday, if any person had come down in pursuit of Maxwell, it would have been during the night; *and he resolved*, if they were detained until the steamer made

her appearance, that he would near her, so as to command her deck with his glass, having, as he said to Maxwell, a sort of intuitive knowledge of the class of persons whose arrival he thought might be looked for; for it was clear that the ruin of Maxwell would very speedily be known in London, and that a chase for precedence of payment would most probably take place, by securing his person, however fruitless the struggle might eventually prove.

Maxwell's anxiety was awakened with the break of day. Full of undefinable apprehension, he watched with intense anxiety the numerous boats which left the shore, yet anxious to conceal, if possible, from Kate, that she was the innocent cause of his agitation. Still the brig stood on and off. Breakfast was served; the black coffee-pot, the japanned sugar-basin, the cracked tea-cups, and the metal spoons, the scant tablecloth, scarcely hiding the green baize it was stretched to cover, all became objects of curiosity and remark to Edward and his sister. Soft bread and bad butter, with a delicate dish of pig's fry, and three or four yellow shelled eggs, were added to the repast, of which, seeing that Hilton did the honours with warmth and hospitality, if not with grace and elegance, the young sailors partook with a forced show of appetite. Maxwell alone sat restlessly, and every now and then would step up the companion to look out for the expected enemy.

At length, after another tack, the iron mast and pendant of smoke of the Southampton steamer hove in sight, and seemed to fly along the land beyond the point of Calshot. The word was given to near her, according to the former proposition of Hilton, in order that he might rake her with his glass.

Kate was no sooner made acquainted with the object of this manœuvre, than she felt a thousand fears, lest—what! must I confess it?—lest Apperton, aware of all their proceedings, should follow and overtake them, and either force her to remain behind, or else become a partner of their flight; she instinctively, as it were, followed her father to the taffril, where, as the steamer rounded the corner of the Southampton Water, Hilton could command her. She listened while the captain scanned the passengers as they stood grouped, pointing out the beauties of the coast which they were rapidly approaching.

"I don't know any of them," said Hilton, aside to Maxwell; "there are two queerish looking fellows—there d'ye see?" continued he, directing the glass in Maxwell's hand, "that man *with a brown great* coat and the yellow silk hand

kerchief, and the gentlemanly-looking fellow alongside of him. You don't know him ?"

Maxwell looked, and denied the acquaintance.

"Ah, no fear, I think," said Hilton; "I expect our jolly-boat will be ready to put off, by the time we have stood in shore this tack, and then I defy the best of them with this wind to catch me in time to be troublesome."

"What!" said Kate, catching up the last words of the sentence, "is there any apprehension of pursuit ?"

"Why, yes," said Hilton, "they may pursue us, but they won't catch us."

"And have we been delayed," said Kate, "and my father's safety endangered, for my accommodation and convenience ?"

"No, my child," said Maxwell; "it was absolutely impossible that you should have made the voyage unattended by a female. There is no danger—there will be no difficulty—all will be well."

"I trust so," said Kate.

Hilton now turned his glass towards the shore; but still no boat was to be seen approaching them, and he began to manifest some symptons of impatience, which, in her state, alarmed poor Katherine. Hilton, however, was only grumbling at losing a fair wind, and at the remote possibility of the fellows having got drunk ashore, and swamped the boat; while Maxwell, although concealing his nervousness as much as possible from his daughter, was unable to rally from the effects of a fear, the cause of which he scarcely knew.

It was now past eleven o'clock; the steamer had reached her moorings; the horn had sounded her arrival; and the bright sun beamed over the lovely island, when a boat became visible. In a few minutes more, it was recognised as the long-wished-for jolly-boat; the glass brought it near enough to present to Hilton's view the sailors, the expected woman, and a strange man! He sat muffled up in a boat-cloak, and his face concealed. Maxwell was informed of the appearance of the unlooked-for, yet scarcely unexpected visiter.

"What's to be done," said Maxwell, "if this man should have the power to stop me ?"

"He!" said Hilton; "one man stop us; and he, too, coming in my boat ? No, no, might overcomes right, where I command. If he boards us, here he stops. We can make prisoners as well as he; and if he is one of those hyenas that prey upon human flesh, he'll get no cast ashore from me. The

moment he steps aboard, and I hoist in my jolly-boat, square go the yards, and away goes the little Mary of London."

"Then there is no fear," said Katherine.

"Excuse a joke, ma'am," said Hilton, "there may be fear, but I'll take good care there shall be no just cause for it."

A new terror now seized Mrs. Apperton; she fancied she read treachery in the countenance of Hilton. She began to think even that he was in league against them; and that the readiness which he displayed for their accommodation in sending for the female attendant, was all part of some scheme to entrap them; in short, placed as the family were, in an entirely novel situation, a thousand circumstances bearing upon them in every shape and direction, they knew not what to think or how to act.

"Come," said Hilton, "we shall soon know who's who; he seems shy of showing, however."

It is quite impossible to describe the palpitations which affected the hearts of the different spectators of this little scene; for Hilton himself, with all his hardiness, was not so purely immaculate as to feel himself quite at ease on the approach of a stranger, although, according to his own account, he had a mode of providing for a single visiter, which could not fail in its effect.

The boat approached the brig; was alongside of her; the stranger took the man-rope that was thrown him, and stepped on board. He was speedily followed up the side by one of the men who had been on shore, who seemed to introduce him to Hilton. They touched their hats and turned towards the forecastle, whither they walked. The other sailor and the woman were during this period safe landed on the deck; and the man who had presented the stranger to Hilton, seemed waiting for orders dependent upon his decision. The conversation between the stranger and Hilton appeared earnest and animated. In the mean time, the sailor who had brought his wife to officiate as servant to Kate was particularly anxious in presenting her to her future mistress; but neither Kate nor Maxwell had eyes or ears for any thing but the stranger, with whose arrival on board they connected something concerning themselves.

After a few minutes' parley, Hilton gave orders to hoist in the boat and take care of the gentleman's trunk and valise, which appeared to be all the sea stock he possessed. These orders were speedily obeyed, the yards square, and the good brig Mary going along at a pleasant rate through the very eye of the Needles; Hilton, however, being his own pilot, relying

upon the safe principle of keeping the blue pigeon going, and not caring for advice in navigating a sea as familiar to him as his own cabin.

Maxwell lost no time in endeavouring to ascertain who the new comer was, but he gained nothing by his interrogatories. Honour among thieves, was Hilton's answer to his questions, which, if not a complimentary evasion of them, gave him at least to understand that the gentleman in the boat-cloak had something to conceal. Neither Kate nor Edward could bring themselves to regard the stranger with tranquillity, or account for his arrival in the vessel with any thing like satisfaction to themselves. They thought they saw something like collusion between him and the captain, and Edward even went the length of believing that Hilton actually waited for his arrival by the steam packet, and sent his boat ashore under another pretence, but merely for the purpose of securing him on board.

A fresh breeze, as sailors call a wind in which a man cannot keep his hat on his head, springing up, and a sea rising, all the moral griefs of the Maxwell family gave way to physical ills, and mental agitation yielded the palm to bodily sickness. If the man in the cloak, instead of what he really was, had been that personage with the tail and cloven foot, of whose walk upon earth Mr. Southey has given us so clear a description, not one of the surgeon's family, including himself, would have cared one single atom; the overwhelming *mal de mer* laid them helpless in their respective beds, and closed their eyes to the world and all its sorrows.

During the continuance of this torpor, it may not be uninteresting for the reader to know, that Biddle, on his return to town, which was immediate after his resignation—expulsion it was not—at the surgeon's, proceeded to Apperton's, and described at length, and in no very qualified terms, the ill treatment he had received, as he felt it, at the hands of his family connexions. Apperton was not in a state of mind to attend very carefully to the detail of his wrongs, but rather confined himself to ascertaining that Maxwell had received and fully comprehended the nature of his communication, and the instructions that formed part of it. He seemed quite reconciled to his wife's resolution of accompanying her father; and no wonder, for he had neither roof to shelter her, nor means at hand to procure her suitable accommodation. How he was himself to escape the dangers which thickened round him, now seemed to be his principal care; and he resolved, after some little hesitation as to character and appearance, in the hope of re-

deeming his losses, to figure in the same periodical publication with Somerford, and in all probability on the same day—I mean the London Gazette—when the one would exhibit himself in the character of a bankrupt, and the other in that of a field officer in his Majesty's army. It would be a curious coincidence if it should happen so; whether it will or not, time alone can determine; and in this pleasing state of doubt and agitation we must be content for the present to leave Mr. John Apperton and his irritated brother-in-law Mr. Elias Biddle.

On board the brig, the day passed and the evening came, and the landsmen and women suffered still; nor were their sensations of horror and disgust at all soothed by the smell of Irish stew and savoury pie, of which Hilton and his new guest partook in the cabin with the most unmitigated appetites—the stranger having grown more cheerful, and more at his ease, as *the vessel* got farther from the place whence she started. *Hilton*, however, was assiduously attentive to the Maxwells, and left nothing undone in the shape of civility of worrying them to death to try to eat, and to try to drink, and to try to get up, and to try to walk about; for all of which acts of nautical gallantry every one of the party most devoutly wished him at the bottom of the element on the surface of which it was his trade to travel.

The breeze during the night moderated, so that the Mary ventured to show her top-gallant sails to the moon; and with all her canvass drawing, she ran down channel with more speed and less motion, so that about nine o'clock, when the invalids were a "little better," the good brig Mary was laying to, a few miles off Plymouth, and to their great surprise, the stranger who had occasioned all their agitation and dismay, had disappeared, as indeed had the boat in which he arrived, and which had been the day before hoisted up by the davits on the starboard quarter.

It is odd enough, but not more strange than true, that the disappearance of this mysterious personage excited nearly as much alarm and apprehension in the breast of Maxwell as his previous presence had done. Still in sight of land, he felt himself liable to its ills and inconveniences; and his first question to Hilton was touching the abduction of his late companion.

"He's off," said Hilton, and safe. You see that ship on our larboard quarter, with the red striped ensign; that was his mark. She waits *for him*. As soon as he sets foot on

board of her, you'll see she fills, and away. He's bound for New-York."

"Who is he," said Maxwell.

"Another of you," said Hilton; "smashed, ruined, and obliged to walk himself off; but, as I said before, there's honour among thieves."

"Yes," said Maxwell, "I quite well remember your observation; but how does that apply in the present instance?"

"Why," said Hilton, "you are all of you much in the same mess."

"But who is the gentleman?" asked Maxwell.

"Why, Mr. Maxwell," said Hilton, "he asked me exactly the same question about you, and the answer I gave him was, ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. All is safe and sacred on board the good brig Mary."

"Yes," said Maxwell; "but this person came on board in your boat, with your man and the woman who was especially sent for to attend upon my daughter. They must *have* mentioned"—

"Not a syllable, I'll be sworn," said Hilton; "no, no, we understand trap. There is not a hand of mine who would not die sooner than say a word about man, woman, or child, on board my brig; this is not our first trip. Starboard, there," said Hilton, to the man at the wheel, for the Mary was now under way, edging off to pick up the boat.

"Starboard it is, sir."

"That gentleman, sir," said Hilton, "tells me news later than you can have, and that is, that Apperton must be entirely ruined. I call him Apperton, Mr. Maxwell, for I have known him from the beginning of his career.—Starboard there."

"Ay, ay, sir, starboard."

"Nothing can save him," continued the captain; "and more than a dozen others will fall by him."

"And yet he, that gentleman, did not know *us*," said Maxwell.

"No," said Hilton; "and if you had been well enough to listen, he would in all probability have told you your own history as the worst story he could tell against your own son-in-law. It's a bad business altogether, and right glad I am that you are safe out of it."

At this period Hilton was obliged to break off the dialogue to give directions for getting the boat aboard, which was now nearly alongside; and Maxwell retired to the cabin, which *Kate was still too* unwell to quit, to talk over the new intelli-

had received, which cut doubly to his heart when he
:d, that by his own activity and instrumentality, his be-
d destroyer had become so closely connected with
ınd his family, that the just opprobrium which fell
ı for his conduct not only entailed ruin upon himself,
ıght disgrace and despair even upon his darling

the boat was re-hoisted in, and the Mary again got
he land, the increased motion again overset the voy-
or did their indisposition relax until after the ordeal of
le of wind in the Bay of Biscay.
al adventures and sea journals are now so very com-
ı the voyage of the Mary was in itself so like a thou-
ır voyages, that it would be only wasting time to enter
letails of her progress towards the place of her desti-
On the tenth day from her departure from Plymouth,
y island of Madeira was in sight; and before the
the eleventh, Kate was safely conveyed in a moon-
the shoulders of two strapping African slaves, from
ng-place at the Loo rock, to the house, or rather
f one of the most respectable English merchants at

der Maxwell, who had landed first, was ready with his
e host to receive his daughter and her brother; and
fely deposited her in her swinging vehicle, the three
n accompanied her on foot, using all their endeavours
ate the pace of the *unfortunate* bondsmen, who trotted
h their fair load at the rate of at least five miles an

Kate heard that she was, in the first instance, to take
sidence at a merchant's house in Funchal, she formed
ind, as indeed did her father and Edward in theirs, the
f the establishment: a pile of stores, and cellars, and
n a yard with gates, and a dog, and a watchman, and
rcock, and all that sort of accompaniment. Her sur-
s therefore great, when she found herself borne into a
quadrangle, in which, at the foot of a splendid stair-
ɔd grouped servants of all classes to receive her; and
ise was rendered even still more agreeable, at finding
velcomed to the house of her father's friend by the
ın's wife, a lady of extremely prepossessing person,
ı a cordiality of manner, and warmth of feeling wholly
ıble to Edward, but in some degree more intelligible
herself, greeted her, and caught her in her arms as if
een receiving a sister.

Edward saw with gratitude the devoted attentions which were paid to his father; the anxiety which seemed to anticipate every wish; and felt with sentiments of equal warmth the great and marked kindness which the master and mistress of the house evinced towards himself; and enjoyed a calm and happy evening, the delights of which were by no means weakened by the circumstance of being once again ashore, and in spacious and airy apartments, regaling on fruits ripened under the bright sun which beams over the beautiful island of which they were inhabitants—and by the recollection of the miseries of the good brig Mary; upon whose master and crew the Madeira merchant absolutely lavished his gifts of stock and wines.

Edward, when he retired to rest, felt perfectly bewildered at the extraordinary kindness of a family of which he never had heard mention made in his father's house, although it had become unfortunately very notorious all over England. The individual under whose roof they had been so nobly welcomed, was no other than the son of Hanningham, the London merchant, who, some months before, had expiated the crime of murder on the scaffold.

CHAPTER V.

"When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes a free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received; a propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings."

LILLO.

It is scarcely possible to describe the effect produced upon the minds of the Maxwell family, by the entire and absolute change of their situation and circumstances. They had removed from the confined streets of the city of Funchal, to the beautiful *quinta* of their hospitable friends, the windows of which commanded one of the most magnificent views imaginable. The quiet and repose which they enjoyed in this lovely seclusion, afforded the most soothing contrast to the feverish excitement of the preceding fortnight; and Kate saw with pleasure and gratitude the alteration which the very delightful *transition had* worked upon her dear father's heart and spirits.

o place in the world, perhaps, could have been selected for
· retreat, in which old associations and habits could so soon
› been got rid of, as this very island of Madeira. In
inental travelling, the alterations of manners and customs
operated gradually, and for a considerable distance from
frontiers of a country one is prepared by certain progres-
variations in costume and language, for the change of
on. One of the most rapid changes of this sort is effected
he passage from Dover to Calais, where, in a distance of
ty miles, performed by sea, under the great advantage of
am navigation, in three hours, every thing that meets the eye
the ear is decidedly new; the language, the religion, the
eases, the manners and the customs of the people; and all,
fact, by one step from Mrs. Wright's on one side of the
ater, into Monsieur Quilliacq's on the other; but this tran-
tion however striking, especially on account of the brevity of
e process by which it is worked, is nothing when it comes to
compared to that which the Englishman experiences, who
ves Falmouth on the first day of the week, and reaches
nchal perhaps on the last.

He quits England and its variable climate, its sharp easterly
nd blowing, and a thick fog driving before it; he sees the
ple blossoms peeping from the trees, and the smoke from the
ttager's chimney curling among them; he travels, at a
lendid pace, over fine roads, in commodious carriages; he
es the hardy labourer pursuing his toil, and his happy family
eeting him to his home at the conclusion of his work. He
ps on board his vessel, and, at the end of a week, lands
der a tropical sun, in another quarter of the globe, is re-
ived on his disembarkation by his friend, with his African
ves around him; is conveyed upon their shoulders, if he
es, through the narrow streets of a Portuguese city to the
tensive mansion of an English merchant. He hears high
ss performed in the cathedral of Funchal, and sees a Car-
al Bishop bestow his benediction on the prostrate multi-
le; he meets friars by dozens in the roads, and goes to
nvents and visits nuns; he sees church floors raised, and the
dies of men and women, dressed in their ordinary habits,
ust into graves immediately under the surface of them,
shed into the earth by the axe and rammer of the sexton,
vered with quick lime, and then shut up again. He sees the
cy grape hang luxuriantly around him; oranges and lemons
nite him to gather them; the aloe blooms in the hedge-rows;

the bamboo rustling in the breeze, the banana clustering in the gardens, the walls of which are covered with millions of lizards beaming in all the brilliant colours of the rainbow.

The enclosures of the vineyards in this little Paradise formed of pomegranates, brambles, and myrtles, and that grotesque of all shrubs in the world, the prickly pear. apples are sufficiently common to be perfectly wild peaches grow wild in the valleys, altogether forming a combination of objects curiously, ay wonderfully novel to the eye, and certainly not to be met with at a similar any other direction from Hyde Park Corner.

To Edward, and even to his sorrowing sister, the of every thing was interesting and even exciting; but which had fallen upon his father's house, had, in deeper into the young man's heart than could have reasonably anticipated from the volatility of his character position. He saw all his prospects blighted; he had the study of a profession, in certain reliance on his and now, to his sorrow, found himself, at two or twenty, without pursuit, or indeed even the means an existence. It was, as he felt it, no time to press and disappointments on his father, and he therefore let the concerns of the family come to something ment, before he ventured to consult the old gentleman best scheme for his future proceeding.

The present great anxiety of the party was to their hopeful connexion, Mr. John Apperton; upon counts to be contained in his letters, all their future ments were of course to be founded; and every sail in sight was watched with longing eyes, until the knowledge of her name, and the port to which she killed the hopes that her first appearance had excited

It was now that in the midst of her cares for her Kate addressed her letter to Somerford; the object peal, if it might so be considered, was her self-vindication a charge or suspicion of fickleness. She dwelt but on the reverse of their fortunes, and rather painted ing colours the actual state of their retirement, for she Somerford's disposition too well to doubt for a moment first impulse on hearing of their downfall, would be to he possessed in the world at her father's disposal. From thing likely to excite this disposition she carefully ab for her feelings of repugnance towards such an offer on were considerably strengthened by the apprehension, tha

were made, her father, in his present circumstances, would not hesitate to avail himself of it.

At a great distance from a loved object there seems such a hopelessness of a letter reaching its destination, that one can hardly be persuaded of the necessity of despatching it at a particular moment; however, Kate was actually hurried by her kind and beautiful friend, Mrs. Hanningham, to close and seal her packet, for the master of the vessel bound to Plymouth was actually waiting in her husband's room to carry the bags on board. If the lady had not been so assiduous in her attendance, Kate, I am almost certain, would have sealed her letter with a kiss—of friendship,—as it was, this little ceremony was perhaps beneficially omitted, and Captain Somerford's epistle despatched to England.

Upwards of a month had now elapsed, and no news had arrived from Apperton. One or two ships from England had *touched* at the island, but none had letters; the newspapers, *however*, made several allusions to the flight of Maxwell and his family, which was instanced as one of the dreadful results of the too prevalent disposition for over-speculation; and, as the London newspapers are always correct, they had despatched him to that refuge for men of broken fortunes—the United States of America. Apperton, the great object of their solicitude, was, in fact, too insignificant a person ever to be libelled or abused, and no tidings could be seen in the public *journals* of him or his proceedings; and they were doomed to wait, if not patiently, at least with an assumed tranquillity, until time and opportunity should throw a little more light upon the state of his affairs.

To Edward Maxwell, Hanningham became every day more attached; and the same spirit and principle which appeared to bind the merchant and his wife to the surgeon, evidently operated so strongly in favour of his son, that, from various hints thrown out, he could no longer doubt that Hanningham had, in the kindness of his heart, formed some plan for his advancement, and even permanent settlement in life. This appeared romantic and improbable in the highest degree; and yet when Edward saw the way in which the family with whom they were domesticated treated his father and sister, he could no longer shut his eyes to the almost affectionate attachment of his new, yet affectionate friend. To account for it, he was utterly at a loss, because, as I have already said, he had never heard the name of Hanningham, except upon the unfortunate occasion of the *public execution of his* present friend's father, mentioned

in their house; and his surprise at the warmth and devotion of these new connexions, was even increased by the total absence of any thing like surprise on the part of Kate at the exhibition of their feelings—to his astonishment, she appeared perfectly prepared for the sort of welcome she received, and seemed to consider the unmitigated attention paid to her father as something which she fully expected, and which she seemed to look upon as a matter of duty from her new and amiable friends.

Still time went on; day succeeded day, and still they remained without news; until at length a signal was made for two ships from England—one an Indiaman, with troops on board.

Till that moment, it had never occurred to Kate that Somerford, disappointed of happiness in England, might in all probability return to a country where he had been so favourably received, and where, as Major Overall had described to her, he had so successfully carved his way to fortune; *nor* that, should he do so, he would certainly touch at *Madeira*. The words Indiaman and troops brought the idea full into her mind, and she watched from her beacon-tower the coming vessels with an anxiety which she admitted to herself she should not have experienced if she had fancied Mr. John Apperton had been a passenger in either of them.

It was a wild fancy after all. Somerford had exchanged into a regiment quartered in England, and the ship arriving was carrying out a detachment to India. Ladies, however devoted to the army, are not the best judges of military movements at head-quarters; and when she ran her eye over the list of passengers, she saw, with something like disappointment, that there were none she expected, none she knew. There were, however, letters from Apperton.

He had written a long and explanatory letter to Maxwell—to Katherine a short and cold one. It was clear that he had no intention of following them to Madeira. He had suffered the disappointment which he had experienced in his marriage, and the effect produced upon his mind by the appearance and letter of his rival (as he fancied him), Somerford, to rankle and fester in his heart; his connexions were wounded by the superiority of pretension possessed by the Maxwells; and the candid exhibition of disgust at the forwardness and brutality of Biddle, had been no doubt matter of argument and irritation in the family. The society of Kate, in which, when mixed with others, Apperton had felt himself pleased, was not suited *to him when they* were alone; and the prospect of fortun

and wealth which somehow had associated themselves in his mind during the progress of the negotiations for their marriage having been dissipated, he saw no reason to encumber himself with a wife, and the embarrassments of an establishment, while she displayed evident marks of satisfaction in remaining separated from him, especially at a period when his time and means were fully engrossed in endeavouring to make some arrangement of his affairs, which might give him at least the advantage of personal security.

To Maxwell he had been more explicit; to him he had submitted a statement which rendered any expectation of recovery for him utterly out of the question. Apperton had been arrested, was actually in confinement, and had given the customary notice of his intention to avail himself of the benefit of the Insolvent Act; a measure which, while it would afford him liberty and the power of recommencing business, would leave *his father*-in-law without the chance of regaining one shilling *of his losses*; for such had been Apperton's dexterity in the management of the financial affairs of the family, that he had possessed himself of all the old gentleman's property as his own stock in trade; so that whatever sums might now be made available for his emancipation from debt, Maxwell had no claim upon him as a creditor, nor indeed did he possess one single document to show the real nature of his multifarious transactions with his speculating son-in-law.

It was now decided—Maxwell was irrecoverably ruined, and his family irrevocably beggared. Indeed, Apperton, in his own security, seemed to have forgotten the amount of his last remittance to Maxwell, and to have forgotten too that it must, under almost any circumstances except those in which they actually found themselves, have been entirely expended. Still he made no allusion to their personal inconveniences or difficulties, which, as circumstances prevented his sending them any supplies, common decency, one would have thought, would have prompted him to do. But, no; his long letter was filled with self and selfishness; it was manifest that self-extrication was his object, and from several hints thrown out in the course of it, it seemed equally evident that he intended, if reproached with neglect or misconduct, to throw the whole of his justification upon the fact of his bride's misconduct and hypocrisy, neither of which he had the slightest inclination to notice, either to herself or her former lover, until by the more cunning suggestions of his vulgar relations,

he had been, what Mr. Biddle would call, "put up" to so mean and base a manœuvre.

What a situation for Kate to find herself in! Shut out from happiness and the comforts of life, united to a man she loved not by a marriage, the only qualifying circumstance of which was the prospect of remaining separated from her husband. One little week's delay might perhaps have spared her this eternity of misery; for eternal it seemed like to be as far as she was concerned, since, even if the inclinations of both parties had been fully expressed, the laws of our country afford no relief to persons in their unfortunate situation. The only consolation in this wretched affair she derived from the explicit manner in which her husband explained to her father the absolute impossibility of his visiting Madeira.

"Now, Edward Maxwell," said Hanningham, "now that we have seen the real character and intentions of this heartless brother-in-law of yours, it is time for me to open my mind to you on a subject, which I have been for some time considering. You, with a laudable anxiety to contribute to your excellent father's comfort, and to afford a suitable protection to your dear sister, have followed the fortunes of your family, and find yourself, at three-and-twenty, a wanderer in an African island. What you have seen of us may give you a fair idea of the comforts and avocations of an English Madeira merchant. In the law, had you pursued it, or if you still wish to pursue it, honours and dignity are offered for your exertions, which in our plain, plodding life we must not expect; but we may securely look forward to competency, and eventually independence. Now, if you will gratify the first wish of my heart, by coming into my house, sharing my labours and my profits, I shall receive you with the warmth of a brother; and while I make myself happy by founding your fortunes, I shall have the satisfaction of doing something towards defraying a debt of gratitude to your father, which, if I lived to the age of Methuselah, I should never be able to repay."

"My dear Hanningham," said Edward, "consider what you offer me—how have I deserved such princely conduct?"

"Why," said Hanningham, "we Madeira people are said to be extremely hospitable to strangers: how can I better keep up our character than by offering you half my house?"

"I am overwhelmed," replied young Maxwell; "I cannot reply to such unbounded liberality—I—"

"I have talked the matter over with your father before," said Hanningham; "he joins me in the wish that you should

accept my offer. It will be of mutual advantage to us; for I shall make you take your turn of duty to relieve me, while I visit England. You will have no sinecure; and then, besides, Maxwell, who knows, the time may come when you will marry and settle."

"No, no," said Edward: "I have seen the only being who could command my affections for the last time. I am bound never to name her; and let the spell be what it may that is over her, nothing will induce me to marry any other living being—therefore that prospect is blank. But if I thought I dare become your debtor in so vast a sum of kindness as you offer me, the hope, the chance, of giving shelter and protection to my poor deserted sister would induce me, on my knees, to thank you for bounty so unmerited, so——"

"Stay!" said Hanningham; "it is right I should tell you so much of a sad story as may be necessary to exonerate me from the appearance of wishing to assume too much merit in the proposal I make, and at the same time relieve you from some of your difficulty in acceding to it. You must know, that the obligation I owe your father is of the highest and most important character; that what I do, I should have felt it right to have done, even if I had not formed a strong and ardent personal friendship for yourself. Judge then, Edward, how gratifying it is to me, to find my inclination and my duty going hand in hand, and combining to place you in a situation which I am sure you will fill with honour and credit, and which I am proud to feel will inflict no disgrace upon the best blood in the country."

"I have no choice," said Edward; "no power to reply, but to assure you that I accept with the warmest gratitude the load of favours you have heaped upon me, and that it will be my constant endeavour through life to prove to you how warmly, how truly I feel your unexampled generosity."

"Come, then," said Hanningham, "that's settled—give me your hand, Edward. I have suffered much misery on my poor ill-fated father's account; we must now hope for brighter days. That he was innocent of the horrid crime of which he was convicted, I am as sure as that we are alive and breathe; but that is past, and irrevocable."

This conversation, so deeply interesting, and so highly important to Edward, was here interrupted by the arrival of the elder Maxwell, with whom Hanningham left Edward, in order to debate the extraordinary act of liberality which he had just performed.

"You may," said Maxwell, "with safety accept the generous offer. The tie which unites us to Hanningham is one which, although it does not in the least detract from the nobleness of his conduct, justifies, to a certain extent, your acceptance of his proposal. I mention this, not to lessen in your eyes the value of his proceeding, but to relieve you from any thing like a feeling of dependence or degradation."

"How shocking," said Edward, "it must be for Hanningham to reflect upon his father's fate! He seems assured of his innocence."

"And so am I," said Maxwell, "convinced; and more completely so from what I have heard and seen since I have been in this island; and I believe that Providence will yet eventually disclose the truth, and thus do justice to his innocence."

"It is somewhat late, though," said Edward, "as Moss once said upon the same subject, to discover a man's innocence after his execution."

"True," said Maxwell; "but still his memory would be cleared from a foul stain, which, in a prejudiced world, leaves some of its obloquy upon his innocent relatives."

"True," said Edward: "but the world is so prone to recollect the bad part of a man's biography, and so unwilling to give credit, if they can avoid it, to any body for good conduct, that the fact of his having been hanged will always remain on public record, while any elucidation of his innocence will only be useful as a matter of private satisfaction—if satisfaction that may be called which involves the certainty that our dearest relative has perished wrongfully."

"This is a subject," said Maxwell, "we had better not discuss; you may be sure that my prospects and feelings are very different from what they were when we left our country; the reception I have met with here, for which Apperton, with all his contrivances, could not be prepared, is attributable to Providence only; the miraculous circumstances which have combined to save me from destruction, are evidences of the watchfulness of the Power above over those who earnestly pray for aid and support. The results of occurrences, of which you are ignorant, make me believe that my conduct is not deemed unworthy; but there are matters connected with the whole affair which never must be touched upon, and therefore, Edward, accept with gratitude the means now offered you to shield and shelter a fond and affectionate sister. Time will unravel all that appears mysterious to you; and when the day

all come that you may be enlightened and informed, you will more clearly than ever see the wonderful power of retributive justice on earth."

"There is, sir," said Edward, having got his father upon the topic of family mysteries, "one point on which I would now venture to speak—it is the interdicted one; but *now*, considering the influence of the individual who fills my thoughts by day, and haunts my dreams by night, may I for once, for only once, ask whither she is gone, and who she is? and whether you still bind me to the command you laid upon me to forget her?"

"More than ever," said Maxwell, "it is an imperious duty for you never to name her; to lay a restraint upon your thoughts, Edward, is beyond my power or prerogative; nor do I bid you quite despair of obtaining my permission to speak of her—perhaps, to see her again; but for this, time is required; and I trust that the duties of your new situation will occupy your mind and expel the vision from your thoughts, at least for awhile."

"But, sir," said Edward, "she is gone—you said—you told me I never could behold her again."

"Edward," said Maxwell, "when I told you so, you may be sure I thought so. I will tell you now, that circumstances which have since occurred have operated strongly upon that *impossibility*. I little thought, when I spoke last to you, that you, and even much less myself, should have been driven from our country, beggars and exiles. I did not even fancy that you, for whose aggrandizement I made every effort, would have lost your patrimony, and gladly have embarked in trade in Africa; but these sudden changes have happened, and things which then seemed quite impossible have come to pass. In what I now say, I revoke nothing of what I said before with respect to the interdiction of that subject; I must entreat you still to observe the same silence which I then enforced; but I will render it, if possible, less irksome to you, by saying,—but I must never be questioned farther,—that however improbable, it is not quite impossible that you may again see that person."

"What, here! sir," said Edward, "in this island. I—"

"Have I not said," replied Maxwell, "that I must not be questioned farther. Be silent, pray—we are interrupted—and never, as you love me or value my comfort, recur to the subject."

Hanningham and his blooming wife, and Katherine Maxwell,

who had only just been made acquainted with the arrang about the partnership, which was so honourable to som so agreeable to all, here entered the room, and proceeded i form to congratulate Edward on his accession to the firm the bright glow of Kate's eyes and countenance conv her brother that she was by no means the least happy party.

Still there was gloom enough in the circumstances of families to qualify their exhilaration. With the best po disposition to forget, as much as they could, the miseries difficulties by which they were all more or less affected, it impossible for them to banish from their minds the recollec that the father of Hanningham had expiated his heinous c on a scaffold, and that the still living husband of Kate appe by all who had considered his conduct, to be very nearly d ving a similar fate.

CHAPTER VI.

"Can I forget him?—drive him from my soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my eyes.
His words will ever echo in my ears—
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory."

SMITH.

WHEN Somerford received Katherine's letter at Chel ham, his feelings, previously excited by all the public rep of the ruin and flight of the family, took precisely the turn she had anticipated; but as I have already presumed that description of their actual situation was of a character ra to soothe and satisfy his apprehensions for her comfort t awaken any very violent alarm upon the subject, he was gr fied with the letter, at the same time that he could not but as he repressed a hope which only could be realized by death of another, and resolved, if it were possible, by rea on one hand, and amusement on the other, to endeavour banish from his mind one who, although she had excluded *from her heart*, he felt was but too dear to his affections.

Among the numerous Indian connexions and acquainta

whom Mr. Macleod found at Cheltenham, Somerford was extremely well received; the elderly ladies of the *qui hi* circles fêted and petted him, and he was "so interesting," and "so agreeable," and "sang so nicely," and played the flute "so sweetly," that, following the lead of Mrs. Mackirkincroft, (who had also made Cheltenham her head-quarters) the *belles* of the watering-place nearly worried him to death with civility.

But Charles Somerford's natural abilities and general attainments qualified him for something better than a dangler after dowdy dowagers; he was destined to soar into higher circles, and breathe a better atmosphere than that of musk and japan. It so happened, that his friend Macleod, who had formed a very favourable opinion of his merit and talents, had been specially recommended to the notice of a nobleman residing at Cheltenham, whose attention had been for many *years* directed towards the political state of British India, and whose views and objects an acquaintance of his lordship's, Lord Bryanston, had imagined likely to be very much assisted by the information which Mr. Macleod, experienced as he was, by long and confidential service in the Twankey-twaddle department, could afford him on his favourite topic. The immediate consequence of this special recommendation of Mr. Macleod to the Earl of Lessingham, was an invitation to dinner, in the course of conversation after which, the visiter spoke of *his* young friend Major Somerford, and this led to an invitation for *him*; the consequences of which, however, most assuredly neither Charles nor the nabob anticipated.

The Earl of Lessingham was staying at Cheltenham for the benefit of the health of his granddaughter, Lady Emily Denham, who, before the close of the London season, had broken down; and having exhibited symptoms of incipient consumption, had been exiled to the walks and waters of Cheltenham, in the hope of restoring her to health and strength. Somerford, once received into Lord Lessingham's agreeable domestic circle, appeared almost immediately to have established himself in the noble lord's good opinion, at least if the earl's estimation of his qualities might be judged by the warmth and frequency of his invitations; for he had scarcely broken the ice of introduction, when he found himself honoured with a general bidding to the house, and pressed by its aristocratic master to give him and Lady Emily his company whenever he was able to do so.

This was, perhaps, the most flattering mark of attention that

Charles had ever yet received; and certainly the most gratify-
ing, inasmuch as common observation pointed out to him that
his new and exalted friend's warmth and kindness could have
their origin only in a feeling of affection and regard which his
own merit or manners had inspired. He was delighted and
fascinated, and hesitated not to avail himself of the advantages
so liberally offered, which, however, besides being in the high-
est degree agreeable to himself, excited in an equal proportion
all the ill-nature, jealousy, and illiberality of the smaller fry
among whom he had, in the beginning of his career at Chel-
tenham, *tritonized*, and who felt highly indignant at being as
they considered, deserted for the peer and his parties.

It was lucky, in such a scandal-loving situation as the mid-
dling middling circle of an overgrown watering-place, the
poor Lady Emily Denham's ill state of health excluded
very much from the general society at her noble grandfather's
hospitable house; for although it was extremely improper
that a nobleman, who, with all his excellent qualities, was
notoriously proud of his birth and ancestry, would do so
a thing as encourage a constant association between the
possessor of his title and estates and a major of a "
regiment" of foot, whose only rank in society was derived
his commission, with any other view or object than that
fying himself with his conversation and society—still
and mischief are so constantly at work in such communities
that if her ladyship had been well enough to mix comfortably
with her grandfather's parties, and be seen about the roads
drives in company with a handsome young officer, almost
mesticated in the family, the thing would have been soon
as settled, and the result probably have been the expulsion
poor Somerford from a most agreeable family, of which
never would have entered his head, in his most romantic moods
to propose himself as a permanent member.

Lady Emily, however, was always present when the circle
was reduced; and the languor which illness, too rapidly gain-
ing upon her constitution, threw over her beautiful features,
gave to the natural sweetness and serenity of her countenance
an additional interest, the influence of which it required all the
caution of a prudent man to withstand. One short season only
had she graced the *salons* of London, and more hearts than one
or two were left aching, when it was found absolutely neces-
sary to remove her from the scene of her unconscious conquests,
to pure air and quiet pursuits; and here she was, domesticated
with her grandfather and a female friend, once her governess,

ıly suffering and sinking, as it appeared, into an untimely

ver was being more ardently attached to another than Lessingham to this orphan daughter of his only daugh- Upon *her* would devolve, at his death, the barony of Les- ım, although the earldom would be extinct; the object of e had been to see her well and suitably married—now it d but too probable that his beautiful flower would be l in the bud, and that all his tenderest hopes and best af- ıs would be blighted by her loss.

kily, as I have said, or rather unluckily for the tattling s of the tea-table, Lady Emily was not well enough to be nuch in public in company with Somerford; but it was ely curious to perceive, as the reader himself will be sed to hear, that when Lord Lessingham gave Charles the l invitation to a house scarcely accessible but by the *élite* ety, one of his motives seemed to be the gratification ousement of his granddaughter, who had received the iter with a warmth and interest not usual in her manner, ich convinced the Earl that his society would be agree- her.

very great readiness to accommodate himself to the his darling child, may seem civil overmuch to those ke merely a worldly view of things, and who cannot fail vel at the want of caution which a nobleman of Lord ham's rank and character displayed in bringing a beau- niable, and accomplished girl into a constant associa- th an agreeable, handsome, and sensible plebeian; and o at a time when illness had added to the interest she lways excite, and on the other hand, had attuned her to the reception of kindness and attentions which, under cumstances of her helpless—almost hopeless—situation, ctionate being like Charles Somerford would be so very to bestow.

nerford continued this intimacy from day to day, until he lf felt that his situation was growing delicate in the ex- . The idle nonsense he heard talked—the observations h were made, even in his presence, upon his constant as- tion with Lord Lessingham's family, since they did not sively refer to Lady Emily, went for nothing, but he could void feeling a consciousness that she herself met him with asing pleasure, and lingered longer than she had at first wont to do in conversation with him, after repeated warn- *of the lateness of the hour* from her indulgent relative;

he seemed to himself to be acting dishonourably by continui his intimacy, and perhaps—although he attributed half his a prehensions to his own vanity—engaging the affections of on a union, with whom was wholly and entirely out of the que tion—and nothing but the dread of appearing to believe hi self admired, when perhaps he was not cared about, hinder him from coming forward and explaining to Lord Lessingha the sort of feeling by which he was actuated, and the prudenc as it seemed to him, of making his visits less frequent; b whenever he had nearly wound himself up to such a declar tion, he found his noble host so pointedly kind, and so unr servedly anxious for his presence, that he felt it would be mo unjust and ungenerous to check the course of such disinterest friendship, by supposing himself the dangerous person whi his noble host certainly did not consider him to be.

At times, the earl would sit at a distance from the you people, and leave them to a *tête-à-tête;* and during these scen Somerford saw him gazing on them, and, as he could *not he* feeling, not unconscious of the character of the conversatic in which they were engaged; for although love formed no pa of the subject under discussion, the soft and tender manner Somerford, and the sweet, gracious reception which Lad Emily gave his attentions, were quite sufficient evidence betray the state of her feelings to one much less versed in t world and its ways than the Earl of Lessingham.

But there were yet stranger events in store: one of the love of this lovely girl, who had been caught, enchanted, and e chained during the season, arrived in Cheltenham—a youn handsome, and wealthy baronet, representing in parliament t county, of which a large portion belonged to himself. I made a visit to Lord Lessingham's house, and was admitted

Somerford was there—when was he not?—although l faithful heart was impenetrable to love, and although his sen of propriety and his self-knowledge checked on their fi appearance any symptoms of a passion which must be hopele he felt somehow uneasy and displeased as he saw the confide manner of the accomplished man of fashion, whose grace a ease during his stay put Somerford entirely out of humo with himself; but this feeling wore off surprisingly as he pe ceived Lady Emily listening to the young dandy's florid a animated description of a round of London gayeties wi coldness, and even inattention. A look full of intelligenc and something very like affection, which she threw on Charl *even while her* new visitor's eyes were intently fixed on h

attracted his attention, and checked the volubility of his address. The visit terminated, and Lord Lessingham permitted his agreeable friend to depart without any show of cordiality, and without even a hinted wish for the pleasure of seeing him again.

This difference between the manner displayed by Lord Lessingham towards this aristocratic acquaintance, and that which immediately afterward he exhibited towards Charles, struck Somerford more forcibly than any thing which had yet occurred during his domestication with the family. He was treated with a confidence and affection for which he could not account, except by believing that for some reason or other, Lord Lessingham had resolved to select him for the husband of his angelic granddaughter,—a supposition so wild and romantic, that it seemed the height of insanity to encourage it for a moment; and yet it made so much impression upon him, that *he lived* in constant dread lest the earl, with some view of that nature, should proceed to inquire the particulars of his birth, parentage, and circumstances, the candid disclosure of which would, in all probability, work his degradation and expulsion from the family.

One day, in the midst of his doubts and apprehensions, and when Lady Emily appeared rather better, though not stronger than usual, he heard of the expected presence of some new arrivals at dinner with no great emotion, since he heard Lady Emily call them old, and Lord Lessingham vote them bores—but they were particular friends, and had such hearts!

It was in the forenoon of this day that Somerford and Lady Emily were together alone: she was ill—worse than she had been, and there was a look of settled sorrow in her eye that riveted his gaze.

"How sweet and fresh the air is to-day!" said Lady Emily; "I should like to venture out—but I am too weak—too languid."

There was a pause in the conversation. Somerford still kept his eyes fixed on her—he saw too plainly, as he feared, that hopes for her eventual recovery were vain: he spoke not.

"I had a dreadful dream last night," said she; "I dreamed that you and I were together in a forest, and that a band of ruffians rushed upon us, and tore us asunder. I awoke in such horror that I have not yet recovered it."

"I am too happy, Lady Emily," said Somerford, "sad as my fate was in the vision, to be of so much importance as to form a subject for your dreams.

"Charles Somerford," said Lady Emily, in a faltering
impressive tone, "whatever my dreams may be, my wak
thoughts are still more fearful."

"Why say so, Lady Emily?" said Charles.

"I feel," replied she, "that I am sinking into my gra
and although death is the certain lot of all, I am but you
and I am sure I form an important part of my poor gra
father's happiness.—You must be kind to him when I am gon

"Come, Lady Emily," said Somerford, "I must not all
this. You must think of something else. You are recov
ing fast."

"No, no," said she; "I do not murmur, for it grieves
grandfather to hear me complain; but I shall never recov
It is to me a blessing that he has become acquainted with
—you suit him admirably, and he is warmly attached to y
Indeed," added she, "I—" she could not proceed—she co
ed her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Somerford's heart beat: in tears—sweet, suffering ang
He stood upon the very edge of a precipice—one step wo
decide all.—Katherine Maxwell was in his mind's eye—
fond, devoted Kate—the luckless, faithless, married K
Emily, the lovely Emily was bathed in tears—she had c
him Charles—her look, her manner—all spoke too plainly
real character of her feelings.

"Dear Lady Emily," said Somerford, "let me entreat
not to agitate and distress yourself thus; all will be well,
we shall yet be happy."

"No, no," said Lady Emily, "*I* know myself; I
have been happy, but it is all too late."

It was evident to Charles that it was not too late, but th
on the contrary, this very moment was the precise time
which, if he dared to make the offer, she would accept hi
still, still, his first love—ay—but then she was lost to hi
lost, perhaps for ever.

"Emily," said he, taking her hand, "you must calm yo
self; I have much to say—much to tell you, that perhaps
interest you."

"If it is about yourself," said Emily, "you know that
will."

"But," continued he, "I tremble to make the disclosure
my feelings are uncontrollable—I am ill fitted to soothe yo
agitation—I cannot command even my own. Oh, Lady Emily

"Have mercy on me!" said Lady Emily, interrupting a
breaking from him; "have mercy upon me! this is all ma

ness—madness. Heaven forgive me! leave me, pray leave me, Somerford—for God's sake leave me!"

"Not yet," said Charles. "If I could but confide my cares and sorrows to you. I have been to blame—I—"

"No, no," said Emily; "pray go—let me entreat—implore you—my grandfather will be here directly; if he sees me so agitated, he will be terrified. What have I done?—I am lost—lost. Never, never can I look up again!"

The manner of Somerford had in a moment convinced the acute and sensitive Emily that she had committed herself to a man who did not reciprocate her affection; her pride, her feelings, her dignity were compromised; her delicacy wounded—mortally wounded, and he who could have worshipped her was agonized to the very heart, because circumstances—a complication of circumstances—compelled him to adopt the conduct he had pursued.

He was now placed in the most painful situation; remaining any longer on the same terms of intimacy with Lord Lessingham's family seemed out of the question; yet to withdraw himself suddenly would be to excite the suspicions of the earl, while to stay in the society of the wo-worn girl, to whom his presence now must be a cause of constant irritation and grief, would be cruel in the extreme.

As to the question of marrying her, he felt that while a chance of possessing Kate (whose heart, after the last letter, he was convinced was as much his own as ever) remained, he could not, even with the consciousness of all the difficulties which interposed, throw that chance away by uniting himself to another; and then he argued further, that if he so compromised what he considered his honour and fidelity, and at once declared an affection for Lady Emily, which most certainly nothing but his pledge to Katherine could have prevented, what probability was there that Lord Lessingham would ever consent to a marriage, where the disparity of Somerford's rank and fortune to that of his granddaughter seemed to form an insuperable obstacle and objection.

Matters were destined to come to a close somewhat sooner than was expected by some of the parties. Somerford led Lady Emily to her boudoir. She leaned on his arm, and he felt her tremble as they walked along. Her maid was luckily waiting for her, and Somerford resigned the wretched girl to her care, and when they parted, Lady Emily shook hands with him cordially—she spoke not—but her looks were more elo-

quent than such words would have been as she would have dared to use.

What to do, how to act, Somerford could not decide; the day was far advanced, and of course no step which he might eventually feel it necessary to take, could be proceeded in until the morrow; yet he dreaded to meet the eye of Lady Emily at dinner, where he knew she would make an effort to appear, to quiet the apprehensions of her grandfather on the score of her health. Never was man more embarrassed—more mortified—more distressed.

It may seem cruel to leave him in this state of suspense and agitation,

"Racked by duty—forced by love,"

but it must be so; the reader's attention is wanted elsewhere and he must content himself for the present with imagining the line of conduct which Somerford eventually thought it proper to pursue, always remembering, if he *should* fall, what were his temptations: constantly associated with beauty, accomplishment, rank, and talent—conscious that the lovely and interesting creature with whom he was domesticated had given him her heart, and even believing, from all he saw, incredible as it might appear, that the Earl of Lessingham would put in hazard his granddaughter's unhappiness, or the distress of her mind, by refusing to receive her orphan lover as her husband.

On the other hand were all the ties by which his youthful feelings, and the memory of his first love, bound him to Katherine. Yet *she* had consented to abandon all hopes of *him*, she had pledged her faith to another. When he first came to Cheltenham, his object was to endeavour to overcome the recollection of his early life, and, having been discarded by Miss Maxwell, try to forget the charms of Mrs. Apperton; and in this disposition, founded upon the best principles of reason and morality, he might have remained, had it not been for the letter from Madeira. In that, she explained how she was prevailed upon to marry another, and how induced to believe that Charles had first abandoned *her*. *Then* it was, that, in spite of his first prudent resolves to drive her from his memory, Somerford's smouldering passion for Kate burst out anew, and he resolved to keep his heart for her alone; and if fate decreed that they should never be united, content himself with living upon the memory of happier days.

What effect the influence possessed by such a being as Lady Emily had, under all combining circumstances, upon this —honourable, and almost chivalrous determination, time, and time only, can exhibit.

CHAPTER VII.

"When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues."

ROWE.

THE reader may recollect, that when Hanningham made the proposal to Edward Maxwell to take him into partnership, he stated one of the inducements to such an arrangement to be, the relief his superintendence of the business would afford him during his absence from Madeira on occasional visits to England. It was in one of these trips that he had obtained the golden prize which he now actually possessed, in the shape of a beautiful and excellent wife; and with a view of indulging her by a temporary residence with her family, as well as to settle some accounts, and perhaps increase his mercantile connexions, he was about to carry her to her native land, and remain there for five or six months, during which period, Edward would remain the ostensible lord of the house, receiving orders and executing them, and receiving visiters and delighting them with his kindness and hospitality—a very essential part of the conduct of a Madeira merchant, as I have before endeavoured to impress upon my readers.

When Hanningham, among other good reasons which he gave Edward to induce him to accept the most beneficial offer that could be made to him, enumerated these, the tyro in trade thought it was only a remote contingency, and rather considered the allusion to his friend's quitting the island as a new inducement for *him* to enter into his scheme, than a serious reference to an event, not only determined upon, but actually near at hand.

It turned out, however, that the merchant had made all his arrangements *for repairing* to England so soon as he should

have given his new associate a sufficient insight into duct of his concern. Senior clerks and experienc housemen managed the practical part of the busines as it is in government, the change of heads of dep however it might affect the general policy, had very li with the carrying on of affairs, seeing that the n continued the same, although the master-hand r different.

Edward, however, felt a sort of diffidence when ham announced to him that he was, after the next thr to assume the sovereignty of the wine-pipes. He w in a new situation—a sort of responsibility for whic not prepared was to rest upon his shoulders. Yet, to be, he, of course, must assume his pre-eminence, as he had sufficient knowledge of human nature to k there is scarcely a man to be found who, if he is offer place, will refuse it on the score of a consciousness o to fulfil its functions.

Maxwell, who had borne the calamities which ha him with a wonderful degree of philosophy, seeme under the flagrant ingratitude of Apperton, of wi ceedings they were kept in perfect ignorance, but w duct Hanningham was resolved to investigate in t manner during his stay in England; for it appeared a man of business, that however Maxwell might sh the public gaze of society at home, his exile was luntary; he had suffered a total loss of property—v could befall him? not a shadow of guilt hung ove racter or transactions. Indeed, Hanningham wish pose that the surgeon and Kate should accompany England, unless, previous to their departure, son gence should arrive which might render such a proce prudent or impolitic.

The idea of again separating from Edward, and the certainty of re-uniting herself to her heartless was most painful to Kate, who clung with great earn a difficulty which interposed itself to their accompa Hanninghams, as the only chance of escape from could not fail to anticipate as a combination of ill assail her on her arrival in her native country. This arose from the circumstance of Hanningham having to visit the Island of Fayal on his way to England—a circuitous voyage, and only to be performed by sp *trivance.*

It seemed that at Villa da Horta, the principal town of Fayal, Hanningham had a sort of agent established, whose particular business there was not very clearly defined, but who might be supposed by his enemies to have been concerned in the purchase of a peculiarly nasty composition, denominated Pico wine, manufactured from the grape which grows on the sides of the gigantic mountain that lifts its head far above the clouds, in the island so called, and which is divided only by a narrow channel from the island in which this agent was actually established.

Hanningham had, it appeared, never seen the person who had taken charge of this branch concern, whatever it was, that connected him with the Madeira house, and it seemed that their communications had become so particularly confidential, that nothing but a personal interview could be relied upon for the purpose of making them effectively. Maxwell had, from the slight specimen to which he had been exposed, taken a violent dislike to sea voyages, and therefore it was, that, superadded to all his other objections to returning to England by the present opportunity, the entreaties of his daughter not to subject her and himself to protracted and difficult navigation, had a powerful effect upon him in strengthening his refusal to accompany his excellent friends to their native country.

While, however, their departure was yet under discussion, the island was suddenly agitated by an event, which, if anticipated at all, had not been expected to occur so soon. This was no other than the arrival of his excellency Lord Hillingdon, on his outwardbound voyage to an Indian government. The appearance of a fine frigate with the union jack at her mizen, caused an immediate bustle, and moonshiels and bullock-carts were speedily in motion in the streets of Funchal for the transport of passengers and luggage, in case her important inhabitant should be graciously pleased to land.

The sensation created in small communities by the sudden introduction of a great man, can only be duly appreciated by people who have witnessed its effect. The disproportioned liveliness of the jackass among the chickens, so humorously referred to in one of our modern farces, is no bad illustration to the eagerness with which the whole small fry of a colony set out on the race of civility, or servility, to a magnate like Lord Hillingdon, with the imposing epithet of excellency prefixed to his title, and the magical letters G. C. B. appended to it—every one of the hurriers and bustlers wishing his excellency at *the bottom of the Red* Sea, or the Black Sea, or any other

coloured sea in the world, rather than in the particular s selected for his temporary patronage and residence.

No sooner had his majesty's ship let go her anchor, than sound of cannon complimentary to the British flag was he The salute returned, the Portuguese authorities were zealo employed in ascertaining when and where his excellency w land, and what were the proper forms and ceremonies to be served upon the occasion; for, as I have already said e where, great men afloat are so jealous of their pretensions preliminaries, that a gun less in a salute to which a gover was entitled, would unsettle his excellency's temper and di sition for the whole of his stay, or perhaps involve two count in perfect amity at the moment, in a bloody and expensive

Governors, and generals, and admirals, on their arriv Madeira, generally fall to the lot of one or two of the lea mercantile houses; and the adventures of many a wel membered day of pleasure and hospitality passed there are counted on the hottest shore of Hindostan, or in the remotes African islands, where the names of Gordon, Keir, or Bla burne stand most honourably recorded. Hanningham's w however, but a secondary house, he himself a young man an young merchant, therefore he was free from all care and anx about the arrival of the expedition, although not certain some of the official minnows might not grace his hospit board. He was therefore equally busy with his neighbours; the available rooms of his spacious house were turned into l chambers, and the highest floor in the building was selected the accommodation of those who had a claim to the highest pe

Maxwell, who felt a sort of shyness and awkwardnes being recognized as a refugee by his inquisitive friend, the governor, still thought, that from such a source, if he had opportunity of conversing with him, he might perhaps de some more authentic information, not only of the popu opinion concerning himself and his flight, but of public aff in general, by which he might regulate his future proceedin more especially those connected with the voyage which his af tionate friend Hanningham considered it absolutely necess that he should take. Whatever embarrassment the surge might have felt at the renewal of his acquaintance with L Hillingdon, under the circumstances, the consciousness of g could in no manner affect it; for the most malignant of enemies could charge him with nothing but a blind reliar upon his son-in-law, to whom alone all the misconduct of th *concerns could* be attributable.

Accordingly, Maxwell determined to pay his respects to the governor-general, who was to hold a levée at the house where he had fixed his residence, on the day after his landing. Edward was to accompany him in his mercantile capacity, and the whole party from Hanningham's were invited to meet his excellency at dinner in the evening.

It is too notorious, and too evident to all of us, to require a word of comment, that every one believes himself and his particular concerns to be the objects of constant and universal interest and observation; and Maxwell, man of the world as he was, could not divest himself of the notion that all London was occupied, and had been occupied ever since he left it, in discussing his demerits and his migration, debating the misconduct of his son-in-law, pitying his misfortunes, and sympathizing in his distress. Good, easy man! for three days after his flight, his own personal friends said that they were very sorry for it, and called him a kind, good-hearted person—said, his was a pleasant house to be at, and that Kate was *so* kind, and such a daughter, and had such a heart, and so on; but by the evening of the fourth day, they had ceased to wonder where they had run off to, and before the next Sunday, their names were never heard. As to the public in general, one solitary paragraph in the city article of a morning paper, mentioned that a well-known surgeon at the west-end of the town was among the serious sufferers by the month's speculations—and there an end. So that when he advanced up the large drawing-room, in the bay-window of which his excellency Lord Hillingdon, G. C. B. was ensconced, convinced that his appearance would throw his excellency into an ecstasy of surprise and wonderment, his own astonishment far exceeded all he expected to perceive in the noble lord, when his excellency, after looking for a moment at him through an opera-glass which he held in his right-hand, recognised him without emotion, and accosted him just as if he had met him in St. James's-street, or in any of his accustomed walks.

"Ah, Maxwell, how d'ye do?" said his excellency; "what are you living here, eh?"

"Yes, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Come for your health, eh?" said his Excellency; "fine climate, is not it? hot in summer, eh? What—don't you find great benefit from the air, eh?"

"Why, my lord," said Maxwell, "I should not have come here from choice; but (as your excellency knows) my misfortunes—"

"Oh, said his excellency, "ah, ah, by-the-by, I do collect something about it—you burnt your fingers in the f— —what?—bad speculation—great many people ruin served them right—don't you think so, eh? Fools and money soon parted—what?"

"Why, my lord," said Maxwell, endeavouring to in his excellency so far as to lead him to the never-fading s of his own thoughts and cogitations, "those who lea unwary are to be blamed. I had great reliance upo Apperton, whom your excellency knows married my da ter."

"Oh, I do," said Lord Hillingdon; "I recollect no never could recollect—Apple-pye, I used to call him. sad fellow that, wasn't he? I saw something about hi some of the courts, and I thought of *you*; I recollect—w such a laugh about something, I forget what. He's is'nt he?"

"Not that I know of," said Maxwell; "is he, my to *me* that intelligence would be very important."

"Upon my life," said his excellency, "I don't know—o body, they told me, was dead—but I am not sure that i not you they said was dead, or gone to America, or som I recollect being very much interested at the time, bec groom of mine, an invaluable servant, broke his leg or hi I forget which now, and I wanted you to set it; but I recollect whether it was then I heard of your death, or death of—what d'ye call him?"

"Apperton, my lord."

"Ah," said his lordship, laughing, "Apperton—that' he! he! he!"

"Allow me to present Mr. Bamford to your excellency," somebody near Maxwell, to whom his excellency fort turned; at which opportune moment a crowd of aspiran his excellency's smiles pressing forward, the surgeon was out of the circle, and left beyond its confines, with jus much of information as could not fail to unsettle his mind derange all his prospects and calculations, without satisf one doubt, or allaying one apprehension.

"Come," said Maxwell to his son, "let us go home; man has no feeling; he is too much occupied with himse care about *me;* and all he has done is to excite a new tra thoughts and anticipations in my mind about the fate of *perton.* We will say nothing of this to Kate," continue *surgeon;* "perhaps we may gather some further inform

some more considerate person, in the course of to-day or rrow."

at particular sentiment Maxwell was apprehensive of ex- in his daughter's bosom by the rumour of her husband's it might not be delicate perhaps, under all the cir- nces, to inquire; but he could not help attaching some o the confused statement of his noble friend, seeing that r opportunity had occurred of writing, of which Apperton t availed himself. Edward went so far in expressing lings, that, as they turned the corner of the Rua dal he ventured to say that he thought the news too good ue.

might sound uncharitable, and even improper, but pperton's conduct is taken into consideration, the na- his connexions, and their evident disposition towards xwells; and with all these, the release it would be for nd the power it would give her of realizing the early of her happiness—our young wine-merchant may, be excused. Still, however, while they were in it was prudent to observe a perfect silence on the subject s Kate was concerned, since even were the fact so it ot be impossible that Charles had, before the event oc- destroyed the still lingering hopes of his once-loved

That he was in a somewhat perilous position we know, uld he have fallen!—but it is not my business to an-

xwell, on his return home, communicated to Hanning- hat had occurred at the levée, and Hanningham ad- the credibility of the report, connected as it was with ton's very extraordinary and continued silence. It was that the Biddles would not trouble themselves to an- e his death to the Maxwells, from whom there was no- to be expected, even if they knew how to address them; however confused the notions of the governor-general be as to matters which did not concern him, it seemed very ely that he should have received an impression that Ap- n was actually dead, if something had not really occurred press upon his mind an event connected with a man e name he could never command his memory sufficiently collect.

on the whole, Hanningham and the two Maxwells, after dering and debating the matter over and over again, came e conclusion that the probability was greatly in favour of tory. However, the next day, Hanningham thought,

would put an end to their doubts, inasmuch as the surgeon of the frigate had on board a file of English papers, from which in all probability they would learn the real fact; however the papers in circulation from the ship being only the *latest* from Plymouth (the recency of their date being their great merit), from those, the anxious inquirers could gain no information respecting that which had happened, perhaps, more than a month or six weeks previous to the departure of the vessel from England.

Maxwell was naturally much agitated and worried by the intelligence so abruptly and loosely given by Lord Hillingdon, and not a little discomposed at what he felt the haughty and distant manner of his excellency; his entire ignorance of what was of so much importance to *him*, and the careless way in which he glanced at the topics in which he was most interested, and then struck off at a tangent into mere matters of form and ceremony to receive a man whom he had never seen before, and whom in all probability he would never see again, wounded the feelings of the poor exile; nor was he less annoyed by what he thought a decided change in Lord Hillingdon's conduct and bearing towards him, by an apprehension that the alteration had taken place in consequence of reports prejudicial to his character as a man of honour. Poor Maxwell! long as he had lived, and able as he was to judge of others, he had not yet learned to decide impartially where self was concerned; else would he have known in a moment that Lord Hillingdon at Brighton, and his excellency the governor-general at Madeira were two distinct persons. His excellency was playing the royal game of humbug in the first stage of his progress to supremacy. The thing was new to him, and he liked it. He heard cannon roar when he left the ship, and other cannon roar responsive as he approached the beach; the smoke, as it curled from their brazen mouths, was incense to his vanity; and when he saw guards turned out, and bare-headed counsellors waiting his approach, it gave him a forecast of splendour to come, and all minor objects faded from his view.

Here was Major O'Callaghan ready to take his excellency's hat, and Captain Guffinshaw in attendance for his excellency's gloves; his excellency's military secretary on his excellency's right, and his excellency's private secretary on his excellency's left; and there were deputy adjutants-general, and deputy quarter-masters-general, and assistant quarter-masters-general, and assistant adjutants-general, in scarlet and silver, and deputy commissaries-general, and assistant deputy-assistant-

commissaries-general, in blue and gold, and town majors, and fort majors, and brigade majors, all destined for the service of his majesty in various parts of his distant dominions, swelling the train of his excellency the governor-general, who found himself acting king in a wine-merchant's drawing-rooom at Madeira.

Could it be expected that Maxwell's griefs or Maxwell's pleasure, or his hopes or his fears, could have any weight with such a man, at such a moment? Maxwell, however, thought differently, and imagined that, after dinner perhaps he might edge in an inquiry or two of his excellency, which might again lead to the subject nearest his heart; and this expectation chiefly led him to fulfil the engagement he had accepted, to meet his excellency at the entertainment prepared for him.

Kate who, by experience, had learned to read her father's countenance, was thoroughly convinced that something had occurred at the levée in the morning to ruffle and worry him; but she never guessed the principal cause of his agitation; and Hanningham, who saw the propriety of keeping her in ignorance of the report of her husband's death until it should be one way or another confirmed or contradicted, took the most prudent measure to prevent her enlightenment, by not mentioning the circumstance to his wife; knowing, as he did, that the next day would end their suspense, and apprehensive as he was that female sympathy would induce his better half to let slip the information vague as it was, in order, as he considered it, to gratify her friend by a piece of intelligence which he rather believed would be any thing but affecting to her.

The day passed on in a state of hurry, heat, and bustle, such as nobody who has not seen a colonial city in a tropical climate, with a newly-landed governor in it, can possibly appreciate—the bullock-wagons creaking and rattling down to the beach, loaded with wine for his majesty's service and the establishment of his excellency, added a liveliness to the scene; and Lord Hillingdon proceeded, attended by all the authorities, immediately after the levée, to visit the cathedral, the curious Chamber of sculls, the Prado, the Portuguese governor, and in short, all the curiosities of Funchal; after which, his excellency, mounted on a mule (the tail of which was held by the muleteer during the course of his excellency's journey), ascended the hill by the Convent de Nuestra Senora del Monte to the beautiful quinta of his excellency's excellent host, where a magnificent collation was prepared, with which the party amused themselves until it was time to return to town to dinner.

Meanwhile, the captain of his majesty's frigate had been busying himself in superintending the embarkation of wine and stores, and hurrying, as much as in him lay, the departure of the ship under his command; seeing that he was especially anxious to get upon the Indian station, of which his uncle happened to be naval commander-in-chief, and where, independently of increased allowances and certain freights of specie, he was desirous of enjoying the society of his said uncle's fair daughter Matilda, to whom it was generally supposed he would eventually be united.

Whatever occurs in this little world of ours, small or great, important or insignificant, woman is the *primum mobile* of all. This being a subject which I intend, if I live, to illustrate more at length than I am able here to do, I shall not enlarge upon the important truth—but so it is, and to the potency of female influence was entirely attributable, in the present case, the frustration of certain hopes and expectations entertained by Hanningham and the two male Maxwells.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, the party assembled for dinner, and the heat and the splendour had never been exceeded in the island of Madeira. His excellency laughed and joked, and drank wine, with all his surrounding friends; their names, which like their persons were wholly unknown to his excellency, having been previously written on a slip of paper, and placed at the side of his excellency's plate; but Maxwell was far from the magnet of attraction, and Hanningham equally distant. The Portuguese authorities and the strangers had all the places of honour, and no opportunity occurred for the surgeon to edge in his word of inquiry during the prolonged banquet.

It was late when the master of the house considered it right and proper to rise and make a speech, which of course concluded with a proposal to drink the health of his excellency the governor-general, and long life and happiness to him. The noise which succeeded the announcement of this toast is inconceivable—the rattling and clattering of plates and spoons, and the infinity of *pas seuls* danced by the innumerable wine-glasses, were marvellous and astonishing, when amidst the clatter his excellency, flushed with pleasure, and glittering with the decorations of chivalry, arose, and spoke as follows:—

"Sir,—I have no hesitation in saying that this is the proudest moment of my life. To find myself surrounded by all the intelligence and respectability of such an important and enlightened community as the inhabitants of Madeira, is a grati-

fication, sir, which no language of mine is adequate to express. When our feelings, sir, transcend the power of expression, it is unjust to those feelings to attempt to express them.—Sir and gentlemen, I do assure you I am most grateful to you all, for the very unexpected and unmerited honour you have done me, and I beg to drink all your very good healths in return."

This speech, novel in its construction, in the thoughts it contained, and in the language in which these thoughts were imbodied, produced more delight, and more rapture, and more noise; it was followed by the health of the governor, then those of the council, then that of the bishop, afterward the collector of customs, then the tide-waiters, then the advocate-general, the master of the house, the captain of the frigate, the king of England, the king of Portugal, and a great variety of others. When, after a prodigious preparation of shouting, his excellency rose, and again spake.

"Gentlemen," said his excellency, "I have just been informed by my gallant friend, Captain Skysail, that he proposes sailing to-morrow morning. I have been entrusted to his care and guidance to the place of my destination, and I am too proud to obey his orders in every thing relating to the noble service of which he is so distinguished a member. I regret, however, the necessity which has urged him to the decision of quitting your hospitable shores so speedily; and I cannot take leave of you without once more expressing my grateful feelings for the great kindness and distinction with which I have been received among you.—Gentlemen, if I were to speak for hours, I could not say half what I feel in parting from you.—Gentlemen" (his Excellency here was very much affected), "God bless you!"

This was the climax; the band struck up "God save the King—the whole company rose—Major O'Callaghan gave his excellency his excellency's hat—Captain Guffinshaw handed his excellency his excellency's gloves, and his excellency, leaning familiarly on the arm of Captain Skysail, proceeded to the drawing-room, where coffee was prepared, and the ladies were assembled.

In the midst of this galaxy of beauty, English and foreign, his excellency stood, (his eye-glass at his eye), bowing graciously and gracefully to every body and every thing round him. Kate, who was by no means anxious to put herself forward, was leaning on Mrs. Hanningham's arm, at the outside edge of the circle, when she caught his excellency's notice.

"Who is that?" said his excellency to the master of the house; "I know her face—eh?"

"Mrs. Apperton," said the master of the house; "she—"

"Oh, I know—eh—what—Maxwell's daughter?" said his excellency; and advancing towards her, drew her forth from the brilliant crowd.

"Have you been long here?" said his excellency.

"Some months, sir, said Katharine.

"Sweet island," said his excellency—"charming people, eh?—fine climate—curious place, eh,—the bone-house—all built of heads and legs—what?"

"I have never seen it, sir," said Kate.

"Strange that," said his excellency; "why not?"

"I believe because I had no curiosity," replied Mrs. Apperton.

"I call it the Scullery, eh," said his excellency; "very odd place. Is Maxwell here?"

"Yes, sir," said Kate.

"I was very sorry to hear such bad accounts of him," said Lord Hillingdon; "very foolish, I believe, eh? nothing very wrong—only weak,—great many people ruined last year, eh?"

"Confidence in one whom we esteem, sir," said Katharine, anxious at all times to vindicate her beloved father, "cannot surely be called folly."

"I don't know, I'm sure, do you?" said his excellency. "Pray who is that tall lady, with the green feathers?"

"I don't know, sir," said Kate, whose eyes were half full of tears, caused first by the slur which his excellency had cast upon her parent's conduct, and next by the frivolity with which he glanced from a subject, to her of the most vital importance.

"Not know!" said his excellency; "that's very odd. If I lived here a week I should know every body, and all their histories, and the histories of all their families.—Pray what was the man's name who ruined your poor father?" added his excellency, in a tone of affectionate consideration.

"Sir!" said Kate, trembling from head to foot.

"Some man, you know, who led him into all his scrapes," said Lord Hillingdon.

"It was," stammered the poor daughter of Maxwell; "it was—I don't know, I—it—"

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I forgot," said Lord Hillingdon. "I hear so many things, and have so much to think of; it was

his son-in-law. Ah—that—oh, your husband, by-the-by—dear me. I beg pardon, Apple—ah, Apperton, yes, yes, I recollect, eh ?—what ? Well, I don't think you can lament his loss much, eh ?"

"His loss, sir !" said Kate, astounded.

"No weeds, no weeping, eh ?" said his excellency ; "not the fashion here, I suppose, what ?"

"Weeds !" said Kate, more agitated.

"He's dead, is not he, eh ?" said his excellency.

"Dead!" said Kate—and it was all she did say ; the shock was too sudden to be borne, and wound up as her feelings had been by what appeared to her untutored mind a heartless combination of absurdities, the blow overcame her, and she fell back into the arms of her friend Mrs. Hanningham.

The confusion incidental to a *scene*, naturally followed. Maxwell ran to his daughter's assistance, Mrs. Hanningham led her out; Hanningham was in attendance upon his lady ; and Edward, surprised at the bustle at the upper end of the room, no sooner heard the cause of it than he joined the retreating party, who reached home before poor Katherine was restored to a perfect consciousness of what she had heard, or what had happened.

Maxwell now determined to waive all ceremony upon a point so very important to his views and prospects, and resolved upon seeking his excellency's presence before his departure, and endeavouring, if possible, to ascertain from him the grounds of his assertion, or rather of his supposition, that Apperton had shuffled off this mortal coil ; and after soothing his child, and consigning her to the sisterly care of her friend Mrs. Hanningham, retired to rest, assuring himself that the next morning would relieve his doubts and uncertainty.

But we live a life of disappointments—at least they did, which is at present more to the purpose—and so it was to happen that neither could Hanningham avail himself of the surgeon's file of newspapers, nor Maxwell gain his much-looked-for audience of the governor-general : for Captain Skysail, who was what is called an uncommonly smart officer, having suggested to his Excellency that *he* was going to sleep on board, that the moon shone bright, and the breeze was most refreshing, and that they should save several hours' delay in the morning if he would return to the frigate too ;—his excellency, whose accommodations on board were splendid, and who had not yet trained himself to the early hours of an Oriental life, and therefore *did not exactly* relish the idea of turning out by

gun-fire the next day, immediately fell into the plan for repairing to the ship forthwith; and, accordingly, having taken leave of his host and his family, with every demonstration of politeness and gratitude, his excellency embarked in Captain Skysail's barge, and was, before eight bells had been struck, snugly deposited in his cabin on board.

No sooner was it ascertained that his excellency was gone, than the assistant adjutants-general were seen running about Funchal by the light of the moon to find out the deputies adjutants-general, and the deputy assistant-deputy-commissaries-general were flying in all directions to find out the assistant deputies-commissaries-general, in order to scramble on board how they could, and as fast as they could; the personal staff of his excellency sticking as close to his excellency's heels as a troop of chickens to the maternal hen.

Captain Skysail was too taut a hand to have any stragglers ashore—every soul, man and boy, was aboard by sunset, so no cause of delay existed among the nauticals; and when Maxwell, who slept in the uppermost floor of the house of Hanningham, Maxwell, & Co., put his venerable head out of a window which commanded the harbour of Funchal, his surprise was inconceivably great when he found no vestige of his majesty's frigate visible. If he *had* seen her, his proficiency in the art of *nauscopy* would have beaten that of M. Bottineau himself; for the noble vessel was, at the period of his observation, some forty miles from the hospitable island of Madeira.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Shall I ne'er bask in her eye-shine again,
Nor view the love that played in those dear beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand smiles?"

LEE.

THE vexation and disappointment of the parties so deeply interested in the rumour which had reached them of Apperton's death, when they found the frigate gone, and the means of confirming the intelligence one way or the other consequently taken from them, may easily be conceived. There was, however, no remedy for it; and it would have been wholly inconsistent with Hanningham's plans to wait until the *real facts concerning* Apperton could be ascertained.

Under existing circumstances, as the diplomatists have it, Maxwell and his daughter felt an inclination to accompany the Hanninghams to England; for although the voyage would be doubled in extent, and more than doubled in duration, by the *detour* to Fayal, still the society of friends and other circumstances, the importance of which Maxwell seemed more fully to appreciate than Katherine, decided them at least to discuss seriously the project of joining the party.

To Edward, the new arrangement of their going was not quite so agreeable as the old one of staying; for although Funchal is a very agreeable place, and the country round it beautiful, still to be left in a huge rambling house, without any associate, and with nothing to console him but the recollections of his lost Maria, were not the most pleasing anticipations in the world. However, he had embarked in the business, and he must take his turn in the annoyances: he would next spring visit England himself, and perhaps by that time the mystery about his unknown fair one would be cleared up. In this hope he certainly was encouraged by a change, trifling enough it must be confessed, in the tone of his father's later conversations on the point; and he clung to that change with an earnestness and anxiety which those who are unable to appreciate warmth of feeling might be pleased to consider romantic and even foolish.

One thing struck Edward and Katherine as strange in their parent's conduct at this crisis: hating as he did the sea, and having vehemently expressed his disinclination to increase the length of the voyage homewards by a *trajet* to Fayal, he suddenly appeared to admit the plausibility of his friend Hanningham's representations with regard to certain advantages likely to accrue from their undertaking the expedition together; and all at once, as it were, expressed an anxiety to visit an island of which few people know much, and of which it is most probable Maxwell himself knew nothing.

This alteration in his views and remarks upon the undertaking, his son and daughter attributed to his belief in the report of Apperton's death, and an anxiety to avail himself of the assistance and advice of Hanningham, when they should arrive in England; and they attributed his silence as to the real motive which had induced him to alter his original determination in this respect, to delicacy and a desire not to agitate his daughter's feelings by a reference to an event which, however little it might excite her grief, must at all events deeply interest some *other of her* feelings.

It was quite evident to Edward, who from his position in the house was of course fully aware of all its mercantile transactions, that the agency of Mr. Wilson at Fayal, as far as it concerned their trade or speculations, was of infinitely small importance; because during the whole period of his partnership—which to be sure was not a very considerable one—not a single communication had been received from the island in which this branch of the house was established; nor could he at any time ascertain from Hanningham the nature or character of *their* Mr. Wilson's operations there. If he ventured to ask, he was quieted by an assurance that he would know in time, and that it was a matter of great interest to them to keep the affair perfectly quiet and private; and under these circumstances, and seeing that there are secrets in all families, Mr. Maxwell, jun., continued his avocations at Funchal without very much troubling his head with what was going on at Villa da Horta.

As the period of the departure of the party approached, the elder Maxwell became constantly agitated and uneasy. This his kind and attentive children and friends attributed to the anxiety which a man at his time of life must, under his circumstances, feel at the prospect of a return to his native country beggared, and, for all he knew, robbed of his good name and made poor indeed by the misrepresentations of those to whose knavery or folly he had fallen a victim. But Kate thought she saw something beyond selfishness in the emotions which her parent displayed. What might be the cause she did *not* presume to surmise; nor did she permit herself to encourage the suspicion which she entertained, that the voyage to Fayal was somehow connected with the subject upon which she was pledged to her father never to speak.

To her, who had connected this vital secret with another almost equally serious matter, at least as far as her brother was concerned, this voyage had therefore become important and interesting: although she had but slender grounds for imagining that her father's fixed determination and stern decision about the beautiful vision was in any degree mixed up with the persons or events involved in the discovery she had made.

It was unfortunate for Kate, that when she had unintentionally become acquainted with so much of the secret which was evidently of such importance to her father as her eyes could put her in possession of, the old gentleman had in the height of his agitation, actually explained so much more as to put *himself completely* in his daughter's power. If he had, as the

colloquial phrase goes, kept his own counsel and said nothing, what was exhibited to the sight of Katherine would neither have illuminated her, nor committed her parent. As it was, this probably unintentional communicativeness, which rendered her the depository of the mystery, kept her father in a constant state of anxiety, lest she should disclose the facts connected with the scene, and kept her in equal apprehension lest any body else should find them out.

"Kate," said Maxwell, on the day previous to their embarkation for Fayal, "I am going to speak to you on a subject—on the subject, I should rather say which has been so long interdicted in our conversations."

"Let me intreat you, sir," said Mrs. Apperton, "do not add to the weight upon my mind by making any new confidence. I am sure I have bitterly repented, ever since, the rashness which made me acquainted with what I already know."

"Circumstances," said Maxwell, "not any communication of mine, must shortly give you fresh information upon that point; and since, perhaps, we may have few opportunities of speaking together alone on board the vessel, I thought it prudent and proper to put you on your guard, and prepare you for what you may see when we arrive at Fayal."

"I comprehend, sir," said Kate; "and have you known that the individual whom we are there to see, was—"

"Hush! hush!" said Maxwell, interrupting her; "never more let the sound of that name escape your lips. I only knew the fact, when our good friend here became most urgent that we should accompany him with his wife on their voyage. The rumours respecting Apperton have made me anxious to visit England; but it must be done with caution, and, in the first instance, under an assumed name. This could not have been well arranged without something like confederacy; for, unless I had an active and intelligent person at liberty to make inquiries and ascertain the real state of affairs, while I lay concealed, my object could not be attained. This it was that made me anxious to avail myself of our kind friend's aid and presence. Hasting a protracted navigation, I therefore strongly urged the uselessness of a visit to his agent at Fayal, which will, we know, double the distance, and in all probability more than double the duration of our voyage. It was then, and then only, that I ascertained what I had before suspected; but so strongly was our friend bound by feeling, and the injunctions he had received, that it was only when I announced my determination to abandon all idea *of returning* to England, in consequence of

his resolution to extend the voyage, that he told me the truth; and when he did, it was with regret, because, in addition to the feelings so natural to his kind heart, he had anticipated the pleasure of surprising one whom he is pleased to consider his greatest benefactor."

"And I shall again see that person?" said Kate; "with what different feelings!—the kindness we have experienced here will never be forgotten by me; and I shall with gratitude receive and cherish any one who is naturally so—"

"Stay, stay, Kate!" said Maxwell; "we are interrupted—now, not a syllable to Edward upon this matter! he knows nothing from you of what you knew before, and therefore cannot be interested in the present part of the affair."

"I can safely aver that he does not," said Kate, who thought the assertion of her father sounded very much like a question.

"My feelings with regard to *him*," said the surgeon, "are of the most painful nature. I am sure, quite sure, that his romantic attachment is preying upon his spirits, and bearing him down; if I could explain the real circumstances of that case, you—you would indeed be surprised; but—"

"I can almost surmise," said Mrs. Apperton, "but it seems too improbable."

"Not another word, Kate," said her father; "you will soon have an opportunity of judging more clearly on the subject; but remember, not a syllable to my poor boy, whose anguish could only be increased by increased knowledge on the subject."

"Am I right in my suspicions?" said Kate.

Maxwell hesitated.

"Surely you may trust me with *all*," said she.

Maxwell looked skeptical: he knew her affection for her brother.

"It is useless to say any thing on the subject," said Maxwell, after a moment's pause: "what you may surmise or guess, I know not; but it would be worse than cruel to speak on the subject to Edward; for any favourable result to the extraordinary attachment he has formed—is impossible!"

"Father," said Kate, "whether I am right, or whether I am wrong in my supposition, I know not; but, oh! do recollect how much happiness—how many hearts have been sacrificed to prejudice; and—"

"Prejudice!" repeated Maxwell—"yes—but in *this case*—"

"Then I *am* right," exclaimed Katherine.

"I do not admit that," replied her father; "but if you were, I think you will admit that it would be impossible to conquer one's feelings on these points."

"That depends upon circumstances," said Kate: "supposing the kind hostess of the house in which we have been so kindly received here had objected to marry the lord of her choice, and secure the husband whom she adores, because he is the son of a convicted murderer?"

"It might have been weak and idle," said Maxwell; "but it is not a case in point, because, unfortunately for your argument, Kate, they were married before the horrible catastrophe occurred."

"And would you have destroyed the happiness of your child," said Kate, "supposing an attachment to have existed between her and the son of Hanningham, even if the crime of which he was convicted had been committed after its existence was known to you?"

"Kate," said her father, "do not urge me on such a point: every word you utter gives me an additional pang. Heaven knows, I have already sacrificed too much to prejudice——"

"—— To risk a repetition, my dear father," said Kate, "of the sorrows your delicacy of feeling has unintentionally caused. If I am right in my guess about Edward—"

"Keep your suspicions to yourself," said Maxwell, "and give me time to consider the subject dispassionately; but let me implore you, not a word to *him*. I should not have touched upon any subject connected with these matters; but, as I have already said, I was anxious to guard you from any violent surprise on your arrival at Fayal, where as much caution is to be observed as here or anywhere else."

The conversation was here terminated by the arrival of company, and Kate felt now nearly convinced, that notwithstanding the romantic improbability of the circumstances, she was not altogether deceived in her suppositions concerning her brother's attachment to the visionary beauty.

It was singular enough, that the conversation had scarcely ended, when Edward, wholly unaware of its nature, turning towards his sister, began a discussion as to his feelings with regard to Maria, and a disquisition into the course which he ought to pursue with regard to her, on the eve of his father's departure for England. The embarrassment in which Katherine found herself thus unexpectedly involved, was excessive. The delicacy *with which she* was constrained to treat the sub-

ject upon which she felt assured she was perfectly well informed, and the difficulty of denying any knowledge of the real state of the case without committing herself, either to her father or Edward, was such as a mind naturally addicted to truth and candour could scarcely manage.

"You recollect, Kate," said Edward, "that one day at Brighton you expressed your belief that you had discovered who that dear inexplicable creature is; surely I have suffered a sufficiently long period of probation; tell me what you meant. The crisis is at hand, for with to-morrow vanish all my hopes of hearing of her again."

"You must forgive me, my dear brother," replied Mrs. Apperton, "if I maintain the same silence as I have hitherto observed upon the subject. It is true, your father leaves you, but his departure by no means adds to the difficulties which interpose between your hopes and their completion."

"You, then, really know who she is?" said Edward.

"Indeed I do not," answered his sister; "I have my suspicions, and to-day, for the first time, have mentioned them to my father; but I can get nothing like a decisive and satisfactory answer."

"To-day, Kate," said her brother.

"To-day," replied Kate. "I have ventured this very hour to plead your cause, to endeavour to show my dear father the danger, and ill success too, of trifling with genuine feeling, and separating two congenial hearts, for the sake of some prejudice."

"If I could speak to my father," said Edward.

"I should advise you to leave things as they are," said Kate; "circumstances may arise—at least if the case is as I suppose it to be—which may facilitate the business; for of this I am quite sure, if I am right in my conjecture, what has happened during the last few months must have made a considerable alteration in the nature of the affair."

"That is to say," said Edward, "misfortune on one hand, and villany on the other, having reduced me from the station which I then held, to one of a lower degree, I may now, without injury to the dignity of my family, admit the pretensions of this lovely girl to share my decreased fortune and my deteriorated character."

"Depend upon it you are wrong," said Kate. "If the young lady be the person I suppose—and if she possess sense and feeling, likely to ensure your happiness in life, she will feel *no disinclination* to become the wife of an English merchant.

I repeat to you, I *know* nothing, except, that your only course is silence on the subject, and patience for the developement of events: there is much yet to be known—much to be discovered—much to be undergone, and much to be overcome; but this I tell you, a premature and hasty measure at this crisis would perhaps ruin all your hopes."

"Hopes, Katherine!" said Edward, "have I hopes?"

"Ask me no more," said Mrs. Apperton; "but if you believe in my affection—if you have faith in my jndgment, let my father go to England unquestioned by you; I shall be near him through the voyage: he feels more bitterly than I can bear to see, the sacrifice he has already made of *my* happiness, and gazes with regret on the wreck of all his hopes; rely, then, upon my good offices, and live upon this declaration—that the case is not altogether hopeless."

"I must of course submit myself to the dictates of my counsel," said Edward; "I retain you then—be eloquent in my cause, obtain me a verdict, and my gratitude will be unbounded, as my affection is devoted to you. As for Apperton, Kate, perhaps he will now insist upon your remaining with him in England."

"Oh, Edward!" said Kate; "how am I to act towards that man if he yet lives? am I liable to be compelled to stay *with him*—the destroyer of my happiness—the betrayer of my poor father?"

"And worse than all," said Edward, half maliciously, "the brother-in-law of the Biddles."

"His connexions I care little about," said Kate; "I cannot be forced into any association with *them;* but when I recollect all the circumstances of the case—when I recollect the deception he has practised—the heartless cruelty to my father, and above all——"

"——That Charles Somerford is alive, and in England, Kate," said Edward.

"I admit, Edward," said Mrs. Apperton, "that the return of Charles at the crisis when it occurred, adds to the severity of my trial; but I know my duty, and shall do it. I have no fear of swerving from the path which religion and morality prescribe for me; and I declare, that if, having chosen Apperton, he had maintained honestly the character which I thought him to possess when I accepted his offer; if he had not so early thrown off the mask, and developed his baseness and selfishness, added to that, which women most of all abhor, meanness of spirit, I *would have* been his affectionate faithful wife,

throughout my existence, and have fulfilled every duty with the strictest punctuality and care; but as it is, were Somerford away—dead, and no contrast constantly placed before my eyes, I could not have endured the man to whom I am so unhappily united. No, Edward, there must be grounds sufficient, if not in law, at least in justice and reason, why I should separate from one who has conducted himself as he has done."

"You will find it a difficult case if he insists upon your remaining with him," said Edward; "he has been unfortunate—he has gambled deeply—he has lost; his manners are uncourteous, his selfishness evident, and his great design in his connexion with you made clear to *us;* but still you are his wife, and may not quit him for any of these causes. If every wife were able to part from her husband upon similar grounds, the number of single gentlemen would be prodigiously increased within the bills of mortality."

"That event must be looked to when the time arrives," said Kate; "at present we have other things to occupy our minds. My father endeavours at an arrangement with his creditors, and ascertaining the amount of his involvements, for no man knows less of his affairs than he does at this moment. Such implicit confidence surely never was reposed by one man in another's honour as that which my father placed in Apperton. I am quite happy that our excellent friend Hanningham is going to England—he is an active and intelligent man of business, and may perhaps relieve our minds from the dreadful suspense in which we exist."

"The consequence of which will be," said Edward, "that I shall never see you here again, but be left, like another Robinson Crusoe on the desert island; for when you and the Hanninghams are gone, desert it will be to me."

"But with Maria?" said Katherine.

"It would be paradise!" exclaimed Edward.

"Who knows," said Mrs. Apperton, "but your friends may become acquainted with her in England, and bring her back to bless your hopes and wishes."

"Impossible, I fear," said Edward;—"however, as I am compelled to wait, I must lay in a fresh stock of patience, apply myself to business, and endeavour to occupy my mind with busier matters than love, and the bright dream of bliss which once filled my mind—"

"—When Jane Epsworth was the object," said Kate.

"Jane Epsworth never *was* the object," replied Edward; "and among all our misfortunes, it is some comfort to reflect

upon that escape. To have been sacrificed for her fortune—"

"Which," interrupted Katherine, would in all probability have been sacrificed in the general wreck."

"Ay, indeed," cried Edward, "most probably—any way then that was an escape."

"And even *that*," said Kate, "would have been a princely match compared with a connexion with your beautiful Maria."

"Impossible," exclaimed Edward—"so angelic a creature as that!"

"Come, come," said Mrs. Apperton, "no raptures. I repeat to you, the difficulties in your way would in most cases be insurmountable. Trust to me, and if I am right in my views, I think much may be done in the way of soothing angry feelings, and overcoming alarming difficulties; but you must be patient, and above all things quiet."

"No fisherman," said Edward, "can be found more patient, no fish more mute than I—and—"

"Then now begin your probation," said Kate, "for here is company."

As the elder Maxwell entered the room, he cast a glance at his children which spoke volumes. There were strangers present, and he could say nothing; but he felt assured that Katherine had in some degree betrayed the confidence he had reposed in her, if confidence that could be called which amounted to little else than a regular admission that her suspicions with regard to the incognita had some foundation. The storm which gathered on his brow was not soon to be allayed, and as usual whenever he suspected the subject which he appeared to dread so much had been discussed, or even remotely alluded to by his daughter, he appeared perfectly absorbed in his own reflections during the whole of the dinner, which almost immediately succeeded his entrance into the drawing-room; and no sooner was the repast over, and he could decently quit the party, than he sought and found Katherine, whose assertion of her innocence appeared to have less weight with him than usual. He knew how much she could tell, and of how much importance it was for Edward to know that much, and he repented bitterly that thus, a second time, he had gratuitously and needlessly made her a confidant. His cross-examination of Edward, who really knew nothing, and moreover appeared not to have the slightest suspicion of any of the facts of the case, set his mind at rest; and when he rejoined the party with his children, his manners resumed their suavity,

and his conversation that liveliness which even his misfortunes had not been powerful enough to destroy.

Upon Edward, however, the approaching separation of the following day had a considerable effect. He had in fact never been parted from his family; and although he was, as he could not fail to be, extremely popular in the place which he inhabited, he felt that when his father and sister were gone he should have nobody to refer to—nobody to consult—nobody to speak to in the way in which dear and near relations can *alone* converse, when some common interest binds them, when habitual intercourse has so united the taste and feeling that a sympathy is ensured, which among strangers or ordinary acquaintance cannot be expected to exist. However, considering what the wreck of his hopes and expectations had been, he had no right to complain, but still the very responsibility of situation which would naturally devolve upon him so soon as his colleague in business should depart, added in some degree to the embarrassment of his position.

The morning arrived which was to divide the united family. Hanningham and Edward Maxwell passed the early part of the day arranging papers and balancing accounts. There were large consignments to be made to Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, and even New South Wales, all under the care and inspection of Edward; bills of exchange to be drawn, entries to be made, letters to be written. There was scarcely any part of the habitable globe in which business was not to be done, or for which shipments were not to be effected; but throughout the whole morning, Hanningham made no mention about Mr. Wilson, the agent at Fayal. It was natural perhaps that he should not mention an agent at so small and insignificant a place, and it seemed very unnatural that such a house should have such a person at such a place; but as he felt the agency to be of such importance that he had actually freighted a vessel himself to take the unusual course which he desired to take, and as he was about to double the distance to England, and, as has already been shown, more than double the length of the voyage by visiting Fayal, it seemed stranger than his doing all this that he did not make some observation to his partner upon the main object of his pursuit in going thither. Maxwell could not understand it, nor could he let the subject pass away without once more evincing what he considered a proper and just regard for the firm, by specially inquiring what was to be done with the Fayal agency, and whether he was to expect any consignments from Villa da Horta, or to make any to that place.

"Maxwell," said Hanningham, "I am not surprised at your question; it shows better than mere curiosity, it exhibits a proper solicitude for the concern in which we are engaged. Partners in trade ought to have no secrets, but I admit I have one; and the agency at Fayal involves it. You will have no consignments from that island, nor do I wish you should. You will have no consignment to make thither, for I take thither two pipes of "London particular" myself—the accounts of that agency are peculiarly my care, and strictly private."

"My dear Hanningham," said Maxwell, "say not another word. I only mentioned the thing as a matter of business—of course make your arrangements; I can have nothing to do with it. I merely inquired because I thought you might have some order to give which had escaped your memory."

"No, no," said Hanningham, "it scarcely is possible that any thing connected with that concern should escape my memory. When we return, I shall perhaps have less difficulty in explaining the state of the case; at present you may trust me, that nothing which is going on in that island shall ever interfere with the character and respectability of our firm here."

It was clear that the speculation, however unimportant the scene of its operation, was one of no trifling nature; and Maxwell, who naturally bowed to the superior skill and judgment of the senior partner, felt perfectly satisfied of the activity and integrity of Hanningham. If he had known all that related to the proceedings to which Hanningham alluded, he might indeed have felt some difficulty—but that was not to be.

To Katherine, the having of her affectionate friend Mrs. Hanningham with her was a great relief; and, besides, the whole arrangement of the vessel and the attendants for the voyage were so different for those under which she suffered during the passage out, that it appeared by comparison a party of pleasure. The vessel was an English brig, American built, with ample accommodation, an intelligent captain, a smart crew, comfortable cabins, and excellect stock: the wind was fair, she rode at a single anchor, and before the voyagers there were hopes, expectations, and anticipations of the most exciting nature; and as to separation, seeing that one only was to be left behind, and four to go, if the grief at parting was equitably divided, Edward himself bore four times as much of the sufferings as either of the individuals who quitted him.

Mrs. Hanningham, who had never been in London, having been married from the country, looked forward to her visit to the metropolis, and after that to her family, with the most agree-

able anxiety; Maxwell was all tremor and trepidation until he ascertained the state of his affairs at home; Katherine was all solicitude until she discovered the truth or falsehood of the reports concerning Apperton's death; and Hanningham, who appeared, if possible, more deeply interested than any of the party, was dying of impatience until he saw the agent who was established at Fayal.

At twelve o'clock the party embarked on board the good brig Rover, and after they had taken an affectionate leave of Maxwell, the yards were squared, and away she went. Edward watched her intently until she became an indistinct speck on the horizon, and having performed this last sad duty to his departing connexions and friends, returned to the large and lonesome house of which he now remained the absolute master and possessor.

It was dull work for him, and he felt more desolate than he ever yet had felt in his life; he walked out, paced the prado, inhaled the fragrance of the flowering trees with which it is lined, strolled again to the sea, and at last accepted an invitation to supper with a brother merchant, who, anticipating the dullness he must naturally feel immediately after losing his friends, had hunted him out for the purpose of bidding him to his hospitable board.

It seems cruel to leave the poor young man in this state, but the attention of the reader is wanted elsewhere; and as events are likely to accumulate at this period of our history, we must follow the example of the Maxwells and Hanninghams, and for the present quit the beautiful and salubrious island of Madeira.

CHAPTER IX.

——"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."
SHAKSPEARE.

WHILE the literature of the present day possesses so many powerful artists of the nautical school, and when Tales of the Sea of the best sort abound, it would be idle for a landsman, who has scarcely dipped his wings in the ocean, to attempt a detail

of the eccentric voyage undertaken by Maxwell and his daughter, and Hanningham and his wife. There was evidently some important object to gain by their peculiar, and by no means agreeable deviation from the ordinary routine of voyages; and while they are living upon hopes, whatever their nature may be, and looking forward to something, whatever it is, I shall endeavour to recall the attention of the reader to Major Charles Somerford and the Lady Emily Denham, who, whatever the said reader may think, appear to have brought themselves, or to have been brought, into a situation of some difficulty and delicacy.

A London belle, who, during the season, every night in the week (Sundays not excepted), flutters through the round—some call it gay—of society, indulges at times in harmless flirtations, ventures to be extremely kind and smiling to some devoted swain, plays herself off for the evening, and then lays *aside* her feelings towards him, and even her recollection of *him*, with her *Boa*, and would as willingly consign the dandy as the tippet to the *surveillance* and keeping of her maid. The repetition of this sort of display increases perhaps the reputation of the young lady for heart-killing, but it proportionably diminishes the naturalness and sensibility of her own character. She becomes almost an actress in the scene around her, and, like an actress, learns to ridicule the best feelings of our hearts, and sneer at the best sentiments of our nature. Yet there *are* moments in the midst of all the glare of light, the fragrance of flowers, the crash of music to the bounding of feet, when even *she* feels; but when she does, she is acted upon by the recollection of other and different scenes and circumstances—by the remembrance of hours differently spent, and a recurrence to pursuits more congenial to her heart and mind than the brilliant, boisterous tumult which surrounds her.

There are, indeed, those who affect to despise every thing like nature, and who pass their days in the country precisely as they pass their time in London; and who, like Lady Townly in the play, laugh at rurality, and shudder at the notion of an old tree. But this *is* affectation—they know better, and their feelings and taste are better; but, living in awe of ridicule, this scorn of every thing divested of art is only a practical illustration of the whole scheme of artificiality. Lady Emily Denham was one of those few persons who venture to think for themselves—she was quiet, retiring, and unassuming; she was told that it was necessary to undergo a certain probation in the *fashionable* world, and that the noviciate

must be performed ; and so she underwent it. But, shame to her taste be it said, she did not like the gayety with which she was surrounded ; and perhaps acted upon by the delicacy of her constitution, shrank from the hurlyburly of society, and gladly subsided into the quietude of her grandfather's temporary residence at Cheltenham.

There are circumstances in the world which fall out most extraordinarily, or, as Godfrey Moss would have said, "*curos coincidences*, sir ;" and one of those was the coincidence of Major Somerford's arrival at Cheltenham, and introduction to Lady Emily's retirement, just at the moment that she had dropped, as it were, from the Eldorado Mountains of Almack's into the "peaceful vale" of Lord Lessingham's villa.

I should insult the perceptive faculties of my reader were I to dilate, for a moment, upon the peculiar effects of juxtaposition in a country-house. In London, people meet, and talk, and flirt, and dance, order their carriages, and go home ; they meet again perhaps to-morrow, perhaps not, although London society runs a good deal in what are conventionally, perhaps correctly, called *Clicks*. But they meet, dressed out in the trickeries of the world, upon the *qui vive* for gayety, and eager for display. In all general assemblies, the love of ridiculing every body not immediately belonging to ourselves, excites a spirit of conversation which may evince the quality of the mind, but with which the heart has nothing to do. It is all flutter, and restlessness, and envy, and jealousy ; and so as the point is made to please the ear, the friend who is beyond the reach of *words* must be content to be sacrificed upon the altar of her who listens. The *revanche*, however, is easy, and most generally played off. And thus, if all that is said in an assembly could be said in detail, so that every body present should hear it, the only question that would arise would be, When will this party meet again ?

But in the country—oh ! those places to look at—the drives in the neighbourhood—the excursions—the wet mornings in the house—the music—the writing out *this*, and the reading out *that*, and the constant lingerings and loitering, and the social evenings, and the harp, and the chess, and the *ecarté*, and all the other things contrived for people in pairs. Living in a country-house bears the same relation to living in London that sitting down to dinner does to sitting down to supper—a round table that will scarcely hold twelve people at dinner will conveniently accommodate eighteen at supper ; the reason appearing the same as that which one can give for the more

social manners of a country-house compared with those of a town. Habit and association make people more natural. The most consummate coxcomb living cannot always play the game; he *must* relax, and sooner or later does, if you keep him always in view. Let him once out of your sight, and he takes in a new stock of affectation to begin again. The fresh and somewhat humid air of the country takes the starch out of stiff people, and some influence, perhaps as genial, operates in a similar way upon them later in the evening. Moore might be quoted advantageously here; his "Fly not yet" expresses it all; but I must not dwell too long on a dissertation which has only for its object to show how very important the arrival of Major Somerford at Lord Lessingham's actually was; happening as it did at the precise juncture of time, at which Lady Emily had retired from the gayeties of London.

The worst of these country affairs is, that without meaning *any* thing in the outset, they are sure to come to some*thing* in the end; a difficulty to which London matters are not so subject: and certain it is, that although Somerford was a remarkably good-looking person, with most agreeable manners, and moreover highly accomplished, he might, with all that, have squeezed into rooms, and flourished round them in a waltz, or scuffled across them in a gallope every night during a *long* season in town, and Lady Emily would never have seen, or perhaps if seen, never have noticed, or if ever noticed, never have remembered him for an hour; but at Lord Lessingham's, her mind attuned to sentiment by illness, her heart naturally kind and affectionate gratified by the deference and attention of her father's guest, she felt an immediate prepossession for Charles, whose manner, subdued by his own anxiety concerning Katherine, was gentler than perhaps it would otherwise have been, and gave an idea of depth of feeling very justly as to the fact, but sadly erroneous as to the object by which it was excited.

In short, the rural system which I have endeavoured faintly to sketch, was in full play at Lord Lessingham's; and Lady Emily, wholly unconscious of the existence of Somerford's first love, became seriously and deeply attached to him, without being in the slightest degree conscious of the fact. She felt, however, sensible that there was a sort of coldness and shyness in his manner towards her when they were together alone, which did not indicate a reciprocity of feeling; but this she attributed to the diffidence of a young man, who naturally must think that his engaging the affections of so near a relative of

such a person as Lord Lessingham, was but an ungracious repayment of the kindness and condescension which had been shown him by his lordship during the period of their acquaintance.

A few days only had elapsed after the occurrence of the very embarrassing *scene* with which this volume opens, when Lord Lessingham recurred to the subject of Charles's intimacy in his family, in a manner which indicated the depth of interest with which he regarded the circumstances connected with it.

"Somerford," said his lordship, "I am aware of the embarrassment under which you labour while in the society of my excellent Emily. I know too much of the world, and am too quick an observer of the workings of human nature, not to be perfectly conscious of the change which has taken place in your manner within these few days. I admit it to be natural, and I regard the alteration as a proof of your solicitude for the happiness of persons who feel the sincerest interest for you."

"I am not aware——" said Somerford—

"Yes, Charles, you are," interrupted his lordship. "I speak to you in confidence, and I appeal to the best feelings of your nature: you feel a growing affection for Emily—you are conscious that persons in my station in society expect, in a marriage for their children—and I consider Emily exactly as if she were my own daughter—certain essentials, as they are considered, which it has not pleased fortune to bestow upon you; you therefore honourably check your natural impulse to admire my child, and with a chivalrous resolution, endeavour to break the bonds which you find closing round you."

"I trust, my lord," said Somerford, "that be my feelings what they may, I shall never prove unworthy of the confidence you have reposed in me, nor repay such goodness as I have received at your lordship's hands, by alienating the affections of a beloved relation from those who have a right to claim them."

"I know your motive, sir," said his lordship, (which by-the-by he did not), "I appreciate your conduct; but I shall be candid with you, and tell you that *I* feel very differently, upon matters in which the heart is concerned, from many of my contemporaries and connexions. To force the inclinations of a young woman, and bid her drive from her heart and mind an object to whom she is devotedly attached, is to command a being we love to be miserable for life. It may be said, that there *are* cases where such interference and such decision may be necessary to save a thoughtless girl from endless

wretchedness, which might attend her marriage with some base nd unworthy individual; and so it is, where the mind and haracter and principles are light, uncultivated, and ill-regu-ated; but in a case like Emily's, no such necessity for coer-ion exists; a being like her, can never be won by that which s not itself estimable and amiable."

Somerford, who felt that the conversation was taking not only very important, but unexpected turn, was conscious of blush-ng—a failing not much in fashion in these days.

"Emily," said Lord Lessingham, "has seen the gayety of a London season, at least the greater part of one; she retires rom that gayety to the quietude and seclusion of this retreat; she becomes acquainted with an estimable, amiable man, and —why should I conceal it from you?—she gives him her heart."

"Yes, my lord," said Somerford, trembling at the case which his lordship was putting hypothetically.

"*Can you* blame her?" said his lorship, "I cannot; for if blame is attachable any where, it is to him who is her guardian and protector. If he had considered a serious termination to heir acquaintance not desirable, he should have checked the ntimacy which he must have seen increasing, and separated hose who were gradually growing more essential to each other's happiness."

Somerford tried to speak, but Lord Lessingham continued.

"Placed as you are in the world," said his lordship, "a soldier of fortune—which means, in fact, of no fortune—I can easily enter into those feelings, the workings of which I have attentively watched, since Emily, who has confided to me the history of your late interview with her, had perhaps inadvertently betrayed the real state of her heart. It is my joyous task, Somerford, to relieve the embarrassment you feel, and release your affections from the thraldom to which you think them doomed, and to tell you that I place my grandchild's happiness beyond all other considerations, and accept you as her suitor with pride and pleasure."

To describe Somerford's feelings at this extraordinary declaration of Lord Lessingham's views and intentions, would be impossible—to be conscious that he was loaded with his lordship's praise for sacrificing his affection for Lady Emily to a sense of honour and delicacy, when in fact it was to duty and love for another; and to find himself offered beauty, wealth, rank, accomplishments, excellence of temper, fascination of manners, all his own; and with nothing to bring forward in opposition to these, but *hopeless* love for the daughter of a man

in middling life, ruined in circumstances, and an exile from his country; that daughter having broken her faith to *him*, and married a rival in all respects his inferior.—What a situation!

But add to this, a more enchaining claim upon his heart. He knew that he was beloved by the fascinating creature whom he might now possess—the fact of her attachment formed the very basis of the present negotiation—what a conflict of passion and feeling did this combination of circumstances *raise in* his heart and mind!

As for Lord Lessingham, who, instead of seeing his young friend start from his seat, burst into an ecstasy, and pour forth a torrent of gratitude, delight, rapture, and exultation, saw him fixed like a statue, pale and trembling with agitation; he scarcely believed the evidence of his own senses.

"My lord," said Somerford, after a pause, and so soon as he could give utterance to words, "if I permit myself to accept the praise which your lordship has been pleased to bestow upon my feelings and conduct towards Lady Emily, I should be the basest of human beings. I take no credit for any of the delicacy for which you so much extol me. I admit, that I did perceive—for mercy's sake do not attribute what I say to vanity—I did perceive that Lady Emily—felt—a prepossession in my favour—I saw too the impropriety, the infamy on my part of encouraging that prepossession; and it was my intention, after gradually diminishing the length of my visits here, to have withdrawn myself altogether; a course I considered more expedient for many reasons, than that of hastily and decidedly breaking off our connexion. Among those reasons, was a desire not to excite in your lordship's mind an idea that I felt myself—perhaps after all erroneously—an object of too much interest to your charming granddaughter; and a wish, for all our sakes, to separate so as to create no remark or observation among the idle gossipers of this busy watering-place, where persons in your lordship's rank of life, and all your actions—or supposed actions—form the universal topic of conversation for your inferiors."

"Whether, my dear Somerford," said Lord Lessingham, "you take credit for fine feeling or not, it must have been an honourable feeling which induced you to think of quitting a being who is devoted to you, and for whom you cannot fail to feel a corresponding esteem. Surely, what I have now said, the friendship I have now evinced, and the confidence I have now made, render your else wise and generous plan utterly needless."

Still Somerford remained motionless—Lord Lessingham's surprise seemed curdling into anger.

"Am I to understand, Major Somerford," said his lordship, "that my proposition is rejected ?"

"My lord," said Somerford, "the situation in which I am placed is painful, agonizing beyond description. I admit all my faults—I feel the debt of gratitude I owe to Lady Emily and to you ; but I ought even earlier to have explained——my affections are engaged——and it was upon that consciousness I felt it my duty, the moment I suspected myself to be too favourably considered by Lady Emily, to withdraw. To the conviction that I ought not for a moment to encourage her prepossession, after I had ascertained it, are attributable the reserve and embarrassment for which your lordship kindly sought another and perhaps a nobler motive. It was to prevent your lordship's suspecting what I apprehend to be Lady *Emily*'s too partial regard for me, that I determined gradually to quit your family ; but now, since our separation becomes a matter of course, I have no hesitation in avowing that my heart is not my own to give."

"Do you refer in this affair to the daughter of Maxwell, the surgeon ?" said his lordship, to the infinite amazement of Somerford, who was not prepared for his knowledge even of the name of Katherine's father. "If you do," continued his *lordship*, assuming himself to be in the right from Charles's silence, and the acquiescent expression of his countenance, "surely you should consider the nature of the engagement to which you voluntarily pledge yourself. The lady is the wife of another man—which man she married while you considered her under an engagement to *you*—is this not the case ?"

"It certainly is, my lord," said Somerford, "and you will no doubt consider it weak in me to nurture a passion which circumstances have rendered perhaps hopeless."

"Less weak than wicked, in my mind," said Lord Lessingham, "is an engagement of such a nature. The anxiety necessarily implied for the death of another human being, whom the fickleness of the lady herself has interposed between you and what you consider your happiness, seems to me to be wholly incompatible with the feelings you have so uniformly expressed on all other subjects, and your possession of which has been accounted by me of greater value than worldly fortune—however, every man judges for himself."

"Let me pray your lordship not to decide harshly against her," said Charles ; "the lady with whose history and character

stances you seem acquainted, was the playmate of my youth, my friend, my first, my only love—her acceptance of her present husband was procured by misrepresentation, and her fidelity was assailed by allegations made against mine."

"Exactly so," said Lord Lessingham; "made by her father, who had fallen into ruin by connecting himself in gambling speculations with the man to whom he has sacrificed his child. At all events, they are married, and you resign a certainty of happiness with an exemplary lady, who is devoted to you, and who—forgive me for saying so much, upon a subject on which I generally say so little—would, without disparagement to your respectability, place you in a sphere of life which could not fail to be desirable to you. Emily is my heiress; to *her* descends not only my fortune but my title—from her it devolves upon her eldest son, if she have a family: these are advantages which in a worldly point of view might——"

"Oh, my lord," interrupted Charles, "I know your heart and feelings too well to think for a moment that you appreciate worldly advantages more highly than feelings of honour and rectitude; and I am sure that you know enough of me to know that I am not likely to be swayed by those advantages, in a decision on such a subject as this. For herself alone, untitled and undowered, I should adore Lady Emily; her happiness would be the sole object of my existence, and I should never have been sufficiently grateful for her kindness—but, my lord, I stand pledged—

—"To a married woman, Mr. Somerford," said his lordship, "who, as I have already said, is married because, under the delusions practised by her respectable parent, she has played you false. Think of this again, and ask your proud heart whether the treatment you have received at Maxwell's hands throughout your life is such as to render an intimate connexion with his family so very desirable. His pride, Major Somerford, tore you from his daughter when *he* was affluent and prosperous, and *you* were poor and friendless—he banished you to avoid the connexion—he deluded his child into forgetting you. You return—he is ruined—and now he seeks to renew an acquaintanee with the thriving Major Somerford that he disdained to continue with the friendless ensign, the son of his ancient friend and associate."

"My lord," said Somerford, "where have you thus become acquainted with the particulars of my early life and connexion with Mr. Maxwell?"

"From an authentic source," said his lordship; "and

although the kindness of the family was evinced towards your mother on her death-bed, you, perhaps, were too young to feel the neglects and insults she suffered on account of her doubtful origin. These facts I know, and I tell them to you, because I would open your eyes to the false delusion of dragging on a life of anxiety in the hope of obtaining the equivocal gratification of marrying a woman who has deceived you, and of rejecting a proposition which, while it rendered you truly happy and respectable, would secure the comfort of a lovely and amiable girl, and make her grandfather the happiest man in the universe."

This torrent of language which flowed from the old lord's lips, while his eyes sparkled with fresh animation, completely overcame Edward; the effect was, as his lordship meant it to be, staggering. It was clear that the venerable nobleman was vitally interested in the success of what might almost be called his offer to Somerford; nor was this anxiety rendered the less remarkable by the intimate knowledge which he appeared to have gained of Somerford's connexions and pursuits, and the display made of that knowledge for the purpose, as it should seem, of magnifying the favour he sought to bestow, and of putting his young friend at his ease as to any thing like a want of candour which he might have felt himself guilty of exhibiting during the preceding part of his intimacy with *Lady* Emily.

Whether it was that the arguments and appeals of Lord Lessingham (and he had stricken one chord which required only a slight touch to make it vibrate through his young hearer's heart—the indignity offered to his late mother) had actually shaken Charles Somerford's determination and fidelity towards Katherine, it is now not quite possible to say; but certain it is, that he could not maintain the decisive tone which in the earlier part of this very singular dialogue he had assumed; this, indeed, might be owing to the appearance of a growing violence on the part of Lord Lessingham, who seemed to feel more angry at Somerford's stanch adherence to the Maxwell family, than at his insensibility to the great advantages derivable by him, from abandoning them; it was, as a matter of taste, repugnant to his feelings, and he was literally irritated in a high degree at what appeared rather the obstinacy than the blindness of the devoted lover of the stockholder's wedded wife.

Under the circumstances, Somerford thought it better and more respectful to beat a retreat, and thus avoid the decisive answer which his noble friend and patron seemed perfectly resolved *to extract from him* on the spot.

"My lord," said he, rising from his chair, "I feel myself incapable of maintaining this discussion—indeed—indeed, I am so deeply interested—so overcome by the conflicting sentiments which agitate me, that I am sure it will be better for me—for your lordship—for all of us, that I should leave you now; in the morning you shall hear from me: and assure yourself of this, that whatever course reflection may induce me to pursue, I never can entertain a sentiment or feeling towards your lordship and the excellent Lady Emily that is not of the most grateful and the tenderest nature."

"I believe you are right, Charles," said Lord Lessingham; "we are too much excited to be quite reasonable. If I have said any thing which annoys you with respect to the family to which it is quite clear you are still attached, attribute it only to an anxiety to disentangle you from an engagement which is neither desirable nor respectable. Believe me when I tell you, as I look at it, that every thing of importance connected with your future career depends upon your dissolving what I cannot but consider the criminal contract into which you have entered with Mrs. Apperton."

"There is one point, my lord," said Somerford, still mindful of Katherine's character and respectability, "upon which, let what may happen, I must disabuse your mind—let my devotion to Mrs. Apperton be what it may, or my determination to devote myself either to her or to a life of single unblessedness, she is no party to the compact."

"Worse and worse," said his lordship; "then, perhaps, if she gets rid of what she evidently now considers an encumbrance, she may, to suit her own fancy, or to ameliorate her exemplary father's circumstances, play you a second trick of frivolity and fickleness, which, after the success of the first, and your humility under your sufferings, seems the most natural course in the world for her to pursue."

"I see, my lord," said Charles, "your lordship is too much prejudiced against my friends to listen with patience to any exculpation of them, and I——"

"Friends! Major Somerford," said Lord Lessingham; "believe those to be your friends who sacrifice every thing for your sake—believe him to be your friend who seeks an alliance with you, not him who condemns it—believe him to be your friend who offers you a being all singleness of heart, all purity of mind, whose first affections are fixed on you—believe him to be your friend who first entreats and then warns you; the prize is at your foot, reject it and your loss is incalculably

reat. I speak, perhaps, in parables, but I know the truth of what I say. Go—decision upon this point makes or mars you ternally. And this I tell you, that you may safely believe, no nan living is more disinterestedly interested in your fate than am."

"Assure yourself, my lord," said Charles, "that my grati-ude must be unbounded for all the kindness I have received nder this hospitable roof. You shall hear from me in the orning. I can better explain myself in writing and——"

"I seek no explanation," said Lord Lessingham; "you must, f course, follow the impulse of your own feelings and affec-ons; think of my advice—remember my warning—and be ssured, let your course be what it may, you can never cease o be an object of vital interest to me."

Saying this, he extended his hand to Somerford, who press-d it fervently and affectionately; the look which the venerable obleman gave Charles as they parted, was one, the expression f which it would be difficult to describe, but which was in-elibly imprinted on the heart of him on whom it fell.

Thus terminated the conversation—and what were the feel-gs it excited in the mind of the faithful Charles? It was o true that there could be no comparison between the per-ons submitted to his choice; all that Lord Lessingham had aid on the subject was incontrovertible. On the one hand, outh, beauty, rank, wealth, and honours, awaited *him*; on the ther, none of these, for Kate's youth was past, and with it id flown most of her beauty; to rank she had no pretensions, id the wealth she might have expected had vanished; but ore than this,—as his lordship said,—she had proved herself false id fickle, and had, even upon her own admission, consented a marriage of convenience, and accepted a man, convinced, the moment she did so, that he never could make her hap-ness.

Is there any such thing as accounting for the freaks of love -for the extraordinary, out-of-the-way proceedings of those ho are under its influence? But even these eccentricities, hich every body is ready to admit, seemed sober sadness com-ared with the conduct of Lord Lessingham himself, who, re-rved and mindful of his dignity and station as he was, seemed have stepped from his pedestal to volunteer an offer of his randdaughter to a military officer of small fortune and no mily; and that he was quite aware of the very obscure ori-in of Charles's extraction no doubt could remain, after his vowal of an intimate knowledge of all the proceedings of

Somerford's early life, and his declared familiarity with the whole volume of *Maxwelliana* in which he had been concerned.

Somerford saw, in all the liberality and readiness of his lordship, an amiable desire to sacrifice every thing for the ensurance of his granddaughter's happiness, and he felt duly the dignity of being not only "father-in-law," but actually father to the "three-tailed bashaw," in the shape of Baron Lessingham, who might hereafter be born; but it was love, not love of *gain*, that would cement this union; a proper relative equality of age, a similarity of habits and pursuits, were the enchaining and enchanting inducements—in short, a pure and generous affection, totally unlike the feeling in which are founded those "negotiation matches" which sometimes take place, and which are scarcely less disgusting in the woman than degrading to the man.

When Charles began to recapitulate to himself all the advantages derivable from this connexion, he marvelled greatly at the excess of good fortune which awaited him, and at the extraordinary condescension which marked the conduct of the old lord:—but could he relinquish all his hopes of Kate—of *her*, who for years had been the bright leading star of his destiny?—of her whose image had visited his night dreams, and the recollection of whom had occupied his waking thoughts? It seemed impossible! yet, nevertheless, he could not but admit, to a certain, and not very inconsiderable extent, the justice of Lord Lessingham's comments and observations upon the folly, if not the immorality of doing what the vulgar call "waiting for dead men's shoes." It was clear that the crisis of his fate was at hand, and that a prompt, and immediate decision was necessary. "Two heads," thought Charles, "are better than one;" and so in every case except that of a bicephalous infant, they may be; and accordingly he proceeded straight from the noble lord's residence to the boarding-house where his fellow voyager, Mr. Macleod, the Honourable East India Company's Secretary in the Twankey Twaddle department, was residing. He found the nabob on the point of retiring to rest, but he staid his progress to his bed-chamber, and having planted him, in his morning-gown as he was (which, by the way, looked like half an old japan screen), in his armed-chair, detailed to him the whole progress of the intimacy which he must have partly suspected during his occasional visits at Lord Lessingham's, concluding the history with an almost verbatim repetition of the very interesting and important conversation

between himself and his lordship, which had so recently terminated.

"You ask my advice, Majorr," said Macleod; "d'ye want ony advice on sich a pint?" (I consider it right to print Mr. Macleod's words as he thought it right to pronounce them.) "Can ye have a daut apaun sich a pint, Majorr? Ye must murry my Lady Emily of carse."

"And so forfeit my pledge to Mrs. Apperton," said Charles.

"Your pledge, Majorr!" said Macleod; "why, surr, she's murried already, what more would she have? Besides, 'spose, sir, she's a wuddy, wot then? She has no fortun'—not a farden. No, no, she fuggut you, when ye ware out of hare sight, why, in the divil's name, shou'd you be so partiklar abut her—eh, Majorr?"

"Why, Mr. Macleod," said Charles, "she was deceived into the marriage to which she consented."

"Deceived was she," said the Nabob; "well then there's nothing whatever like deception in the uffer of Lord Lessingham—there's a beautiful bibi saab, Lady Emily, the granddaughter of a Burrah saab like my Lord, with a title into the burgain. I only wush I had the reversion of the offer, Majorr."

"As a matter of feeling, I really cannot give up my old prepossession," said Somerford; "and yet how very advantageous is the prospect which the union with Lady Emily would open to me."

"Advantageous prospect," said Macleod; "the view from a hill furt is a fool to them—runk and dagnity buth at your feet. Why, even to me, a senior Merchant in the Hunnurable Ist Ingy Company's suvvice, late Secretary in the Twanky Twaddle department, and eligible for a sit in cuncil—even I—I tell you so—should jump at the chance of such an acquisition."

"But you would not feel so, if your first love still haunted you, Mr. Macleod," endeavouring to excite the nabob to sentimentality.

"Fust love, sir!" said Macleod; "wat in the divil's name has fust love to do with it?—*my* fust love was a littel cobbling shumaker's daughter in Hedge Lane, Lunnun. I fancied her perfection—I was sixteen years uld at the tim, and I dremt of her by night, and thowt of her by day, and sighed for her, and watched for her both day and night;—a pretty mess I'd have made if I had thowt it necessary to murry Miss Caroline Wag-

staffe on my return to England—senior merchant in the Hunnurable Ist Ingy Company's suvvice, and eligible for a sit in cuncil—because she happened to be my fust love."

"I admit a peculiarity of feeling upon the point," said Charles.

"My dear friend," said Macleod, "putting the rank and fortune whully out of the question—only luck at Lady Emily's person and accomplishments—luck at her eyes—dimants; luck at her lips—churries; luck at her tith—purrls—and a figgur entire semetry—perfection, by Jooputur."

"I admit her charms—I—"

"And as for Mussus Apperton, you know I saw her at Brighton—she's leddy-like, I grunt, but *passeé* surely—fine expression of countenance, good eyes and tith, I grunt; but dear me, such a defference in manner. Lady Emily is so delicate—so trunsparent—so sulph like—I declare to Gud she's puffect, entirely puffect—that's my view o' the case."

"Then you think," said Charles, "that falsehood to Katherine would be a venial crime."

"Falsehood, Majorr!" exclaimed the yellow chief, "she's murried, I tell ye—she's suttled—she has chosen a spouse, and there an end—it's absolutely criminal to bind yourself to one whose hand and heart I hopp are entirely another's. Take my advice, accept with grutitude the uffer of Lord Lessingham, and become the sire of a race of lords yourself."

"I will consider the case on my pillow," said Charles. "I sincerely thank you for your advice."

"Which, if it perfectly coincides with your own feelings, you will follow," said Macleod; "my opinion is like that of a cuncil in one of our Istern cullunies, where the membirs say their say, and the governor does his do; if their nutiuns agree, well and gudd; if they dunt, the cuncil are at liberty to protest, but the Governor's measure is carried—eh, Majorr?"

"Not so," said Somerford; "I will carefully consider the bearings of this extraordinary affair; for I honestly tell you, that so much of happiness as is here presented for my acceptance is enough to startle the firmest heart. Assure yourself of one thing, Mr. Macleod," continued he, "that I am not selfish, and that whatever decision I may come to on this point, I shall be governed by motives which you will not, I am sure, fail to approve."

"I have no doubt, my dear Majorr," said Macleod, "not in the lest; but, I would just have you put the case fairly and duspassionately, as I did in the memorable time when I was

resident at Pallydyneveraram. It cost me nearly two hours, although I was hurried by circumstances, before I resulved upon hanging a Rajah, three of his sons, his uncle Bungaby-ravamy Row, and two of his nevvies; but I did it, and if I had time, I am sure I could make you see that I was governed by motives which *you* could not fail to approve."

"Mine is a less desperate case," said Charles, "so having had the advantage of the opinion of a counsellor——"

"No—not actually——eligible for a sit in cuncil, I said," interrupted the punctilious prig.

"Eligible for a seat in council," continued Charles; "I beg pardon—I will go to my room; and having put all the circumstances fairly before myself, decide and act upon my decision, whatever it may be, the first thing in the morning. And so good night, sir; with many apologies for detaining you so long on my affairs."

"Nut a wud—nut a wud, my dear Majorr," said Macleod. "I have little doubt what will be the result of your deliberation. You'll murry my Lady Emily, and I shall have the happiness of seeing an excellent, worthy, high-spirited young fellow, united to one of the sweetest creechurs that ever I saw in my whull existence, let the cullur be what it might."

The council here broke up. Macleod convinced that he had overcome all Somerford's scruples about Mrs. Apperton, and Somerford very much puzzled as to the course he ought really to pursue.

During the night, Charles had, as may easily be supposed, but little sleep; yet all the occurrences of the past evening appeared more like a dream than reality. The kindness of Lord Lessingham was *impayable*, the affection of Lady Emily was most flattering; vanity conspired with gratitude, and interest with something very like love, to confuse his ideas, and puzzle his will. Hour passed after hour, and the announcement of each, by the church clock, fell on his ear; nor was it till late that he had come to the decision which he was so soon to announce to the expectant guardian of his lovely prize.

No sooner had he, after weighing the improbability, nay, the almost impossibility of Kate's ever being his—her fickleness—the duplicity of her father—the slights offered to his mother—his banishment and disgrace in poverty, and his reception on his return in prosperity, with the beauty, wealth, rank, and attachment of the exquisite Lady Emily Denham—no sooner had he made up his mind to the course he should pursue, than he rose from his bed, and enveloping himself in his dressing-

gown, proceeded to write that letter to Lord Lessingham, which decided at once the important question.

What the resolution was, to which Major Somerford came at this particular period, the reader unfortunately is not here permitted to ascertain. Circumstances of new and strange interest call his attention from the lodging-house at Cheltenham, to the narrow streets of the city of Villa da Horta, in the fertile island of Fayal.

CHAPTER X.

"I have a little villa in the Abruzzo,
A limpid brook waters its verdant meads,
And various scenes of woodland, hill, and dale
Diversify the beauteous spot, replete
With all that nature uncorrupted wants;
The cleanly mansion in a garden placed
(Though breathing marble people not its grots,
Nor painted triumphs animate the walls),
Is yet convenient——thither I'll retire."

BELLERS.

THERE is scarcely any part of the world, at the same distance from town, so little known as the Western Islands, to one of which our friends from Madeira have been voyaging during the digression into which I have wandered. On the score of precedence, they might claim more attention than most colonies, since they were discovered in the year 1439, some say 1460, by Vandeberg, a merchant of Bruges, and were subsequently named by the Portuguese, *Islas dos Acores*, from the number of hawks by which they were inhabited—*Unde derivatur*, Azores.

The Azores, like the Muses, are nine in number; but of these, three are at a great distance from the rest. The other six form a beautiful and interesting cluster, and the sailor passes, among the group, the gigantic Pico, whose head towers far above the clouds, on his starboard bow, Fayal on his larboard, with St. George's in the distance right a-head; and on his starboard quarter Terceira, rendered latterly familiar to the ear of patriots and politicians by the establishment of a certain fantoccini regency in its principal city, Angra.

Katherine watched with an anxious and scrutinizing look

the gradual development of the features of the scenery, as they neared the land; she saw by degrees the fertile fields of Fayal, distinguished by the hedge-rows which bounded them; and she felt that the face of the country more closely resembled that which of all countries was dearest to her, than any other she had yet visited. It must be owned, that her father, who had taken to navigating somewhat late in life, watched earnestly too; but with a less philosophical feeling; his anxiety was kept alive, and his interest excited by a continual apprehension of perils and dangers, which invariably threaten those who approach such a coast as that of Fayal.

But there was yet another passenger, whose mind seemed so totally absorbed by the expectation of what was to occur when they landed, that all surrounding, all passing objects were unheeded; his eyes were riveted to the spot, which the master of the vessel told him was Villa da Horta; and as they opened the valley where first the houses of Port Pin present themselves to view, with the high land of St. George's Island beyond, and the brown hill, with its three watch-towers, rises to the sight, his heart beat, and tears flowed down his manly cheek. His wife watched with the deepest interest the workings of his countenance. Could Hanningham, the disinterested, generous Hanningham, anticipate a meeting of such extraordinary delight with an agent of his house? or feel so powerfully the influence of mercantile speculation, as to shed tears as he approached the place of that agent's residence? She had never seen him so moved before; but she respected his feelings, and permitted him to believe she had not witnessed the effect produced upon him.

Before noon, the good brig Rover entered Fayal bay, with a fine breeze from the south-east; and found her way safely to the place of her destination, to the unspeakable joy of the surgeon, whose mind had been filled with certain forebodings and misgivings, touching a hidden danger in the channel between Pico and Fayal, known by the name of Chapman's Rock; a touch on which would, in all probability, have proved fatal to the whole expedition.

On an approach to the harbour of Villa da Horta, the fertile appearance of the country, contrasted with the white towers of the churches and convents, gives a great relief to the eye which has been long wearied with the sameness of the sea; but Katherine, although her experience in Portuguese colonial cities and towns was confined to a knowledge of one of the best of them, Funchal, was sufficiently aware of the real state

of things, to feel no great confidence in the luring and tempting aspect of the capital of Fayal, as viewed from the brig. She was fully prepared for the horrors in which she was so soon to be located; dirt, and filth, and an overwhelming smell of fried oil and garlic: houses like pig-sties, and streets choked with mud, with no scavengers save the pigs themselves, which in this island have long legs and curly tails, and stand nearly twelve hands high; the bullocks rarely exceeding ten. All this, and worse, did Mrs. Apperton compound for; and she could yet scarcely account, in her own mind, for the violent anxiety of Hanningham to get ashore; being assured that he, like herself, must be pretty well prepared for the luxuries of the "flaunting town" of Villa da Horta; and not quite comprehending, although it must be confessed she shrewdly suspected, the cause of his violent anxiety to see Mr. Wilson, his agent, before any others of the party landed.

There are mysteries in all trades; and so it appeared that the secrets of this agency were of sufficient importance to induce Hanningham to leave his wife and his friends actually prisoners on board the Rover, of which good brig those friends, including most specially and particularly Mr. Maxwell himself, were heartily sick and tired, while he pulled ashore at the first opportunity. He professed, however, to think that it would be better to prepare Mr. Wilson for their reception; and if he, as it was most probable, should not have sufficient accommodation for their whole party under his own roof, it would be infinitely wiser to secure lodgings or rooms at some hotel—save the mark!—where they might be sure of a resting-place after their fatigue, without having the additional trouble of hunting for it when they came ashore.

On the approach of the brig, showing her colours, a dirty old ragged union jack was hoisted upon a crooked staff at the house of the English consul, one Firkins, an antiquated personage, who exhibited himself at the landing-place in a second-hand coat of a lieutenant of the navy (a service which he had never disgraced by belonging to it), in order to look in some degree respectable, and, as he thought, consular. Firkins and his family were treats, and subsequently afforded much amusement to the new arrivals. But of those more anon.

Three hours elapsed after Hanningham's departure before he returned; but when he did, he gave so favourable an account of his mission and its success as amply repaid the anxiety of the passengers on board. He had secured accommodation actually in the house of Mr. Wilson, whom, with his

daughter, he had found quite well ; a circumstance which appeared to interest him infinitely more than seemed compatible with the relative situation of principal and agent in the wine trade. However, warmth of friendship is no crime ; and, extraordinary as was the alteration which had taken place in his spirits and manner since his absence on shore, his wife was delighted to see him happy ; and Maxwell and he conversed apart, each smiling and looking as pleased as if the greatest possible benefit had accrued to them from the result of their voyage.

It was past seven o'clock when the party were safely lodged in the boat which was to convey them to the shore ; less than half an hour brought them to the water's edge ; when, rather to show his authority than his courtesy, Mr. Consul Firkins was ready to receive the party. He invited them to his house, which lay directly in their road to the residence of Mr. Wilson, a gentleman in whose praise Mr. Firkins was extremely diffuse, seeing that he expected to reap, in the sequel, some benefit from his sycophancy.

Having reached his abode—it being, as it should never be forgotten, Sunday—Firkins insisted upon the whole party walking in, which, as it was impossible to refuse, the party agreed to do ; and having been ushered out of the consul's shop and counting-house, which looked and smelt more like a wet stage-coach-office in London in muddy weather, than any thing *else*, into an apartment at the back of the house, something between a barn and a ball-room, the eyes of the visiters were astonished, and their ears astounded, by finding the consul's four unmarried daughters, as ugly as their mother, and almost as vulgar as their father, passing the Sunday evening in waltzing with each other for the amusement of some nondescript people who were seated round the room.

Only conceive the amazement of Mrs. Apperton and Mrs. Hanningham, when, on addressing these female Yahoos, they discovered that only one of them either spoke or understood English —daughters of an Englishman—who for five-and-forty years had held the office of British consul. Now really this is too bad : such people as Firkins should be called by some other title. When we recollect that Rome had her consuls, that France had her consuls, and that England has all over the world gentlemen and diplomatists in the character of consuls, and then see the same appellation bestowed upon a pig-selling, onion-vending savage, as ignorant of every thing but the art of money-making *as a cobbler, and as* ravenous after gain as a wolf after

sheep, it is actually sickening. It makes one grieve that the Portuguese of Fayal should have seen before their eyes for almost half a century such a terrible specimen of ignorance and vulgarity, swaggering about in a tarnished uniform to which he had no right, as his Britannic Majesty's representative at Villa da Horta—*nominé*, Tom Firkins.

The visit to the consul was as brief as possible, although the visiters could not escape without being dosed with a small glass each of a filthy mixture, mentioned before in these pages, called Fayal wine; not one drop of which grows in Fayal, but is imported from Pico, and there cooked up for the palates of the inhabitants, or sent on bord homeward-bound ships under the name of Teneriffe, or even Madeira. Maxwell tasted the stuff with suspicious and professional cautiousness; and when it passed his lips, he cast a look at Hanningham, strongly expressive of a feeling that if Mr. Wilson's agency was in any degree connected with the circulation of that sort of draught, the less business he had, the better for the credit of the Funchal firm.

At length, freed from the vulgar importunities of the natives, the party proceeded along the dirty narrow streets, upwards towards the country—Wilson's house being situated on the very verge of the town. What particularly struck the strangers, in the course of their progress, was the uniform costume of the women—it is the same in all ranks and classes, and consists of a blue cloak and hood, invariably worn out of doors; this disguise, which has superseded the more graceful veil, covers the whole of the dress and figure, and is so perfect and impervious that flirtations have actually taken place between ladies and their husbands, from whom no other invention could have extorted so much civility and attention to their wives.

They continued their journey over the sharp pebbly pavements of the hilly street, till they at length reached the residence of the agent. He was ready to meet and greet them, although he seldom passed the threshold of his door, and never at any time the boundary of his garden. His reception of Mrs. Hanningham was warm and cordial, and knowing what she *now* knew, Katherine was not so thunderstruck as she otherwise would have been at seeing him rush into her father's arms—she recognised him in an instant,—she had seen him ONCE BEFORE.

She had scarcely time to collect her spirits after the realization of her suspicions, before she felt herself clasped to the heart of the old gentleman, seeing at the same moment Wil-

son's daughter, a lovely girl of about nineteen, rush into Maxwell's arms, and hide her burning cheek in his bosom.

This very dramatic scene did not take more time in acting than it takes in writing. Its effects, however, were more striking—every body seemed to know why it occurred, yet nobody had spoken on the subject—no confidence had been made—no course of proceeding had been anticipated—it was a burst of feeling, comprehensible to all the parties, explicable by none; and from the instant the characters subsided into rationality, and assumed their seats, it appeared as if by some tacit convention among them all, that not one syllable of elucidation should pass their lips. The time present was their own, and the future, if it gave promise of brighter days, might be anticipated; the present and the future were therefore at their command, the retrospective was prohibited, and with this apparent understanding, the happy—for in their degree they were happy—the happy party fell into the discussion of ordinary topics, and presently seated themselves round Wilson's hospitable board at supper.

Hospitality at Fayal, though, as it is every where else, amiable, is not expensive. The cheapness of Villa da Horta is one of its great recommendations, although when strangers have to deal, and the British consul is the medium, Firkins does all he can to destroy even that. Forty fine fish smoke on your table—that is, if you have room for them—for the charge of a vintain (one penny-halfpenny,) and a dessert of one hundred oranges costs less than a shilling. Not a spot is uncultivated on the face of Fayal; ploughs, harrows, clover and corn fields carry the mind back to home; and the thrushes and blackbirds, unknown in most other colonies, seem to speak English as they warble their wood-notes wild. Every thing grows there except cabbages, which are universally destroyed by a peculiar sort of grub as soon as they break from the ground; but grapes, spices, even sugar, corn, lemons, cloves, besides all our English fruits, flourish in the greatest perfection. Woodcocks are in abundance; pheasants and wild rabbits are plentiful; but neither hares nor partridges are known.

The feast, however, that the assembled party at Wilson's enjoyed was of a higher order than that which money could procure, or Firkins overcharge: there was an interchange of affection, a return of gratitude the most powerful, an expression of satisfaction the most entire in that small circle, which all its members felt, and which none dared express—there was

a mystery—there was a secret which charmed their hearts, but which sealed their lips. They were extremely well pleased with themselves: two or three points remained to grieve about; but that they were there, and together, was so great a blessing to some of the party that the minor evils of their situation were at the moment forgotten.

"We lead a primitive life here," said Wilson; "had you, Mr. Maxwell, fallen upon our island suddenly from the bustle and interests of a busy professional career in London, it *would* perhaps have struck you more forcibly; but having undergone a probation in Madeira (which, however, Mr. Hanningham describes as being gayety itself compared to this), you are not so sensible to our dulness."

"An Englishman, Mr. Wilson," said the surgeon, "carries all over the world a very large portion of comfort with him; it may be prejudice, to admire the effect he produces upon surrounding objects, but it certainly is truth, that he anglicises every thing within the sphere of his influence."

"Always excepting," said Wilson, "our official Englishman here, Mr. Consul Firkins, whose family and habits are still entirely Portuguese—not Portuguese of the mother country, but of the colonies. However, to-morrow my daughter shall show you the lions of our dirty little city, and you shall judge, by a peep into other parts of the neighbourhood, how much she has done to improve our humble residence. As for me, of course, I stir out but seldom—the apprehension that I——"

"Exactly," said Maxwell, interrupting him, "that you might over exert yourself in your delicate state of health—I see. Well, to-morrow then we shall put ourselves under Miss Wilson's guidance, and enjoy the sights."

"I hope your son finds the climate of Madeira agree with him," said Wilson; "I have never seen him, but I have heard most favourable accounts of him."

"Yes—yes," said the surgeon, evidently anxious—why, I cannot pretend to say—to avoid the conversation; "he is an excellent, exemplary young man, and among other proofs of his amiability of disposition, has had the good fortune to secure the invaluable friendship of Hanningham."

"If Hanningham had *not* been his friend," said Wilson, greatly agitated, "he would have been the most ungrateful of——"

"To be sure—to be sure; so he would," said Maxwell.

"I suppose," said Wilson, "he will lose his heart to some of

those black-eyed beauties who abound in the island where he is now, and so——"

"No, no," said Maxwell, "I—"

"I apprehend," said Mrs. Apperton, "that my brother's heart is not his own to give."

"Indeed, Katherine," said the surgeon, "I know nothing about that; and I don't see very well, how you should know more than I do. I—"

"My child and I," said Wilson, "very often talk of you all—of whom else should we talk?—and we have certainly settled that he could not remain a bachelor merchant in Madeira."

"Indeed, my dear father," said Miss Wilson, who seemed as much averse from talking of family matters as Maxwell, "I never said any thing about Mr. Maxwell. Why should I? he does not even know me."

"No, to be sure he does not," said Maxwell; "it would be very odd indeed, Miss Wilson, if he did. But never mind my poor Ned; he is no doubt taking care of his own business; let us take care of ours. Love and wine go very prettily together in a convivial song; but in common life, a man can surely sell Madeira without being married; and I dare say Ned will remain single for some time to come."

"I am quite sure he will," said Katherine.

During the two hours through which this sort of "touch and *go*" conversation lasted, it seemed singular that it never went or touched upon the affairs of Apperton, and the rumour of his death. At Fayal, from its peculiar position, unless a return fruit schooner happen to bring later intelligence, a Plymouth paper four months old is a novelty to be caught at, and talked of as a phenomenon; and in the ordinary course of things, London news comes to Villa da Horta quickest *viâ* the United States, or even the East Indies: nor, which perhaps was even more remarkable, did Wilson and Hanningham exchange one syllable with regard to the agency, or indeed any other point connected with mercantile matters.

When they parted for the night, there was an earnestness of affection exhibited between Miss Wilson and Katherine Apperton quite incompatible, as it would have appeared to a stranger, with the shortness of their acquaintance; and when the three ladies got together for a half-hour's *cause*—gossip is a better word perhaps—the perfect intimacy, the complete, unreserved, and entire confidence of the party in each other, would, if any body had seen it, have seemed miraculous; while

their conversation, had any body heard it, would have seemed rather the result of inspiration than any thing else. To be sure, female hearts and minds soon assimilate; but save and except the Rovers, no ladies in Christendom ever so soon swore an eternal friendship as Miss Wilson and Mrs. Apperton.

After breakfast, the junior branches of the party proceeded on their promised rambles of discoveries, leaving Mr. Wilson and Mr. Maxwell to a *tête-à-tête*:—a chess-board was placed before them—both the elderly gentlemen professing a Phillidoric attachment to that scientific game; but it did not escape the notice of the loungers, when they returned from their stroll, that the white queen's pawn was the only piece that had stirred during their absence, and even that faithful attendant had begun his march before their departure, seeing that Maxwell had him "between his finger and thumb" just as they were quitting the little drawing-room that opened into a neat English flower-garden.

The travellers proceeded down towards the water before they went to see the government-house—its possessor, a man of considerable eminence, receives, as a reward for his arduous duties of legislation, a stipend of about one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and a duty on pigs, which are at Fayal taxed as horses are in England, and, as I have already stated, are nearly as large as those animals are (in Shetland, at any rate). It was suggested to be etiquette for Hanningham to pay his respects to his excellency; but it was agreed to postpone his visit, seeing that they had ascertained that his excellency was at that moment at home.

The party first visited the church of Saint Antonio, which is a very neat building; not clean, for that nothing in Fayal, except Wilson's house, was; but the ornaments were in better taste than usual. St. Antony's coat and waistcoat were of a better cut, and his wig, with a Ramillies queue, was much less grotesque than saints' wigs in those parts usually are. They then proceeded to the convent of St. Juan, which stands on an eminence, and has an agreeable garden; within its walls nearly six hundred women are immured. Well may the highly-gifted Mrs. Norton, in her description of a faded beauty, exult in the inviolable freedom of English women, when she makes her heroine say,

> "But I refused him; though my aunt did say
> "That it was an advantage thrown away.
> "(He an advantage!)—'that she'd make me rue it—
> "*Make me* a nun,—I'd like to see her do it!"

One sweetly pretty girl came to the grate, and strange to say —is it strange?—selected Hanningham as the friend to whom she chose to address her little story, in preference to any of the ladies. The story was brief, but so closely resembles one, once told to myself under nearly similar circumstances, that it is interesting as exhibiting the frequency of similar occurrences.

She told Hanningham that her name was Isabella; that she was the daughter of a Portuguese nobleman, and had been betrothed in marriage to some man whom she had never seen; that upon the breaking out of some disturbances in Lisbon, consequent upon a vain and impotent attempt to force an English-made constitution upon the country, she had been for security sent to Fayal from the convent to which she had been previously conveyed on the death of her mother. She added, that her sister, younger than herself, was also in the convent, and that if Hanningham would come to the parlour the following evening, she would ask leave of the lady abbess to give him some tea and sweetmeats, and that she would bring her sister to the grate. Hanningham, at the risk of being shut up himself, asked the poor girl if she would like to go to England, to which she answered "Most willingly," when an ancient gorgon making her appearance at the moment, Isabella *said* she was perfectly happy where she was.

Hanningham saw her once again, to inquire if there was any body to whom he could convey a letter, or intelligence of her; but she shook her head, and a tear fell from her bright black eyes; she was afraid to speak—she thrust her hand through the grate; but the space between the two *grilles* was too wide to permit of its being kissed, which in the way of friendship it would otherwise most certainly have been; but when the turnabout came round, Hanningham found in it, a bunch of artificial flowers, a paper of sweetmeats, and a small gold ring. Considering all things, however, Mrs. Hanningham had no cause of jealousy.

They then proceeded to the monastery of San Francisco, where the ladies were permitted to remain in the church, while Hanningham was most graciously received by the principal, who conducted him over every part of the building and into its gardens, where, in a sort of large alcove, were placed the effigies, as large as life, of every monk who had died in the house, set up over his burial-place, in his proper habit. In the refectory, on a long table, the dinner for the fraternity was laid, which consisted of a sort of biscuit, placed over a large glass of Fayal mixture, which Hanningham, as a judge, pronounced

execrable, the whole place smelling worse than Mr. Firkins's consul shop. Hence Hanningham was reconducted by the Reverendissimo Padre, who attended him to the very threshold, and after an absence of half an hour rejoined the ladies, who began to think that their companion had been entrapped by the pious body, and induced to renounce the sins of this wicked world, and his fair companions into the bargain.

Their expedition occupied the greater part of the forenoon; but their absence had not been of sufficient duration to afford an adequate opportunity to the two strangers, Wilson and Maxwell, to talk over their private affairs.

It became matter of discussion in the evening of this day whether they should prolong their stay at Fayal beyond the next afternoon. The master of the brig Rover was completely at their orders; but the charges, under whatever denomination considered, in the way of freight or demurrage, were heavy, and Hanningham having achieved the object of his wishes in seeing his agent, felt it prudent to do a violence to his own desire to stay where he was for any longer time, and hurry his departure for England.

Wilson and Maxwell had, during the progress of the rest of the party, discussed, among other matters, the business nearest the heart of the latter, concerning the misconduct of Apperton, and the question as to what it would be most advisable in the first instance to do; for the best informed of the party had but very imperfect intelligence to act upon in a matter of so much delicacy. Wilson's advice was, that Maxwell and his daughter should, on their first arrival in England, as indeed had been previously suggested, assume a fictitious name, under which they might remain quiet and unmolested in the country, while Hanningham should exert himself in the arrangement of affairs in London. Maxwell would have been glad if Wilson could have accompanied him too, but that was of course impossible.

Miss Wilson, whose beauty and grace, whose winning manners and numerous accomplishments made her at once an object of admiration and affection, lavished upon Hanningham so much kindness and attention, that a stranger would have wondered at the evenness of Mrs. Hanningham's temper, who not only heard such protestations, but saw such practical proofs of their mutual regard, in bearing a rival so near her throne; but it seemed that she was afflicted with the mental blindness by which, as I have already said, all the world appear to be *more or less* affected, for while she endured the most palpable

exchange of something very like love between her husband and her friend, she seemed less moved than she was when he exhibited his ring and bouquet, the present of a poor girl placed beyond his reach, and secured within a couple of grates two feet and a half asunder. Such, however, are the extraordinary inconsistencies of our nature.

The day wore on, and the hours fled, and communications passed between the party and the master of the brig: but considering the usual freedom of intercourse in colonial life and the unceremonious customs of such places as Fayal, not to speak of the hospitality of Wilson, a stranger would have wondered, that although an extremely gentlemanlike man, and although he had given them every cause to be pleased and satisfied with his conduct during the voyage, the master of the brig Rover had never been invited to breakfast, dine, or sup at the agent's. Nay, on the second day of their residence in the island, when he had found his way to the house, Hanningham, happening to see him approach by the flower-garden, went out to meet him; and having been joined by his wife and Mrs. Apperton, took his arm, and walked him down again to the waterside, and saw him safely launched in his boat on to his native element, and did not quit the beach till he was well on his way to the brig.

It must be admitted that the skipper, who was conscious that he had exercised every proper degree of liberality towards *his* passengers, felt this slight; but he attributed it to the character of the place rather than to any other peculiarity; for when he landed, and proceeded to the consul shop of Mr. Firkins, that illustrious impostor informed him that he had taken the liberty of ordering him dinner and a bed at Graves's hotel,—the landlord (and waiter) at which was the son of another English vice-consul, who, like the Misses Firkins, understood no language but Portuguese, and who, having cleaned the knives and laid the cloth, sat down to the said dinner with the said master of the brig, as if he were *giving* him a hospitable reception. The weather getting worse as the night closed in, the master of the brig chose to remain on shore, but strolled down to the consul's, *pour passer le temps*, when again the Fayalian hospitality evinced itself by the consul's informing him that they always went to bed early at the hotel; which intelligence he conveyed to his guest just at the moment when Mr. Firkins and some select friends were about to feed upon a supper laid out on a long table in the adjoining room. The *schipper*, who was a bit of a wag, seeing that his

excellency (as Firkins would have himself called by his dependents) was anxious to begin his repast, which he had resolved not to do until the stranger was gone, brought himself to an anchor, and staid at least an hour after the hint had been given him to go, and made himself nearly sick by drinking half a dozen glasses of the Fayal mixture, which, filthy as it was, its still more filthy owner was anxious to save.

But the negative want of hospitality on the part of Firkins was not the worst of it; for when the moment of departure arrived, the worthy gentleman sent off in a boat the stock which the skipper had bought of him at exorbitant prices, seeing that no dealer dared compete with Firkins when an English vessel was concerned. He however delayed doing so, although he had been paid for the things in the morning, until the evening, when it was quite dark, blowing fresh, and the brig under way, standing on and off waiting for them. Among the stock, which chiefly consisted of vegetables and lanky pigs, was one bullock, and two half ankers of brandy, which the consul had somehow got into his possession, and for which he charged a notable sum. When the boat got alongside there was a good deal of sea running; the vegetables and the pigs, however, were hoisted in; but by a heavy lurch of the brig one way, and a deep pitch of the boat the other, the brandy and the bullock went overboard, and the skipper was forced, having no time to litigate, to put up with the loss and be off without them. Poor good easy man, innocent of the extent of these manœuvres, he contented himself with denouncing, in his homely way, the stupidity of the Fayal boatmen, and in which, in the simplicity of his honest heart, he firmly believed —never suspecting that the bullock and the brandy had before the accident been thoroughly secured with three or four fathoms of line, and that the moment the good brig Rover squared her yards, filled, and was away, the brandy, bullock, and all were towed ashore, just as well as ever, and that before the next day dawned the animal was in the stable and the spirits in the cellar, ready for another shipment at the same prices to the next dupe who could be found to give them.

I am not sorry for this digression, because in the scuffle we have avoided the melancholy ceremony of taking leave, and a detail of the "sweet sorrow" which had nearly lasted till the morrow. Miss Wilson appeared more deeply afflicted than any of the party; the separation seemed to her the deathblow of all her hopes and expectations. But what *those hopes and* expectations actually were, it seems very

nlikely that we should, at all events in the present stage of this istory, ascertain. Certain it is, that Mrs. Apperton and Miss Wilson were, during the stay of the former in Fayal, insepa-able, their conversation seemed deeply interesting, and as their parting was so decidedly affectionate it is to be inferred that their acquaintance, recently as it had been formed and short as was its duration, was excessively agreeable and highly satisfactory to both of them.

The good brig Rover might still have gladdened the eyes of those whom she had left behind, but night concealed her from their view, and when the skipper took his next observation, she was bowling along with a fine steady breeze—Terceira bearing fourteen miles S.S.E., Gracioso N.N.W. twenty miles, Pico W.N.W. four miles, St. George's N.W. eight miles. In vain did the fair and deserted daughter of the agent Wilson wend her way, in the morning, to the rising ground on the left of their quiet and secluded residence; no vestige of the Rover was visible. She was speeding on her voyage, which in order to relieve the anxiety of the reader, that is, if he feels any, it may be proper here to say she concluded on the ninth day, at three o'clock, at which time she let go her anchor at Spithead;—but having said thus much, we must revert for a moment to Mr. Edward Maxwell, the solitary, though not sleeping partner, in the mercantile house at Madeira.

It is impossible to describe the misery of the poor devoted young gentleman's situation, or the state of his nerves and feelings as he paced the long, empty, dreary rooms of the house, or looked over the gallery into the quadrangle, and saw two or three squalid girls sitting huddled on the stairs waiting for alms or food; or affected to busy himself by giving orders about literally nothing; for until ships come, and a demand arises for the staple commodity of the island, every thing is as calm and quiet at Funchal as may be.

One thing, however, occurred to whim, hich has occurred to many other people, who being similarly situated have had nothing else to do; and that was to improve the house, during Hanningham's absence, by uniting two additional rooms to the rest of the suite of apartments. These rooms were specially his own, and would have communicated with the rest of the rooms on the same floor, had not a small dark closet intervened: the annihilation of this closet was the favourite object of the deserted Ned Maxwell; it was only used as a lumber-room; *the partition which* disconnected it from the other

rooms was thin, and only of wainscot, so that the great achievement which he so anxiously desired to perform, could be completed by doing what a sailor would call "knocking away the bulkhead." What are wainscotings or partitions to an improving genius; light, air, and even something like a view, would be gained by the change, and he resolved to occupy himself so effectually in the fulfilment of his design, that his partner and his partner's partner should pronounce him on their return the Palladio of the island, the very Nash of Funchal.

Carpenters were summoned, saws, planes, and chisels were put in motion, and very speedily did the "wooden wall" succumb; but still there were obstacles for which Maxwell was scarcely prepared. Where could he deposite the huge cases and boxes with which this closet had been filled? this was however settled by the advice of a confidential servant, and the new discovery of one detachment of packages was actually the groundwork of a series of new improvements. No *less* than fifteen of the most ponderous cases contained pictures—the accidental acquisition of these articles of *vertu* gave a new turn to the inventive disposition of the young architect, and he resolved to make his arrangements chime in with the exhibition of these works of art, which seemed to him too long to have been hidden—again were the saws and chisels in activity, but directed especially against the cases in question.

First came to light a Claude, or a Wilson, or—a copy—beautiful, clear and brilliant; then a Canalleti, undoubted; thirdly, a Wouvermans, with a trumpeter as natural as *life*; and next a Cuyp, with a grey round-ended horse just fit for Wouvermans's trumpeter; then a decided Gerard Dow; an old gentlewoman selling carrots, at a window, over a Turkey carpet, with a bullfinch in a cage, and some goldfish in a glass globe beside her; and then an unquestionable bit of Teniers, depicting vice, drinking, drunkenness and its effects; all these —together with a bouncing dame in the best style of Rubens, and a smoke-dried specimen of Rembrandt, as black as a hat —were exposed to view, and places speedily assigned them, according to the best rules of classification, and the judicious disposition of light; when one huge case attracted the notice of the enterprising Maxwell. Large nails and great care seemed to have been used in securing this huge object, and the young wine merchant almost hoped it might be one of Lawrence's largest portraits; that perhaps of Kemble in Hamlet, with Yorick's scull in his hand, which was painted in the year *of the great* scarcity in England, and was criticised by some

blundering blockhead as a representation of a starving Briton thanking Providence for the blessings of a brown loaf. What it was, he of course knew not; but the uncertainty added greatly to the interest which he felt; and accordingly heavier hammers and larger chisels were sent for, and greater exertions made to burst the casements which held the hidden treasure.

Crash went the sides, away split one piece, out flew another, until at length the picture, closely covered with baizes and flannels, was seen. Yet still in disguise; for such had been the care with which it had been deposited in its resting-place, that half an hour more was consumed in ripping open the cloths in which it was enveloped. The assiduous workmen, however, proceeded to divest it of all encumbrances, and raising it against the wall of the apartment, the light burst full upon the canvass, and exhibited to the astonished view of Edward Maxwell a whole length portrait, finely painted, of his mysterious beauty!—The lady of Long-Acre—the sylph of Charing-cross—the Venus of the Green Park. The likeness was accurate beyond belief—it was she—she herself—of that no doubt could exist—*but then who was she?*

CHAPTER XI.

"When shall we three meet again?"
SHAKSPEARE.

AT the present juncture of our history, it should seem that all the persons most intimately connected with each other, and whose union would be most conducive to the clearing up of certain mysteries, were to be widely separated from each other, and dispersed, as it were, over the face of the earth.

The Maxwells and Hanninghams had quitted Madeira just at the instant when their presence, at least that of the latter, would of course have elucidated in a moment the mystery of the hidden and now discovered picture—that there was something very like mystery connected with it, was clear; for none of the servants or clerks, confidential or ordinary, to whom Edward applied for information could, or, if they could, would enlighten him in the slightest degree upon the subject. They

only declared that they knew nothing of the picture, that they had never seen anybody there resembling it, and most of them denied any knowledge of the fact that there were any pictures in the house. One, a little more communicative than the rest, observed that Mrs. Hanningham had a sister, and that as it was evidently a modern portrait, it might be a likeness of her; and another, who was nearly as good a hand at discovering resemblances as the old lady Ligonier is said to have been,—who was startled with the likeness between the master of the house where she was making a visit, and the coal-scuttle which the servant brought into the drawing-room, and which her ladyship mistook for her hostess's son and heir,—found out that there was a striking similarity between the nose in the picture and that of Mrs. Hanningham herself, excepting, to be sure, that the lady's nose was aquiline, and the picture's Grecian; and that the eyes, save that they were black instead of blue, which Mrs. Hanningham's were, had exactly the same expression as those of that lady.

If, however, Edward was tormented and plagued to death by this accidental denouement in Madeira, the Maxwells were more embarrassed by what they discovered to be the real state of the case with respect to Apperton in England.

They reached Spithead, as I have already mentioned, in safety. It was then suggested that Maxwell and his daughter should land in the evening at Ryde: and that there in some quiet lodging, and under an assumed name for the *present*, they should remain secluded, until Hanningham should be able to send them such intelligence as might guide them in their future proceedings.

Ryde might be considered, in these days of improvement, when the place has grown from an inconsiderable fishing village to a staring, flaring, watering-place, no very fit spot for concealment; but with proper precaution as concerned Maxwell, who, under the pretext of being an invalid, would not mix with the visiters in the streets or walks, or other public places, Katherine felt assured she could manage so as to avoid all suspicion of their real names, or views in settling there. The master of the Rover had been on shore, and secured them a quiet lodging, away from the bustle of the fashionable acclivities, and the landlady being prepared for their reception in their new character and under their assumed names by the story which the skipper had given, and satisfied without further inquiries by a deposite of a month's rent for her apartments in advance, was ready to welcome the sick Mr. Martin and

his amiable daughter. The assumption of this name was suggested by the skipper himself, who remarked, with a prudence and forethought which neither the surgeon nor his daughter were likely to possess, that as all their trunks and linen were marked with the letter M, it would be but correct to give themselves some name which began with the same letter.

To Maxwell, whose hatred to the sea was not to be overcome by practice, the quiet and repose of the cottage at Ryde,—which, although it commanded a fine view of the splendid yet treacherous element, was covered with honeysuckles and jasmines, and shrouded by two or three old trees—rare ornaments to marine villas,—were quite soothing and delightful. The spot seemed exactly suited to the purpose to which they had appropriated it—there was a stillness and a steadiness in the little comforts of land—and of all lands, England—which tranquillized the old gentleman ; and although he could not but see with pain the anxiety and watchfulness of Kate for intelligence from London respecting Apperton, his health rallied even in the short space of three days ; and he prayed that circumstances might permit him, during the remnant of his life, to enjoy ease and quiet such as he then possessed, even under a roof as humble as that which then sheltered them.

There was one sad thought which preyed upon Kate ; one, too, which she ought not to have cherished until she had ascertained the fate of her worthless husband. She could not but feel the wretchedness of her situation, in being deprived by circumstances of hearing from Charles Somerford—her friend—she called him—her dear friend. If she could have guessed what had happened during the last two or three months of her absence, she might perhaps have felt an increased anxiety upon the subject ; for although she ought to have relinquished every hope of being his when she found herself the wife of another, it becomes necessary to admit that she had done no such thing ; and certain it is, that if she could have beheld him domesticated with such a being as Lady Emily Denham, in such a family as that of Lord Lessingham, her feelings would have been most powerfully excited. She, however, was unconscious of the trials to which his fidelity was exposed, and felt anxious merely because she was deprived of the power of communicating with one in whom she never could cease to feel the warmest interest.

It must, however, be admitted, that there was yet another being about whom Maxwell and Kate were anxious to hear

something, and from whom they felt assured they should *hear* much, if they could bring about a meeting without *danger*; and this person, as the reader may perhaps already anticipate, was no other than our old friend Godfrey Moss. Little did they think, while planning some contrivance to let this ancient friend of the family into the secret of their residence at Ryde, that he, the identical Godfrey, was to be found every day from ten till four, sitting in one of the wooden alcoves on the pier at that very place, watching the waves, and getting his *usual* "sniff of the briny," at the moderate rate of twopence per diem, or as he compounded for it, one shilling per week, Sunday included. Such, however, was the case; but there he might have sat, and smoked, and sighed, and grumbled till doomsday, had not a slight attack of illness which Kate suffered on the second or third day of Maxwell's stay in the island, rendered it necessary, or at least satisfactory to Maxwell, to call in a medical gentleman, whose agreeable manners and pleasant conversation were found to be most powerful auxiliaries to his drugs, draughts, potions, and powders.

This accomplished disciple of Esculapius was—not to speak it profanely—as well versed in the news and politic of the popular watering-place in which he practised, as Mr. Richard Gossip, who in the days of "my grandmother" operated in a different manner upon the inhabitants of the village where he flourished. To ingratiate himself with his new patient, and, as a punster would say, to secure his Martin as a *swallow*, the eloquent and vivacious leech proceeded to enumerate all the "characters" that enlivened Ryde; and, among others, having given precedence to a mad lord and a half-witted baronet, he named Mr. Godfrey Moss as a most eccentric, but very agreeable person, whose happiness seemed to consist in grumbling, and who spent all the time which he could spare from eating, drinking, and smoking, in finding fault with his wretched fellow "creturs," as he used to call them.

Little did Mr. Squills know the interest he had excited, by the mention of this greatly-desired friend, nor conceived how very much he had puzzled his hearers as to the safest mode of attracting him to the cottage. The Maxwells listened to the doctor's detail without betraying their emotion; and the doctor became interested in the Maxwells, because it was evident from the old gentleman's conversation, however disguised, that his knowledge upon medical matters was equal, if not superior, to his own. The name was not familiar to his ear, but still the attempt to conceal his acquaintance with the sub-

ject on which they spoke was vain; and at length the doctor —so called by *brevet* at Ryde—was compelled to ask Maxwell if he was not, or had not been, in the profession. To this question, Maxwell returned a somewhat evasive answer, which caused, when Squills returned home, an earnest and assiduous search in the list of the two colleges to discover any practitioner of the name of Martin.

It may seem strange that the surgeon, being a surgeon, should have called in medical assistance in a place where he so anxiously wished for concealment; but those who know the diffidence of the faculty when so dear an object as a daughter is concerned, will appreciate the paternal solicitude which induced him to apply for extraneous assistance; besides, as medicines might be necessary, the technicalities which Maxwell could scarcely have avoided in his prescription, would have been more likely to lead to suggestions and inquiries respecting the strangers, than a straight-forward application to the professional man of the place; Maxwell having quite well assured himself, before he did so, that he knew nothing personally of the Ryde practitioner.

When Squills had retired, Maxwell and his daughter began to consider the means of securing the society of Mousetrap, and of acquiring the information they were so anxious to obtain from him; and it was at length decided to write him a note, directed to the hotel where Squills had told them he was living, in which enough should be said to guide him to the cottage, without committing to paper the secret, which to poor Maxwell appeared the most vital in the world—he, with the prevalent blindness to self-knowledge, being fully convinced that every sheriff in England had orders to arrest him the moment he set foot in the country, and that bailiffs were lying in ambush in every town and village, ready to execute the mandates of their immediate superiors.

To the care of Kate was this special correspondence confided; she felt certain that a note of invitation in her well-known hand, although written in a fictitious name, would instantly apprize Moss of the real state of the case, while the matter might be unintelligible to any ordinary reader. But then she feared one of those sudden ebullitions with which she had been so long familiarized, and which would perhaps in an instant of surprise, and, as she flattered herself, pleasure, betray the whole of the mystery to anybody who might happen to be in the room with him. Therefore it was that she concluded her billet in the following terms:—

"If Mr. Moss should be disengaged this evening, and will call on Mr. Martin at Melrose Cottage, he will find a friend who will be extremely glad to see him."

This, folded three-corner-wise, and sealed with the device of a thistle, with "dinna forget" as a *device*, was despatched to the domicile of the eccentric Godfrey, and left there according to order, by the rosy-elbowed damsel who attended on the Maxwells in their retirement.

When Godfrey "toddled" (as he called it) home from the pier to dress for dinner—an operation which he performed by dipping the end of a towel into a basin of water, and rubbing his nose and mouth therewith; wiping just the ends of his fingers (bronzed with snuff) with whatever moisture there might be then left in the cloth, and shaking some of the pulverized pleasure of his life out of the folds of his coat—he found the triangular summons from Kate.

If there is one thing more worrying to a quick person than another, it is watching the deliberate motions of the apathetic recipient of a letter; he reads and rereads the superscription, examines the seal, and spells the post-mark, in order to ascertain from whom it comes before he opens it; when, if he would but dash at it, crack the seal, and tear the envelope, he would know at once, and to a certainty, who was the writer. To this process was Mrs. Apperton's triangle submitted; the thistle caught Godfrey's eye as he pored over the seal with his glasses on.

"Thistleum," said he to himself; "some Scotch cretur with no clothes to his back—'dinna forget'—trash! Let's see—'If Mr. Moss is disengaged'—no go—Mr. Moss is *not* disengaged. 'Mr. Martin—Melrose Cottage,' Bou! cottage—scarlet door, with a knocker and brass plate on him, and a great green-topped lamp over him! Melrose Cottage—'glad to see him'—I should think so—not to be had, Mr. Martin, whoever you are—provided for, to-day—some of the doctor's stuff at five—roast mutton and port wineums—'find a friend at Melrose cottage'—the friend must stay till to-morrow—perhaps a hoax altogether—'dinna forget'—the cockney creturs would read that as English, and think it a Scotch invitation to tea: 'dinner forget.'—But I've no time to lose; and as for Mr. Martin, whoever he may be, I dare say my friend Squillums will be able to tell me something about him."

Here the clock striking five, spoke so eloquently to Godfrey's anxious ear, that his soliloquy closed abruptly; and in ten

minutes he was seated in the dining-room of his hospitable host, the doctor.

While the events of this afternoon are passing, the reader may perhaps be desirous of knowing something of the movements of Charles Somerford, who retired from his conference with Mr. Macleod in a state of excitement and worry, which few people who have not been placed in similar situations of difficulty can duly appreciate. All that his Indian friend and counsellor had urged as to the great importance of the connexion with Lord Lessingham in a worldly point of view, he fully entered into; he admitted to himself that Lady Emily was integrally, and without regard to any other consideration, as near perfection as mortal is permitted to be. Her manners, her disposition, as well as her mind, her talents, and accomplishments, were all enchanting and enchaining. Her beauty, blighted as it was, became more interesting than it even was in its full blaze and radiance; and the tenderness and gentleness with which illness had soothed and softened the buoyant spirits of her youth, rendered her too winning, too delightful, to be long associated with, with impunity. Somerford loved her—as a brother—as a friend—nay, perhaps if the secrets of his heart had been laid open, it would have been found, such is human fallibility, that his firm determination to reject this splendid opportunity of making such an alliance, was the result of principle rather than of passion, and that his resolution to remain faithful to Kate was founded upon a sentiment of honour which would not suffer him to put the charms and attractions of Lady Emily in competition, in his mind, with those of his first—and faithless—love.

Whether there are many men who, having been treated—no matter under what circumstances—by a mistress, as Somerford had been treated by Miss Maxwell, would have pursued so strait a path, or maintained so rigid an observance of a pledge—which that mistress had herself violated—it is not for me to determine; it is sufficient for us to know that Charles, before he slept, wrote the following letter to Lord Lessingham:—

"My Lord,

"When our acquaintance commenced, and your lordship in a manner most flattering to my feelings, invited and received me into your house on terms of friendship, I little thought that circumstances would have compelled me to endeavour to exculpate myself from an imputation of duplicity, which I fear *must now lie upon my* character; or to enter into explanations,

which cannot be interesting to your lordship, except as they may tend to justify the kindness which I have experienced under your lordship's roof.

"The conversation which passed between us this evening, renders farther concealment of my real circumstances as impossible as it would be dishonourable; and although a fear of incurring a charge of vanity has prevented my earlier stating to your lordship that, which nothing but the occurrence of an event I had not the presumption to anticipate, could justify my troubling your lordship with, I feel myself now compelled to do so.

"Honoured beyond my utmost deserts by the favourable consideration of one of the loveliest and most amiable of human beings, what course have I to pursue?—but one—and that, one which however decidedly it blights the bright prospects of happiness I could not fail to enjoy under other circumstances, I am sure your lordship cannot fail to approve.

"The liberality, the nobleness of spirit, which your *lordship* has displayed in your conduct towards me, in the very peculiar situation in which I am placed, render me grateful beyond the means of expression; and the kindness and favour of Lady Emily Denham are too deeply engraven on my heart, ever to be effaced; but, seeing and affectionately admiring all her virtues, and all her merits, I should consider myself unworthy of the vast accumulation of favours which would be heaped upon me by an alliance with her, if I obtained those favours, *and that* happiness, by the violation of a pledge made—not to others—but to myself, in my early youth. It is clear, from what passed last night, that your lordship is aware of many of the circumstances to which I allude; among them, as you have said, you are aware that the faith plighted to me by the object of my earliest affections, has been broken; but I have a strong feeling upon the point, however cogent and powerful your lordship's arguments on the question undoubtedly are; and I declare to your lordship, that I do not feel exonerated, by a failure in the lady's constancy to me, from an engagement I made in the face of Heaven alone, and when no human eye could see me.

"But, my lord, two points suggest themselves here, on which I earnestly implore your lordship's attention.

"The first is, the character of my conduct since my admission into your society: exonerate me, let me implore you, from the suspicion that in any way, by word, by look, by manner, or by implication, I put myself forward in the character of one *aspiring to the* hand or heart of Lady Emily Denham; and

from this springs the other point which I wish more especially to be considered.

"If I were merely to declare that I had no object, in my constant association with your lordship's family, but the enjoyment of a society rendered most charming and fascinating to me, by the combination of attractions it possessed; and were I to dilate upon past circumstances, or recall events gone by to show that my views were wholly disinterested, except, as I have already observed, in the pleasure derivable generally from an association with your domestic circle, I might be doubted, and those who less know my heart than myself, might still charge me with what I believe is considered a venial crime, but which I confess I regard differently—heartless coquetry, and an intention to excite an affection, which I knew I had bound myself never to realize. But, my lord, when I detail to you the circumstances of my birth—when I tell your lordship, that my mother was the deserted illegitimate child of some unknown seducer, and that the dishonour and discredit thus thrown upon my lineage lost me the object of my earliest attachment, the daughter merely of a professional man; your lordship will see that the very reason of the case will clear me from any such imputation. I came into your house a stranger; you received me kindly, hospitably—I may, I must say, affectionately; surely you do not—will not—cannot believe, that a man feeling as I do, and sensitive in the highest degree upon points of honour, as far as I am myself concerned, would have so used or misused the privilege you kindly afforded me of mixing in your domestic society, to gain the affections of a lady of Lady Emily's rank, by doing which, I might inflict misery on her, in one case, or bring disgrace upon her in the other. Acquit me, my lord,—I know you will—of any such designs, and judge of my feelings by my conduct.

"My regiment is at present in Ireland; we expect orders for foreign service almost immediately: I must join them. Breathe not a word of this letter to Lady Emily; let her only know that I have been suddenly called hence, and early to-morrow I go; or if your lordship should feel that it would be better I should take leave of her, I will obey your commands, and stay until the evening. Order me as you please.

"My heart is too full to permit me to say a thousandth part of what I feel. If I have been imprudent in concealing from your lordship a suspicion which I had upon this point, attribute it to a diffidence which I have already said would not permit me to believe what now appears to be true. It is, indeed,

a severe trial, and terminates our acquaintance in a manner far different from that which I had hoped for. Pray let me hear from your lordship, and assure me that I am not considered entirely unworthy of the kindness I have received.

Believe me, my Lord,
your lordship's faithful
and obliged servant,
CHARLES SOMERFORD."

This letter, somewhat wild and incoherent as it was, Somerford despatched by a messenger in the morning. Lord Lessingham, who was an early riser, received it long before his darling Emily was stirring; Somerford did not wait long for a reply; in less than an hour he received the following :—

"DEAR SOMERFORD,

"I can find no fault with either your past conduct or your present determination. There is not a word to be said; remember this, however, that none but persons meanly prejudiced, and of very little minds, consider faults or follies hereditary. However unworthy your grandfather might have acted, the exemplary conduct of your mother, whom he deserted, wholly obliterates her involuntary disgrace. Assure yourself, that with such a heart as yours, such a bar in your escutcheon is no blot. Among your sincerest friends and well wishers always reckon,

Yours truly,
LESSINGHAM."

I will manage about your departure. I think a regular separation is to be avoided: go—and God be with you!

It was evident, from the tone of Lord Lessingham's letter, that he was attached to Somerford, and that his heart's hope was frustrated by the decided determination he had made with respect to Mrs. Apperton. Somerford felt relieved by the arrangement which his lordship had made, for he felt not exactly a doubt, that his stern resolve would have yielded to Lady Emily's tears in a parting interview, but he felt that he would rather have her left impressed on his memory with the same placid smile of kindness which beamed on her intelligent countenance as she quitted the drawing-room the night before, than agitated by passion or grief; passion that he dare not return, grief that he might not assuage. Those who have felt that duty and honour compelled them to relinquish all that might

have made them happy through life, will perhaps enter into the feelings of poor Charles Somerford.

There is a sequel to this portion of the story, which perhaps may as well be given here.

Charles Somerford proceeded on the following morning on his route to Dublin, where he had not been many days before an order for the removal of his regiment to the West Indies arrived. This most unexpected order was to Somerford something like sentence of death; not in a metaphorical sense, which as a transportation from the land which was so shortly to contain Katherine, it might be understood to be; but in the literal matter-of-fact signification of the words; seeing that having been so long an invalid in a hot climate, his return to another, and a less healthy one, would almost certainly induce a relapse, and send the devoted Major to an untimely grave.

There are secrets in all trades, and mysteries in all professions; and among Masonic lodges, of which the profane have no knowledge, the Horse Guards ranks as one; there, by some arrangement, of the nature of which I am not in the least aware, it was settled that Someford should go out with his regiment, and then exchange, by some process, with another Major who was there, and who did not wish to come home; and so with this scheme properly devised and concocted, the Major once more embarked on the briny ocean, and took his departure for Jamaica or Barbadoes; which, mattereth little to the carrying on of our *history*.

Lady Emily was prepared for the departure of her beloved Charles—for he *was* beloved with an ardour and fervency that man has but little idea of. The amiable girl had long in secret nursed the affection which very early in their acquaintance warmed her heart, but she concealed her feelings, and struggled with a preference which she could not avoid giving to merits and attractions like Somerford's; but when her poor grandfather perceived—as he did, and as she saw he did—that her manner towards his young visiter was more decidedly kind and affectionate than to any one else; that she sat and listened to hear what he read, or sang, or played, with an intenseness of attention which no other person or pursuit could command; when she saw this, and saw that Lord Lessingham appeared studiously to bring and leave them together; that his conduct towards Somerford was more than friendly, more paternal;—what could she think, but believe, as was the case, that her grandfather, anxious for her happiness, had determined to sacrifice some little *worldly* prejudices about rank or fortune to

secure her comfort through life, by uniting her to the man whom she loved, and whom he considered worthy of her affections. Lord Lessingham had determined to do exactly what his granddaughter anticipated; he forced nothing, he exacted nothing, but permitted affairs to take their course, convinced at last that their termination would be an offer from Somerford, and an acceptance by himself. He did not certainly foresee the possibility of Charles having a prior engagement; and if he even had suspected it, since they occasionally spoke of Kate, the very fact of her having married another lover would have set all doubt upon that point at rest, for his lordship was not at all prepared for so singular an act of self-devotion as that which in the sequel Somerford confessed himself to have committed.

Think then what a blow—what a deadly blow it must have been to a delicate creature almost on the verge of the grave, to feel herself rejected, as she did, in the short, yet to her terrible, conversation with Somerford which has already been recorded. It alarmed her dignity—it aroused all the woman in her bosom, and exhibited her to herself, timid and shrinking as she ever had been from all the world before—repelled and discarded by the man to whom, not only her manner, but her words themselves, had betrayed her affection for him.

It was of itself a blow almost too much for her; but when it was followed up by the announcement of the actual departure of the object of her affections, it became fatal; for weeks she remained silent and absorbed, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her cheek pale as the driven snow; sometimes a tear would fall, and a convulsive sob follow; but else she was placid and calm.

A change of scene and air was recommended, and they proceeded to Devonshire; but scene or air was naught to the poor broken-hearted Emily; she submitted patiently to all that the physicians directed or prescribed, and the venerable Lord Lessingham watched hour by hour over the flickering light of her existence, the termination of which was to leave him old, infirm, and alone in all the world; for sorrows had fallen upon him, and death had been busy in his house; and here before him lay the last inheritor of his temporal honours.

Why trace we all this misery—why profane a scene so sad and sorrowful, by looking upon such a wreck of hopes and joys? One little year before, the roses bloomed on her downy cheek, and the diamond sparkled in her eye—now, dim were their lights, and pale that beauteous flower. Man, in his various

pursuits, derives consolation in grief, and his thoughts, painful and harrowing at times, are diverted by the mixture of his avocations; but woman—woman who loves—lives on that love alone; all her thoughts, all her hopes, all her wishes centre there. What then must be the pang, the cruel, cutting, killing pang which at one blow destroys them all.

The lovely innocent remained for several weeks scarcely living; and when the last evening of her existence arrived, the change from sleep to death was hardly perceptible—in fact, she merely ceased to breathe, and those who were round her could know only by the cry of grief which burst from her agonized grandfather, that her pure soul had fled.

CHAPTER XII.

——"I do remember an apothecary."
SHAKSPEARE.

"I say, Squillums," said Moss, when he was well placed at the doctor's, "do you know who the people are that live at *Melr*ose Cottage—Martin, isn't that the name?"

"Martin," said the doctor; "the young lady is ill—a patient of mine."

"Natural consequences," said Moss; "but what are they?—where do they come from?—what do they do?"

"They seem," said the doctor, "mighty quiet people. By their own account, they have just come to England. I was called in to attend the young lady; but I cannot help fancying the father to be of the faculty."

"Knows more than yourself, perhaps," said Moss.

"He does not think so," said Squills, "or he would not have called me in."

"No proof that," replied Moss: "you all know the Tom-foolery of the thing, and you don't like to play your tricks upon yourself or your families—quite right, too."

"I can give you one more bit of information, and that is all," said the doctor; "the daughter's name is Kate, and, though she is called Miss Martin, wears a wedding-ring upon her finger."

"La! my dear," said Mrs. Squill, "don't talk in that way —it's down right scandal."

"A ring!" said Moss, "Kate!—Kittums!—halloo!—this means something—let me see!" saying which, he took out the note which he had received, and glancing his eye over it, returned it hastily to his pocket. "Ah! Martin—creturs—well!"

The whole truth had flashed upon him; and now his anxiety to get to them was easily demonstrable in his *fidgetting* haste to get through his port wine, and, as he said, "*be off.*"

"What, before tea, Mr. Moss?" said the doctor's lady; "you, too, who are so fond of your toast and butter."

"That's right, ma'am," said Moss, "remind me of your toast and butter, do—six-and-eightpence, eh? No, no; none of your toast and butter to-night—I must go."

"Which way are you going?" said Squills; "I must take a turn, too."

"To prevent the creturs getting well too fast," said Moss. "I'm going to the hotel. I have some business to do; but I'll see you in the morning."

"Shall I say any thing to the Martins about you?" said Squills.

"No, no; I know nothing of the Martins, nor they of me," replied Moss, who walked, or rather hobbled, as fast as he could in the direction of the hotel, and out of the way of the scrutinizing doctor; and when he had run himself out of sight, proceeded to inquire the way to the *rus in urbe* which his friends inhabited.

It was located in a sort of court or alley, with a clipped hedge-row on each side, and had, as Moss truly anticipated, a brass knocker and plate on the door; the former Mr. Godfrey Moss used with such dexterity, that in less than a minute the maid with the morn-like fingers opened the portal wide, when Godfrey, with the greatest care and caution lest he should betray his friend the surgeon, or involve him in any difficulties by his awkwardness, said, "Is Mr. Maxwell at home?"

"No, sir," said the female, "no Mr. Maxwell lives here, sir."

"Maxwell did I say?" said Moss; "Martin I mean."

"Oh yes, sir," replied the virgin, her plump face relaxing into the sweetest of plebeian smiles, "Mr. Martin is at home, and Miss—up-stairs, sir, if you please."

And accordingly up-stairs mounted the maid, and up-stairs followed Godfrey, whose surprise was somewhat excited when

ıe girl threw open the drawing-room door, and announced him
y his proper name, Mr. Moss.

"Why how do you know me?" said Godfrey.

"Every body knows you, sir," said the maid.

"Psha!" said Moss, "silly cretur! Ah, Mack—Mack—
fartin I mean—Kate, how are ye—how d'ye do? Give me
kiss, Kittum! Give us your hand—well, alive and merry,
ı? but——"

"Hush!" said Kate; "recollect the size of our house, and
ıe thinness of the partitions. We must talk no secrets here."

"Tell me," said Maxwell in a whisper, "have you any news
f Apperton?"

"He's off, sir," said Moss; "gone to the other world."

"Dead!" said Kate, in a tone so very peculiar, that, in
ıercy to her character as a wife, I shall not attempt to de-
cribe it.

"Dead!" said Moss; "not he. He's gone abroad to prevent
ying, I believe. Oh, the cretur!—that king of the Cat and
auliflower, as I call him—forgery is about the best of his
imes."

"Mind, Mr. Moss," said Maxwell, "thin walls."

"What, are there many listening creturs?" said Moss.

"No," said Katherine; "at the present moment there is
obody in the house but the maid-servant and——"

"I tell ye what do with her," said Godfrey: "tell her to
ep to the hotel, and desire Yelf to send me a bottle of *my*
ırticular ginnums; that will give the maid an errand, and
hen she comes back, Kate, I'll give you a job to make some of
e old stuff."

"Still at it, Moss," said Maxwell.

"Still," said Moss; "slow poison, like Dr. Johnson's green
a, isn't it, Maxwell? But how well you are looking. So
ou have had Lord Hillingdon at Madeira; he was here before
went, for a day or two—such a cretur! Well, and how's
eddums?"

"We left him quite well," said Kate, "and partner to a
ine merchant."

"Wine stuff!" said Moss; "what Neddums running about
ith a tin funnel and a bit of tallow candle stuck in a lath—
ou! Has he found out his flying Dutchwoman yet?"

"No," said Maxwell; "and never will, as I take it."

Kate, according to Godfrey's instruction, before the conver-
ıtion went any farther, despatched the maid in pursuit of the
esired beverage; and taking advantage of her absence they

gleaned from Moss, in his odd disconnected mode of conversation, that Apperton's conduct had been most atrocious, and that nothing but a precipitate flight would have saved his neck.

This was a terrible discovery for poor Katherine—her husband gone beyond redemption, ruined in fortune and character, and yet firmly bound to her for the rest of his natural life. Much better, as Moss said, would it have been, that he had died; but some people die to grieve the hearts of the survivors, and others live to plague their fellow-creatures,—*and* these are among the curiosities of the world.

"I should recommend you, Mack," said Godfrey, "to put out your feelers; try and beat up the enemy's quarters before you come out of your concealment."

"I have already taken precautionary measures," said Maxwell. "Hanningham, who is my son's partner at Madeira, has gone to London for the purpose of instituting inquiries."

"Hanningham," said Moss; "what relation is he to *the* man who murdered his partner—any? I hope not; *perhaps* the fancy runs in the family."

"He is the son of that Hanningham," said Maxwell.

"Pretty connexion, Kittums!" said Godfrey.

"He is, I assure you," said Mrs. Apperton, "a most delightful person; and his wife one of the quietest, most unassuming of women."

"Does he ever refer to the accident that occurred to his father?" said Moss.

"Not to strangers, of course," said Maxwell. "He has talked to me much upon the subject."

"Why I suppose he is rather shy of the subject," said Moss: "a gibbet, by way of a family tree, makes a man silent about his ancestors."

"For my part," said Kate, "I have heard so much on the point, and heard such excellent traits in his father's character, that I believe him to have been unjustly convicted."

"What were the circumstances—I almost forget?" said Moss; "things like that go in at one ear and out at the other."

"The story is short," said Maxwell. "He had entered into partnership with a man whose temper was violent, and whose mind was ill suited, as it seems by all accounts, for the cares of business. Some great errors appeared in the books, which Vernon—so was the partner named—either could not or would not explain, and a long smouldering discontent at length burst into a violent quarrel."

"Here's the ginnums, Mrs. Kate," said Moss, seeing the Hebe of Melrose Cottage enter with bottle, jug, lemons, sugar, and all according to the ancient regime, and in conformity with Mrs. Apperton's directions. "I beg your pardon, Mack—that is to say, Martin; but I'll listen patiently—only I'm rather thirsty, and——go on."

"It was one evening after a more than usually violent altercation between them," said Maxwell, "that they quitted the city together in Hanningham's gig——"

"Oil and vinegar in the same bottle," said Moss.

"It had been always Hanningham's custom to carry pistols in this gig on their nocturnal excursions to his country-house, somewhere near Tooting; and on this occasion those weapons were in the carriage in which Vernon, according to his usual custom, took a seat as far as Balham, where *he* resided. On *this* night Vernon was shot dead upon Clapham Common; the noise of the firing attracted the notice of some people on the road, and they succeeded in stopping the gig, in which Hanningham was seen flying, rather than driving along the road from the scene of blood."

"That's awkward," said Moss—"one leetel bit more sugar, Kate. Well, Mack?"

"Lights were procured," said Maxwell; "and Hanningham, in the midst of his alarm and trepidation, made the bystanders comprehend that the gentleman who had been his fellow traveller was shot. They traced back their way along the road, and there, at about five hundred yards from the place where they apprehended Hanningham, discovered the lifeless body of Vernon, who had been shot through the head, and could not have survived the wound an instant."

"Through his head!" said Moss; "which side—eh?"

"That next to Hanningham," said Maxwell.

"More awkward still," said Godfrey.

"The search for the pistols was next proceeded in," said Maxwell; "for when the gig was stopped, no such weapons were found in it; while Hanningham, who admitted, perhaps needlessly, perhaps unintentionally, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, that his pistols were on the floor of the gig when they started, said he concluded, that on the fall of Vernon from the vehicle, and the desperate plunge the horse gave when alarmed by the shot, they must have fallen on the ground. This suggestion was followed by an immediate search along the road; when at about the distance of twenty yards from the body, and within four yards of each other, the identical pistols

were found—one loaded with ball, and the other having been recently discharged."

"That's worst of all," said Godfrey.

"Listen," said Kate; "for I assure you I am deeply interested, and although I know the facts by heart, I always watch the narrative in the hope of catching some new point upon which to exonerate the man I believe to have been innocent."

"Considering that he has been hanged more than a twelvemonth, I think the balm to the wound comes too late—*but go on*," said Godfrey.

"Hanningham was conveyed to town, and an examination took place the next day. The turnpike men at Newington deposed, that they heard the prisoner and another person using most violent language to each other as they drove through the gate. That they knew the prisoner by sight perfectly well, from his constantly passing and repassing. It was also shown in evidence, that it was usually the custom of Hanningham to take a groom with him and Vernon on their return to the country; but that on this particular night Hanningham had, contrary to that custom, told the man to remain in town, as he should not want him. Upon this evidence he was committed."

"Pretty strong too," said Moss.

"On the trial, the corroborating circumstances of his guilt were more conclusive; and the details, some of which I forget, formed such a complete piece of circumstantial evidence against him, that the jury seemed hardly disposed to wait for his defence."—

"What *was* his defence?" said Moss.

"Why rather a weak one, I admit," said Maxwell. "He stated that they had been attacked by either foot-pads or highwaymen, he could not tell which—that he did not see the person or persons—that the shot fired appeared to come from behind him—but that there was no previous attempt to rob them, and that he could give no other account of the affair.

"The servant who had been directed for that night to remain behind, contrary to the usual custom, proved that he had loaded the pistols, and put them, as they were always put, under the seat on which his master sat and drove.

"The excitement was, as you may remember, so great," continued Maxwell, "that one dared scarcely express a thought of Hanningham's innocence. The indignation of the jury, which unhesitatingly returned a verdict of guilty, appeared to communicate itself to the judge, who, in passing sentence, in the most elaborated manner, inflicted pangs more terrible than

death upon the prisoner; and Hanningham was executed on the top of Horsemonger-lane prison, on the following Monday."

"And he never confessed?" said Godfrey.

"On the contrary," said Kate, "his last breath was spent in making the most fervent and solemn asseverations of his innocence. Asseverations to which the purity and excellence of his previous life gave great weight with unprejudiced persons. They had none, however, in the official quarter, and the law took its course."

"I recollect," said Moss, "the day of the execution was a tremendously stormy day—I remember it quite well."—

"No matter," said Maxwell, "I should not have touched upon the subject, but that I wish you to like young Hanningham; and as you see that the whole case turned upon circumstantial evidence, the chances are—at least so I think—that his father suffered innocently—and I for myself believe that to be the case: but you must promise, should we live to meet again, in a quiet home of our own, never to make the slightest allusion to the circumstance in Hanningham's presence."

"I,—no," said Moss; "leave me alone—I may talk to the faculty of killing their patients, and such trash as that, but that's only a capital joke—a capital punishment is another thing altogether."

"And pray," said Kate, "how have you become so intimate with our medical adviser here?"

"Cottoned to *me*, Kate," said Moss—"I wasn't right, so I had some of his physic—never could persuade him to accept of any money—took it all out in my society; and so whenever I have been here, he has first fed me gratis till he has made me ill, and then physicked me for nothing till he made me well."

"A very agreeable system," said Maxwell: "if he has many patients on the same terms his profits must be wonderful."

"He has taken a partner," said Moss, "one that looks after the twopences. I hate him—a cretur that would live upon the white of an egg on Monday; on the yolk, Tuesday; and eke out his Wednesday's dinner with broth made of the shell. When he came in, out came a bill to me, as long as your arm—two draughts and pill, five shillings; ditto ditto, five shillings—so I goes to my doctor and shows him the 'little account' as his cretur of a partner called it. 'I'll settle that,' said Squillums, and away he goes into the parlour, behind a green curtain, and tells this chap that I am a friend, and never

pays on no account whatsoever. What do you think this young parsnip-faced puppy says?—Oh! says he, 'If he is a friend, of course he shall go on on the old terms; only we had better contrive to drop into powders—bottles cost money'—did you ever hear of such a cretur?"

"Has the doctor, as you call him, any family?" said Kate.

"Two daughters," said Moss—"one fair, delicate, and good-natured; the other dark, fiery, and a she wit. I call *her* his black dose, and her sister, his mild emulsion—eh, Mack?"

"Your technicalities are capital, Mousetrap," said Maxwell; and scarcely had he said it when the door of the little drawing-room opened, and exhibited to their sight the identical parent of the two medicinal Venuses, who, resolved to satisfy his suspicions as to the destination of Godfrey Moss, made a merit of a second visit to his fair and convalescent patient.

"Why, Medicus!" cried Moss, as he entered the room.

"Why, Mr. Moss!" exclaimed Squills; "upon my word, you are very snug and comfortable. I don't wonder now at your anxiety to quit my house. You, madam," continued he, addressing Kate, and looking at the punch-making apparatus on the table, "seem to know the way to Mr. Moss's heart."

"I have so long been accustomed to his fancies," said Kate; and then suddenly recollecting herself, she looked exceedingly silly and very red.

"I did not know," said the Galen of Ryde, "that you *were* acquainted with Mr. Martin—the—"

"Martin—bou!" said Moss.

"My dear friend," said Maxwell, who clearly perceived that the potion Moss had been swallowing had added to his communicativeness, in an equal proportion to its diminution of his discretion, "we have met before, and I hope we shall continue to meet."

"I only meant to say," said Squills, "that when I mentioned your name to Mr. Martin, he did not seem to recollect it; and when I mentioned Mr. Martin's name to you, you were eqally at a loss."

"Come, Pillbox," said Moss, "take a glass of this. Oh, I'll mix it for you; Maxwell don't care for the sugar and water, and the ginnums is——"

"Maxwell!" said Squills, "then I *am* right. Now I recollect, sir, to have had the honour of being once in your company before, and I am now in the presence of one of the most eminent men in the profession. I——"

"Indeed, sir," said Kate, "my father—I—that is——"

"Oh, stuff, gammon, trash!" said Moss, "it's all my fault; but that cretur is as close as a poor-box. Mack, you know what secret-keeping is—never tattle—it *is* Maxwell. All my doing; I never was good at a mystery—old friend of mine—I——"

"I feel myself sadly humiliated," said Maxwell, "by this discovery. Misfortunes inevitable, and no fault of my own, have rendered this temporary disguise necessary. You are now aware of it—I am sure I may confide in your honour."

"That you may, sir," said Squills; "if the feeling that I have been put into possession of a secret accidentally, did not of itself bind me, the admiration and respect I entertain for your high character and qualities would of themselves secure you from the consequences of any indiscretion of mine."

"Well said, Bolus," exclaimed Moss, who was so elated by the sight of the Maxwells and the spirit of Yelf's gin, that it was with great difficulty his liveliness could be subdued to the moderate tone which it was absolutely necessary to adopt in so small and fragile a building as Melrose Cottage.

Moss, in the course of the conversation, recapitulated all the misdeeds of Apperton, and then avowed the fact that Miss Martin was in fact the wife of the nefarious exile. "Faith," said Moss, "it was your account of Miss Martin's wedding ring, and the name of Kate, that gave me the first clue to my old and excellent friends."

In social converse passed the evening; the Ryde practitioner forgot all the other patients whom he had said he had to visit; and when his little boy, in a glazed hat, with a basket on his arm, came and said his master was wanted by a lady, Squills sent a short message—the lady being his wife—to say he could not come; and partook, with great satisfaction and a sea-side appetite, of the small cold collation which was prepared for Mousetrap.

Maxwell, after the departure of his visiters, expressed to his daughter his great regret at the strange communicativeness of Moss, upon a point so closely connected, as he believed, with his personal security; however, it relieved him of a constant nervousness and restraint before the apothecary, who was the only inhabitant of Ryde, with the exception of Moss himself, they were likely to see during their stay there.

In London, things of more vital importance were transacting. There Hanningham was devoting himself to unravelling the tangled meshes of Maxwell's affairs. He saw the only

lawyer the surgeon knew professionally; but he being of the first class of solicitors, turned up his nose at "common law;" and moreover had never been consulted by Maxwell, whose high opinion of his worthy son-in-law, added to an idea, instilled into his mind by that respectable individual, that secrecy was absolutely necessary to the ultimate success of their schemes and expedients, had induced the innocent old gentleman to suffer himself to be robbed, literally robbed of every thing he possessed in the world, without interposing even a remonstrance, or repairing to a human being for counsel or advice.

The great difficulties which presented themselves to Hanningham, appeared to him to be certain out-standing acceptances, for which Maxwell had rendered himself liable, beyond the total destruction of his actual property. It was of course a matter of the first importance to ascertain where and in whose possession these securities actually were, and what were the feelings and dispositions of the holders towards the unfortunate accepter. Some bonds also of Maxwell's were extant; but it seemed that nobody knew exactly where they were deposited.

One event had occurred for which neither the Maxwells nor Hanningham were at all prepared. A half-brother of Apperton's, it turned out, had been apprehended, tried, and convicted of some active participation in the nefarious proceedings of his relative, and was, at the moment of the arrival of the party from Madeira, in Newgate, under sentence of transportation. It was from the report of the trial of this man, that Hanningham was best enabled to understand the extent of the villany of Apperton, who it appeared, in his career of infamy, had not stopped short even of forgery. The reader may perhaps not feel so sorry for the fate of his worthy colleague, who was merely waiting an order to remove from Newgate to New South Wales, when he is told that it was the identical Biddle whose insolence had so outraged the feelings of the Maxwells while they were staying at Brighton.

To this person Hanningham determined to apply himself, in order, if possible, to obtain some clue to the actual possessor of poor Maxwell's securities; and accordingly he proceeded to the prison where he was confined, and with very little difficulty succeeded in obtaining an interview with him.

The events which had occurred during the last few months had made but little alteration in his manner, although his dress was slovenly, and his inattention to appearance rather remark-

. Hanningham obtained admission to him without an-
ıcing either his name or business, and addressed him with
t civility, informing him that he wished for a few moments
ersation.

Well, sir," said the fellow, flippantly and impertinently
gh; " whose business is it about—mine or yours? because
ll make an uncommon deal of difference in my disposition
lk, if it should be any thing about myself. Any change in
estination? for, between you and me, sir, I think I am infi-
y too sharp a fellow to be sent to Botany Bay, whatever
may think."

My mission here," said Hanningham, " is not connected
any alteration in your fate, I am sorry to say; but as you
loubtless well acquainted with the affairs of Mr. Apperton,
I am very much interested about them, I wished to ask, as
can do him no harm by being explicit, nor do yourself any
l by maintaining silence upon certain points, whether you
ld be disposed to give me some information with respect
ertain bonds and bills, and other liabilities in which Mr.
well, Mr. Apperton's father-in-law, is said to be seriously
lved."

Will you allow me to ask you one question?" said Biddle—
e you an attorney?"

I am not," said Hanningham; " I am a merchant, and
rested upon this point, because I have undertaken, at the
iest of Mr. Maxwell, for whom I have a high regard, to
avour to trace out the possessor of these documents."

And where is the proud old dunderheaded doctor at this
ent time?" said Biddle.

Mr. Maxwell do you mean, sir," said Hanningham.

Yes, I do, sir," said Biddle; " if it had not been for his
d, overbearing behaviour to me, and the sneers of his vain
ly, I should never have been here. He and his insulted me,
nsulted my half-brother, and I swore I would be revenged;
I am—but I have been caught in my own trap. However,
whoever you may be, if I knew where you could lay your
ls upon all those papers you want, I would die before you
ld know. No; I am smashed in the scrape, so is Apper-
and I should be worse than a fool to get old Maxwell clear,
e his ruin is the only consolation I have for having been
ed myself."

But surely," said Hanningham, " a vindictive feeling can
no place in your heart now. I admit, that if any possible
ntage were *derivable* to yourself by this line of conduct, it

would be perfectly excusable; but consider, you are under the sentence of the law, a sentence which nothing can revoke except the exercise of the royal prerogative, which is not likely to be exerted in your favour. Why not release the unhappy victim of Apperton's duplicity from the peril, or at least the apprehension of peril, under which he is suffering?"

"Suffering!" cried Biddle; "what did he think of my suffering, when he insulted *me?* What did he think of Apperton's suffering, when he preached up about legitimacy, and honour, and family, and pride? He knew my brother had no right to stand up for family or legitimacy; but as long as he fancied he could make something out of him, never a word did he say about legitimacy. No; but the minute he found things had taken an ugly turn, this poor, proud doctor comes out with a long rigmarole about his family. Family indeed! he and I were born much alike, with no shoes to our feet; and deused glad we both were when we found a pair of pumps to fit. And it isn't because that cold-blooded prig chose to put starch in his neckcloth, and eat dry toast for breakfast, that he is to come domineering over me and my blood. No, no, grind him—grind him, is my advice; and wherever he is, the whole burden of his bills, bonds, and liabilities be upon him."

"I am sorry to see you so irritated, sir," said Hanningham. "I came as the harbinger of peace, at least I hoped so. I only asked as a favour, that you would relieve a mind already dreadfully agitated from a load which he has no *right to* sustain."

"Relieve!" said Biddle. "Why should I relieve him? Here I am, sentenced to transportation—for what?—trying to save him, and bolster up his credit."

"Surely not Mr. Maxwell's credit," said Hanningham.

"Yes, Mr. Maxwell's credit," replied the other. "Didn't he bolt—abscond—toddle, as they say here? Well, what was to be done?—something—and Jack Apperton and I did it: and fourteen years transportation is the reward of my ingenuity. Why should I set Maxwell's mind at ease if I could? No; you tell me where he is, and in four-and-twenty hours he shall be grinning through the bars of a prison like a panther at Piddock's. If I saw him rotting—perishing—perishing for want of food, I would not give him the dirtiest crust I would give to a dog, to save him."

"I repeat," said Hanningham, "that I regret that such a spirit should animate you at this moment."

"You regret," said Biddle, "and pray, sir, if you come to

that, who is it that I have the honour of talking to?—some sixty-fifth Scotch cousin of the Scotch surgeon, whose pedigree is as long as Queen Elizabeth's at Hatfield, or perhaps even longer, with a marginal note in the middle, 'about this time the world was created;' for old Bess only traces herself back to Adam."

"I, sir," said his companion, "have not the honour to be related at all to Mr. Maxwell, but I stand closely connected with him in the degree of friendship; I respect him, I esteem him, I love him; but I am not connected with him. My name, sir, is Hanningham."

"Hanningham," said Biddle, with a look of triumph; "Hanningham!—not related to the murderer—to the wretch who was hanged at Horsemonger-lane Jail—the fellow who shot his partner—no connexion of his, I suppose, sir."

"I have done," said Hanningham. "If the sins of fathers are to be visited upon their children, it is not by mortal cruelty, nor by the insolence of so black-hearted a villain as yourself. I have never seen such hardened atrocity as you have been pleased to display in this interview; but the day will come when you will repent—at least I hope so. I shall not trouble you further; but merely express my regret that you are so debased and so degraded that I dare not vindicate the memory of an injured and misrepresented parent by a summary process, the nature of which I leave you to surmise."

Had poor Hanningham had the proper and reasonable control of his feelings, he would not have condescended even to be angry with such a wretch as this convict; but there are moments when the most placid and best regulated among us lose the equilibrium of temper, and descend almost to a level with their base and guilty antagonists, upon points like that upon which the convicted felon had dwelt.

Hanningham was so much excited, so dreadfully agitated at the recurrence to his unhappy father's fate, that it was with difficulty he could keep himself from fainting—and if he had not been suffered to go into one of the open yards, where the prisoners take exercise, he would, in all probability, have sunk under the operation of his mingled feelings.

One of the turnkeys opened a door which gave admission to one of those spaces, and he availed himself of the circumstance to inhale a little of the thick atmosphere of London—but it was with difficulty that he kept himself steady enough to see what was passing round him.

He stood in the midst of convicts under sentence of death,

but who had not yet been reported—yet even here he received kinder treatment and more sympathy from his companions, who saw that he was violently agitated, than he had experienced in his interview with the hardened villain Biddle.—And what reflections flashed into his mind! He saw squalid misery—poor wretches manacled and allowed the benefit of air, merely to sustain life, until the law, which had declared its forfeit, should reach its maturity and take it; and oh! how were those feelings magnified, when he recollected that a parent whom he adored, and who, if he had not undergone the tedious preparation for death which those for minor crimes are permitted to suffer, had expiated a still greater atrocity in pursuance of a verdict given by a jury—precisely as that had been delivered, by the force of which these manacled miscreants before him had been doomed to die.

Pale, trembling, and dreadfully agitated, he looked round him, as the small modicum of air which finds admission into a highly-walled yard of a prison refreshed him, and he beheld the crowd of victims to offended justice walking, laughing, and talking, as if they were either uncertain of their fate, or careless of the event. What a picture! To think that every one of those doomed to perish by the hand of the common executioner had been nursed, and fondled, and loved, and praised to the very echo, by his fond father, and doting mother—the pain, the perils that his parents had undergone to rear him; the anxious watchings of his innocent slumbers; the affectionate kiss with which at night they had laid him to rest; the smile, the laugh,—his little playful efforts to speak—the joy that beamed in their eyes as he made progress, and could pronounce the endearing word "father" or "mother;"—and then to see the same beings hardened in guilt—the victims of vice—marks for the law's aim—retributive sacrifices upon the altar of offended justice. It was an awful sight, and with nerves attuned as Hanningham's were,—he whose father had expiated upon a scaffold the worst of crimes, and was perhaps almost the worst of murderers,—it was not a scene in which it was likely he should regain health and strength.

As he sat on a stone bench and drank some water which the turnkey brought him, several of the culprits came round him—some with a confused idea of hope that he was another added to those already marked out for punishment; others because they thought his coming might be connected with some mitigation of their punishment; but among them there was one, a short thick-set man, whose beard and whiskers were long and

shaggy, whose eye rolled—" in a fine phrensy," and who fixed his looks most intently upon the new comer. He inquired of the turnkey why the gentleman was there, and the turnkey explained that he was merely " an *amateur*."

" Do you know his name ?" said the man.

" No," said the turnkey.

" I think *I* do," said the culprit ; " and I should like to speak to him."

" As you think proper," said the turnkey.

The man walked up to the form where Hanningham was sitting, and placing his finger upon his lip, again scrutinized him with a degree of interest far beyond the ordinary excitement of curiosity.

Hanningham felt uneasy at his situation, and rose from his seat to quit the yard—the short thick-set man followed him : he was near the gate—the man touched him—Hanningham turned.

" Your name is Hanningham," said the short thick-set man ; " is it not ?"

" It is," said Hanningham.

" Did you never see me before ?" said the man ; " or am I so altered that you have forgotten me ?"

Still Hanningham did *not* recollect him.

" Do you remember Hall ?" said the short thick-set man.

" Hall—my father's clerk ?" said Hanningham, " to be sure *I do*."

" I am Hall," said he—and the moment he said so, Hanningham recollected him ; but so changed, so altered, that he might have passed him in the streets a thousand times without having been recognised by him.

" What brought *you* here ?" said Hanningham.

" Forgery, Mr. Hanningham," said Hall ; " my die is cast, nothing can save me—there is a good deal of delay in reporting convicts—but my fate is certain. Come this way a little. It must be Providence, and Providence alone, that sent you here. I never could, never should have had courage to do, what, please God, I *will* do, if I had not seen you—but what is to be, is——"

" What do you mean, Hall ?" said Hanningham.

" Oh, mercy, mercy ! Mr. Hanningham," said Hall, apparently agonized beyond the power of endurance. " If you knew, if you could suppose half my villany, you would strike me dead at your feet ; but I am resolved upon my course—it

shall be done. Yet, how dare I, how can I look upon you, and recollect the dreadful, damning injury I have done you!"

"What injury?" said Hanningham.

"Your father—your father," said Hall—"died upon the scaffold—I——oh, mercy on me!"

"Come, come," said the turnkey, "time's up, gentlemen, I must trouble you to go in."

The crowd of convicts obeyed the command, but Hall lingered.

"Come, Mr. Hall," said the man.

"I will," said he, "but this must not be the last meeting we have—I cannot die as it is—I must see you—I must tell you something—dreadful, most dreadful—but you shall hear it. It is all I can do; all the atonement I can make in this world. When will you come?"

"To-morrow," said Hanningham, "at the earliest hour permitted."

"To-morrow, let it be," replied Hall. If the report goes up, I shall be ordered for execution—Sha'n't I, Tom?" continued he, addressing the turnkey.

"Why let's hope for the best, Mr. Hall," said the turnkey—"there's nothing unpossible to Providence, except gunpowder ashes; and you may be spared—but I don't think it likely—you are a deused sight too clever to live."

"What a flattering fellow it is," said Hall, addressing himself to Hanningham—"well then, to-morrow at twelve."

"I will be punctual, rely upon it," said Hanningham.

"It will be a load of a million weight off my guilty heart," said Hall—"and you must hear it—you *shall* hear it. Good day, sir—I dare'n't look at you—but I say again, it was Providence sent you here, to confirm my determination upon this point—now it must and shall be done. A man has but one neck, let the number of his crimes be what they may,—good day, good day."

Saying which, the wretched man returned to his companions in guilt and misery, and Hanningham, heart-sick of the whole scene, got out of the prison as fast as he could, and repaired to the hotel where he had established himself and his fair lady on their first arrival in England.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me—like a fear to die.
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay; though they resolve to go.
DRYDEN.

THE remainder of the day, the beginning of which Hanningham had passed in the prison, hung heavily on hand, such was his desire to be informed upon the important matters which *Hall* declared he had to communicate; indeed, if the truth were told, even his anxiety with respect to Maxwell, and his indignation at the callous villany of Biddle's conduct, yielded to his personal interest in the latter affair. His thoughts once glanced at the possibility of his father's innocence of crime, but how that could now be established, or if it were established, of what avail it could be, except, indeed, as rescuing his memory from obloquy, it would be difficult to understand.

On this latter point, candid and communicative as he always was to the amiable woman whom his lucky stars had given him for a wife, he maintained a perfect silence; a proceeding which added very considerably to the difficulty of his position. She, who watched every turn of his countenance, and had learned to comprehend his very thoughts and feelings by its workings, was quite aware that he was agitated by something more than he had spoken of. The vagueness, however, of his suspicions and expectations with regard to the communication to be made by Hall, induced him to maintain a perfect silence on the subject.

It was evident that from Biddle he could gain no assistance in the unravelling of Maxwell's affairs, and he determined that he would make no farther attempts in a quarter where he had been repulsed in a manner which he could not brook; and whence, even if he could have submitted to the fellow's violence and insolence, it was quite clear no information that they could with any degree of certainty depend upon, could be obtained. He wrote to Maxwell, and communicated to him the ill success *of his mission*, and his apprehension that, from the

spirit of animosity which seemed to exist in the minds and tempers of Apperton's connexions, nothing but vexation and embarrassment was to be expected from the conduct they would pursue. He advocated in his letter the continuance of their concealment, at all events for some days; and having heard since his arrival of their discovery of Moss in the Isle of Wight, he felt assured that the inconvenience of restraint would be considerably alleviated by the presence of that eccentric personage, and was confident in Maxwell's perseverance in the cautious system which he had adopted.

The reader may perhaps recollect that when we last heard of Charles Somerford, he was on the point of proceeding to the West Indies with his regiment from Ireland. He had long since departed, and having done what was considered necessary for effecting the exchange he desired, had returned to his native country; not, however without having suffered considerably by indisposition during his short stay in the island to which he was destined. His grief at finding, on his arrival in England, that his worst anticipations with regard to Lady Emily Denham's health had been realized, and the feeling which he could not entirely overcome that he had been, perhaps innocently, the cause of the melancholy event, seriously affected him. He made immediate inquiries where Lord Lessingham was residing: doubtful, however, whether the old nobleman would wish to see the individual who had sealed the fate of his beloved Lady Emily, by his decided adherence to a line of conduct which his lordship had before stigmatized as worse than foolish. Yet his gratitude for past kindness, and a thousand scarcely definable feelings, led him to desire once again to see the friend whose generous reception of him, and whose noble disinterestedness as regarded his lovely grandchild, had entirely gained his affection, and secured his eternal gratitude.

Charles was not long without information on this point. On his arrival in London, he found a letter awaiting him at the agent's, from the venerable peer, who had returned to his residence in the vicinity of London. Perhaps it may as well speak for itself, and give the reader an opportunity of judging the feelings by which it was dictated, and of imagining the consequences to which it might lead. It ran thus:—

Richmond, ———

"DEAR SOMERFORD;

"Your return to England, according to the accounts I have received of you, may be shortly expected. I look forward to

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it with anxiety and impatience. I have lost my treasure—the beloved of my heart is gone!—my adored Emily is in heaven! and I am left a lone, wretched, childless, isolated being! I cannot endure society; I cannot gain courage sufficient to mingle with the world, and I feel too surely that I shall sink under the weight of my afflictions.

"To your return I look forward as the only event likely to afford me consolation—your presence is absolutely necessary to my comfort and the repose of my mind. At first, the association of ideas which cannot fail to connect you in my mind with the angel who is gone, will be painful—bitterly painful; but that will subside, and I shall feel calmed and soothed in the society of one who was so dear to her.

"I am the more anxious that you should receive this letter as soon as you reach London, because I apprehend that the anxiety I felt upon the great object of my life, when we discussed it together, might have induced me to drop some expressions with respect to your self-devotion to the object of your first love, of a much harsher character than your conduct in that affair warranted or justified. You have behaved nobly; and although I am doomed to suffer deeply for the strength of your resolution, I cannot but admire the steadiness of principle which actuated your behaviour. I spoke harshly of your friends, the Maxwells: they do not deserve it, and I gladly retract any thing that might have given you uneasiness upon that point. I lamented the consequences of your decision, and was actuated in the strongest manner possible to endeavour to shake it. I believe Mrs. Apperton to be a lady of the most amiable disposition; and although I cannot altogether comprehend the strong measures which Maxwell adopted to separate you and his daughter, nor entirely admit the judiciousness, on her part, of accepting another suitor, still there are allowances to be made. You were poor and unknown, and the circumstances connected with the birth of your mother, although of course wholly uncontrollable by you, operated on his mind, not to your disadvantage, but, as parents habitually see in their children qualities which eyes less intimate with their merits do not always perceive, he anticipated for *her* rank and fortune, which, whatever might be your eventual success, it was extremely improbable you could give her, until you had passed the period of life at which her marriage would be desirable.

"I am now arguing favourably upon points which I considered differently before, in order to show you that I am ready to admit *my error*, and anxious to meet you with no apprehen-

sion on your part of hostility on mine to the line you have taken with regard to your vow of constancy. Come to me, then, as soon as you arrive ; you will find my house, my heart, open to receive you. The chief ornament of my domestic circle is gone—the dear, good child of my old age is no longer with me. Soon, very soon, shall I follow her from this troublesome world, with which, and all its follies and vanities I have done for ever : peaceful retirement is all my aim and object. To you I look as the prop of my declining years ; and I invite you to my solitude, not to share it against your will, but to be to me as a son during the short remaining period of my existence.

" To the world this might seem romantic, and the satisfaction I anticipate in your society as the beloved of my poor Emily, equivocal. But no : her affections have formed a link between us which I cannot break ; and I shall find myself doing honour to her memory, and showing my attachment to her, by forwarding your views and your interests, and proving myself, as I really am,

Your devoted friend,
LESSINGHAM."

There could be no question as to the conduct Charles was to pursue, upon the receipt of this extraordinarily kind letter; indeed, he found from the date of it that it had been some time awaiting him at the agent's office, and heard, moreover, *that* since its despatch Lord Lessingham had been extremely *ill, and* was actually at that moment confined to his bed. Not an hour was to be lost in replying to such a bidding, by a personal visit to his lordship ; and accordingly, having as speedily as possible made the necessary arrangements for his proceeding to Richmond, our returned soldier repaired to the presence of his kind and generous, although somewhat eccentric, patron and friend.

He found Lord Lessingham not in bed, but stretched on a couch—so changed in the short time which had elapsed since they last met, that it was with difficulty he could trace the noble expression of his countenance in the pale and withered face before him.

The old nobleman's emotions, when Charles was first announced, were painful beyond expression ; he sobbed aloud, and the tears chased each other down his furrowed cheek. " I knew," said he, " this would be a dreadful trial. Thank God *you are come*, Charles !—Charles, I have lost her—she is gone

rom me,—there, see her books—her work—all as they used o be—but she is in her grave!"

"Pray endeavour to compose yourself, my lord," said Charles.

"No, no," said Lord Lessingham; "I am too weak to truggle with my feelings; let them have their way—I shall be etter soon. Poor child!—See, Charles," continued the old an, "see here, her favourite dog knows you—fawns on you —welcomes you—*he* has not forgotten you! Oh, Charles omerford! it was a sad trial for an old man—to lose so kind, o dear, so fond a being as she was—but God's will be done!"

"Shall I leave you for a little my lord?" said Charles, who vas apprehensive of danger from the violence of his noble ost's agitation.

"No, no; sit you down," said Lessingham; "we will talk ll this over calmly and reasonably by-and-by. Human veakness must be forgiven. Tell me, when did you arrive in ondon?"

"This morning," said Somerford; "scarcely two hours ince. The moment I found your lordship's letter, I hastened o acknowledge it in person."

"And you accept my proposition," said his lordship; "you vill consent to make this your home while you remain in own or its vicinity?"

"I can make but one reply," said Charles, "to such kind- ess."

"I cannot endure society," said Lord Lessingham. "Time, hey say, softens sorrows, and wears down afflictions; but at resent I seek only the company of one who knew her well, nd who will talk of her with me. I see nobody who calls, nd I have looked forward to the day of your return, as the nly point at which a hope of consolation could be afforded ie."

"Now," said Somerford, "that I have gone on the half-pay, ıy military duties will not, at all events for the present, inter- ere with the scheme of comfort which your lordship proposes."

"Your military duties,"—said Lord Lessingham; "of hose I think very little. You may, I think, retire altogether rom the army, unless the external distinctions of a soldier have ny charms for you."

"I have no other profession, my lord," said Somerford; 'my sword is all I have to live by."

"Promises are sometimes thoughtlessly made," said Lord Lessingham, "and *heartlessly* broken. Here we cannot con-

trol the things most essential to our happiness; but, as far as worldly concerns go, it may be as well to tell you that your fortune will need no professional aid to ensure your competence and affluence for the future."

"My lord," said Charles, "how have I deserved this splendid liberality?—it is impossible I should consent——"

"The time will come, Somerford," said Lord Lessingham, "and shortly, when I shall, I hope, be able to induce you to obey my wishes on that point without hesitation. I stand alone in the world, the last of my race—my little title extinct at my death, but my fortune is at my disposal. I am not strong enough to go into details which I intend you shall hear; but to-morrow, perhaps—soon it must be, or never—I will open all my plans for your future advancement to you. At present, my head throbs, and I am unable to talk farther upon a subject which so deeply interests me."

Somerford saw but too plainly that Lord Lessingham was indeed too weak to pursue the subject on which he had touched; but his astonishment at what he had already heard was extremely great. It seemed to him one of the most extraordinary turns in fortune that ever had occurred: the first friendship and affection which his lordship had exhibited towards him were gratifying in the highest degree, and appeared very extraordinary; but when, after offering him such a treasure as his adored grandchild—after his proposal had been rejected—after the fatal consequence which had ensued, and which it was evident the venerable nobleman, by implication at least, attributed to Somerford's disinclination to accept the proffered hand and fortune of Lady Emily; and when, after having expostulated in no very gentle terms with him upon his conduct in adhering to his self-imposed obligation of fidelity to Mrs. Apperton, they had parted as if they were never more to meet,—he found himself cordially and earnestly invited to the house which he had voluntarily quitted, and selected by its noble master not only as his companion and friend, but as it should seem the future possessor of much of his fortune—it seemed little short of a miracle. Medical men, or commissioners of lunacy, would perhaps have had their ideas drawn into some other channel, and have arrived at some more worldly and physical conclusion. As it was, Charles had only to wonder and be grateful; for what he had just heard, made him recur to Katherine and her charms with a solid satisfaction perfectly new to him. If she were released from her unhappy thraldom, he would be able to give her such

an establishment as might secure her comfort, and render her father free from difficulties and embarrassments, and restore him to his former place in society.

These things were all in progress while the Maxwells, unconscious of them, had been wearing down the days of their exile in Madeira, and on the voyage homeward *via* Fayal; and although parted still farther by space or distance, not a day passed—scarcely an hour—without the mind of either of these devoted individuals being filled with the thoughts of the other. Katherine, it must be admitted, looked forward to the future with less hopes of happiness than Charles—she did not know how solemnly he had bound himself to her by a compact to which, as he had told Lord Lessingham, she was no party. She fancied she saw him surrounded by gayeties, involved in dissipation, and tempted into society, where his manners and accomplishments could not fail to have their influence, and in which it was most likely he would form some matrimonial engagement; for she felt that she deserved to lose him, and expected fully to meet her reward.

Little did she think how much more dangerous his position actually had been than she anticipated. The heartless frivolity of the gay saloon, the scuffling of the waltz, the clatter of the gallope, or the kickings of the mazurka, with all the allurements of beauty and dress in full display, are not a thousandth part so perilous to constancy as the retired quietude of shady walks and moonlight groves, in the company of one dear individual. All Somerford's firmness had been required to withstand the influence of the lovely syren with whom he had been so long and so intimately associated; but principle had triumphed, and his fidelity came from the ordeal purer and brighter than ever.

When they returned to England, Kate, as I have already said, perhaps needlessly, was most anxious to hear some intelligence of him; but the arrears of newspapers since their last accounts were too voluminous to wade through in the hope of seeing any thing about him; and she was fearful of asking Moss, lest she should incur a fire of jokes and banters upon her smouldering passion. At length, however, she contrived to induce her father to lead the conversation in that direction.

"What's gone with the cretur?" said Moss, "why, he is gone to the West Indies—that's the last I heard of him: got into some love scrape at Cheltenham with a lord's granddaughter, and his lordship took the liberty of showing him the door—bowed him out. Master Charley did not know that in

marriage as well as in murder, blood will have blood, and so he thought to carry off my lady and a fortune; but the cretur was well served, and turned off without a character."

"Are you sure," said Katherine, "that yours is the true version of that history."

"I don't know how true it is," said Moss, "I heard it from somebody, I forget where, that knew I knew something of the cretur; and that's what they told me, and that he was forced to set off and look after the nigger boys with the woolly heads, in consequence."

"And natural enough, too," said Maxwell; "Somerford has no pretensions to such a connexion, and I must say it smatters a little of vanity his attempting to form it."

"But do you believe he did, sir?" said Kate.

"Why should people invent such stories?" said Maxwell.

"I, for one, discredit it," said Katherine.

"To be sure you do," said Moss.

"If you loves I as I loves you,
No knife shall cut our love in two,"—

"eh!—Kittums! don't you fancy yourself sure of his heart?"

"Whose heart?" said Maxwell; "what has Kate to do with any body's heart—has not she a husband."

"Thanks to you, Master Mack, she has," said Moss, "and a nice bargain she has got of him."

"On that point, Moss, pray let us have no discussion," said Maxwell; "what I did, I did for the best. We are blind, fallible creatures, and I was deceived; but the ruin of my fortune and my respectability has gone hand in hand with the wreck of her happiness, and so, however much I may reproach myself, I do not escape with impunity for my credulity."

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with, my dearest father," said Katherine; "the choice was my own, and I was quite old enough to decide for myself, and quite competent, if I had wished it, to refuse Apperton. I did not do so; and whatever the consequences have been, you, as well as myself, are innocent of them; and so let us endeavour to avoid all discussion of a subject to which it is worse than useless to recur."

It was after this conversation had taken place that Maxwell received the letter from Hanningham, describing the interview which he had had in prison with Biddle, and expressive of his apprehensions, too well founded, that no aid or assistance in their embarrassments was to be expected from that source.

The subsequent conversation he had had with the *ci-devant* clerk of his father Hanningham did not mention—his anxiety and expectation had been so powerfully excited by the address and manner of the culprit, that he dared scarcely trust himself with thinking on the subject, lest he should be led into some expression of his feeling which might betray the extent of his hopes and wishes upon the point—but certain it is, that hours never passed so slowly with him as those which intervened between two o'clock of one day and twelve o'clock of the next.

At length, however, the moment arrived for his interview with Hall; and as he paced the streets towards the prison where he was confined, Hanningham was scarcely conscious of the act of walking—his heart beating with hope and expectation.

He arrived—was admitted—but when Hall met him, it seemed that some change had taken place in his intentions since they had parted—he appeared gloomy—almost sulky, and by no means communicative.

"Well, Mr. Hall," said Hanningham, "I am here to fulfil your engagement of yesterday."

"I see, sir," said Hall, "but I have been thinking, since you was here yesterday, that in the present state of my circumstances, I might do myself a serious injury by what I proposed to say, without doing you any good. While there's life there is hope, Mr. Hanningham: if I put my design into execution, there will be no hope for *me*. I am guilty of the worst of crimes—confessing it would, I know, ease my heart of a great load; but if I should escape for what I am now here for, I should be foolish to entail upon myself a capital punishment for an act of which I am not even suspected."

"I assure you," said Hanningham, "that I have no wish to persuade you to commit or criminate yourself. I came by your own invitation and at your own desire; but if you have altered your mind, and think upon reconsideration that it is more prudent to maintain silence, I have done."

"I would give the world," said Hall, "to tell you all—I should be happier; for though I can make no atonement for my guilt, I might make *you* comparatively happy. Come this way," continued he; "here we cannot well be overheard. Oh! Mr. Hanningham, when I look at you my heart bleeds, villain as I am."

"Calm yourself," said Hanningham.

"I am calm," said Hall; "I am resolved—you shall know

all—you ought to know all; but make me a promise. What I shall tell you will do you no farther good than that of clearing the reputation of a beloved relative—therefore pledge your honour to me—I ask no more. I knew your father well—too well—too well! I require no other security from a son of his than his word—pledge your word of honour that you will not reveal what I shall declare to you until I am dead, or at least so surely doomed to die that my life cannot be affected by my confession."

"I pledge my honour that I will never divulge the secret you confide in me," said Hanningham, "until you are dead, or that I am absolved from my promise by yourself."

"That's enough," said Hall, "quite enough—but now—now how shall I have courage to tell you—how shall I dare to incur your hatred, your curses, your bitterest curses, too well deserved by me. Oh! Mr. Hanningham, the progress of crime, the march of villany is so sure and certain, that the moment the straight path is quitted, the man is lost—play and its allurements, gayeties and frivolities, a love of what is miscalled pleasure—dissipation and libertinism—these have been my ruin—these have brought me here—these made me—a murderer!"

"Murderer!" said Hanningham, his blood curdling as the word passed his lips.

"A murderer—twice a blood-stained murderer!" said Hall, clenching his fist and striking his forehead forcibly. "Listen, and hear me unburden my black and guilty heart—hear my confession—your father was my father's friend—took me into his house and brought me forward in his business—his confidence in me was unbounded, and I betrayed that confidence, and never was suspected—he took a partner, as you know—Vernon."

"Vernon!" replied Hanningham; "too well, too painfully I know that name."

"Vernon I hated," said Hall; "he suspected me too justly; the books which I kept were falsified; he discovered the errors I had wilfully made to cover my depredations—your poor father, your excellent father, suspected me against his allegations. I became the constant subject of contention. I was the primary cause of the feuds which disturbed them, until Vernon accused your father, and implied, if he did not actually declare, his belief that he was in league with me to dupe and defraud him. This brought matters to an issue: the consequences I knew would be an immediate and close investigation of the affairs of the firm. One mode of avoiding disgrace

and ruin only seemed to present itself; and I resolved upon the commission of a new crime, to escape detection of those of which I had already been guilty. I had no time for deliberation; I looked no further forward than the moment—I anticipated no consequences, expected no results such as, to my eternal anguish, followed. I—I—it was, Hanningham, that shot Vernon."

"You!" exclaimed Hanningham, "you!"

"I—I!" said Hall; "this hand—this blood-stained hand did it—but what of *that?* Vernon I hated—I was revenged—I am a murderer!—but I killed my victim; and when I saw him fall headlong from the chaise in which he was travelling with your father, I felt a thrill of sanguinary joy and satisfaction at the success of my enterprise."

"But my father!" said Hanningham.

"Ay!" said Hall, "there it is; there is the rankling, galling torture of my heart: that good, that excellent man, my patron, my friend, my more than friend, my second parent, perished for me and my sins—died on a scaffold amid the execrations of the people; and I lived on, to act new scenes of vice and villany, and to prove the justice of the adage, that foul deeds will rise, and blood will have blood."

"Mercy on me," said Hanningham; "do I live to hear this—can this be so!"

"That it is true," said Hall, "you can have little doubt. I have written down a full confession of all this which I meant to have left behind me at my death; but when I saw you, a feeling I could not check, an impulse that I could not control, compelled me to unburden my heart to you; to you, the innocent sufferer of my crime—to you, the son of the man I loved—of the man I murdered."

"But how," said Hanningham, who could scarcely speak or stand, such was his agitation, "how came it that my father's pistol was the weapon by which his partner fell."

"That was my cunning—my contrivance," said Hall; "a contrivance the full extent of the mischief arising from which I did not thoroughly comprehend. The pistols were placed in the chaise by the groom as usual—I was by—the night was dark—I had formed my plan. I took these pistols from the chaise, in order at once to arm myself for the bloody deed I meditated, and to leave those against whom my arm was to be raised harmless—thus I secured a double object. Your father, assured of the regularity of his favourite servant, never inquired about the weapons, but drove off, convinced they were in their accus-

tomed place. I had mounted my horse—I rode to the spot which a few days before—on the Sunday, too, which I had been spending at your hospitable home—I had selected for the perpetration of the act. Arrived there, I tied my horse to a tree, and waited the coming of my victim, for I sought but one. Vernon and your father were quarrelling still: my misdeeds the object, in all probability, of the altercation and your father's vindication. I ran behind the chaise, and unobserved, raised myself at the back of it, levelled the pistol at Vernon's head, drew the trigger—and he fell lifeless in an instant on the road—the horse flew forward, alarmed at the noise, and I threw from me the weapon I had so effectually used, and ran to my horse—in my progress thither I cast away the other pistol, which, with its fellow, formed the damning evidence against the innocent."

"And could you bear to hear my father's guilt proclaimed?" said Hanningham. "Could you endure to hear that he died for your crimes?"

"Yes, Hanningham," said Hall; "self-love—the love of life—the dread of punishment—the fear of death—all conspired to keep me silent, when I heard him doomed to expiate my villany. Oh! would to heaven I had then done what now I do uselessly! I should have saved an honest man, and I should have saved myself the commission of crimes at which even *I* shudder—I—a murderer!—but stay, stay—what is it? what's the matter, Hanningham?—speak!"

The appeal was useless; Hanningham, overcome by *his* contending feelings, had fallen backward on the stone bench where he was sitting, senseless.

"What have I done!" said Hall; "more blood upon my guilty head. Here, here!—help, help!"

His cries soon brought assistance; and some water being procured, Hanningham was shortly recovered and restored to consciousness.

"What was it, sir," said the turnkey, who had been assisting him—"the heat?"

"No," said Hanningham; "it was——"

"Yes, yes," said Hall, interrupting him; "it was the heat, or the—the gentleman is subject to fits."

"Yes," said Hanningham, seeing immediately that Hall was desirous that nothing more should be said which was likely to tend to a discovery of the real cause of his agitation; "they are very dreadful sometimes. I am better now—I am well, quite well."

The turnkey quitted them again, looking very significantly, and implying by the expression of his countenance that he did not quite believe that the agitation in which he found Hanningham was entirely constitutional.

"What wonders Providence works!" said Hanningham; "that I should have come to this place for a purpose so different, and should here meet with one whose confession makes me the happiest being on earth."

"It *would* make me happy," said Hall, "if my confession could restore your poor father to you. The day of his execution will never be forgotten by me—the very elements seemed to suit themselves to the occasion. He might have suffered pangs, as he suffered disgrace; but I defy the power of nature to bear greater torments than I endured during the hour in which I knew he was paying the forfeit of my infamy. Where were you on that day?" said Hall.

"I was out of England," said Hanningham; "I have but recently returned—"

"And your poor sister, sir," said Hall; "where is she?—with you?"

"No, not at present," said Hanningham; "she is in the country."

"Ah!" added the culprit, with a look of inexpressible anguish; "it seems but the other day that I was admitted into her society—a guest, a welcome guest, at her father's house. Now, sentenced to the same punishment which my guilt entailed *upon him*. Step by step I went on in vice; and having my hands imbued in blood, all other crimes seemed light to me: and here I am, deserted by the friends who lived on the produce of my villany—despised and rejected even by my associates in guilt!"

"Your own reflections," said Hanningham, "must be the bitterest monitors."

"Yes," replied Hall. "Death will be a relief to me; and yet, as usual, I cling to life. You are now in possession of the great secret which would end all doubt of my fate, and bring my dreadful career to a certain termination. Yet I have bound you (I scarce know why) not to divulge it."

"On that you may rely," said Hanningham, "until I have your permission it passes not my lips. Did you not tell me you had written a confession to the same effect?"

"I did," said Hall; "and *that* you shall possess, to make what use you please of, under the same conditions. If I am ordered to die, you will see the account of the recorder's re-

port; and when that is made, come to me, and you shall have it; and if that is not enough to satisfy other people, bring whom you please, and I'll be as good as my word and repeat to them all the circumstances I have told to you."

"You will do me the greatest service," said Hanningham; "you will clear the reputation of an injured man, and by so doing counterbalance, in some degree, the crimes you have by your own admission committed."

"I have a long account of guilt to pay for," said Hall; "but of all the things that weigh upon my mind at this time, the wrongful death of your poor father is the one that lies heaviest and nearest my heart. As for Vernon, if he were alive again—again I could——"

What he was about to declare, it matters not: the dinner-hour for the prisoners had arrived, and he among the rest was summoned to the meal. He parted from Hanningham with a look, the expression of which was riveted upon his mind, nor could he for the rest of the day drive it from his memory. What Hanningham's feelings were it would be difficult to describe; for beyond the delight which the exculpation of his much-calumniated father's character, he had another trying feeling to struggle with—he was bound to divulge that exculpation to no human being, until he had the permission of the wretched being whose life might depend upon his adherence to his promise.

His wife—might he not tell *her?*—not even his wife? No; he felt himself so solemnly pledged, that for the first time *since* his marriage, he was compelled to keep from her, *not only* a secret, but a secret the knowledge of which he knew would be productive of real happiness to her.

His proceedings consequent upon the discovery were therefore all covert and mysterious. He wrote various letters, and was much occupied in making certain arrangements; but what the contents of those letters were, or to whom they were addressed, his wife knew not. She was piqued at his reserve; but satisfied, when he told her that mystification was, for the present, absolutely necessary, and that in due time she should be put in possession of every point of the story, which for a short period he was bound to conceal.

Hanningham, however, could not conceal the happiness which he had derived from the whole circumstance; and when he recollected the extraordinary chance, as some would call it, that brought him in contact with Hall, he, who considered their meeting the result of something more than accident, re-

ed thanks to Heaven for the providential interference to ue the memory of his beloved father from opprobrium, and ore a sister, who had shrunk into obscurity and retirement, onsequence of the fatal disgrace which had fallen upon her se, to her proper place and station in society.
low long he was compelled to keep the secret, and what results of its eventual disclosure were, time will perhaps v.

CHAPTER XIV.

" I saw no king, no man ; save one poor wretch,
Who, sick in bed, lay gasping for his breath :
His eyes, like dying lamps, sunk in their sockets,
Now glared and now drew back their feeble light ;
Faintly his speech fell from his fault'ring tongue
In interrupted accents, as he strove
With the strong agonies that shook his limbs,
And writhed his tortured features into forms
Hideous to sight."

BELLERS.

THE intelligence which Hanningham had been able to col- t for the Maxwells was any thing but satisfactory or conso- ory ; and although Apperton's connexions were people of importance, still their decided hostility was any thing but eeable. A low mind, actuated by revenge for a supposed ult—for no people are so proud as those who have the illest pretensions to be so—never can subside into inaction ; l the very fact, that one of her sons was to suffer one of the ncipal punishments which the law awards, on account, as y seemed to think, of his connexion with old Maxwell's irs, would of itself suffice to keep up the animosity of the ole family, in every shape and way in which it might be ught to bear upon Maxwell's relations.
Hanningham, by Maxwell's direction, visited his old resi- nce in Burlington-gardens, which he found occupied by a nily, to whom Hanningham introduced himself; and from head of it he discovered that he had purchased the lease d furniture of Apperton—a discovery which, though appa- ntly of no great importance in itself, was valuable, inasmuch it proved that whatever the claims might have been upon

Maxwell, which had rendered that property (small as it was relatively to the whole) liable to seizure, they had been satisfied, and that the house and furniture had returned into Apperton's power and possession. It was a professional man who occupied it, and Hanningham could not but regard the different apartments through which he passed with an interest which those who did not know the inmost workings of his mind could neither have understood or appreciated.

Hanningham then proposed publishing an advertisement, calling upon Maxwell's creditors to come forward with their claims, in order to ascertain the amount of debts, and the disposition of the persons to whom they might be due; a measure which seemed very prudent, inasmuch as Maxwell himself could give no account whatever of the details of his transactions with his son-in-law. His description of the course of conduct which had been pursued was most extraordinary, and scarcely credible to those who do not know that men of first-rate skill and ability in their own peculiar professions are mostly ignorant of the commonest details of others.

Maxwell explained to Hanningham that Apperton, upon occasions when, as he told him, opportunities occurred by which he might suddenly and extensively increase his capital, would suggest his selling out sums to certain amounts, and buying with the proceeds of such sale shares in the bubble companies which eventually ruined them; that to the amount of seventy or eighty thousand pounds, he had thus parted with his capital, blindly confiding in Apperton's judgment, and firmly *relying* upon his honour and integrity: indeed, upon the latter *points* he never had any doubts to the very last; and when he found himself hurried away from England by the fear of arrest and imprisonment, he felt fully assured that the advice of Apperton was the best, and that no suggestion could be made to benefit his condition if Apperton was unable to make it.

The other encumbrances,—for the encumbrance of property was gone,—arose, as the old gentleman described it, from acceptances and bonds which Apperton advised him to give at such periods as he told him great inconvenience or loss would arise from transferring his property from the funds to other purposes; and these, he explained to him, were to be cleared off when the objections to selling out were obviated, supposing that before such period the different speculations in which they were engaged should not have themselves afforded the means of settling them; and thus, besides the actual loss of all his earnings, he had become responsible to a large amount—but

w large no recollection of his could serve him to state. was true, he had kept a book in which he set down these en- gements; but that, which he left in London when he started Brighton, had never reached him, if it had been secured ong his private property.

Hanningham, it must be confessed, was mor[illegible]ruck by the cumstance of the house having reverted to Apperton, than any thing which had yet occurred; and he resolved upon ting his plan of calling the outstanding creditors together, in cution, in order not only to ascertain what amount of debt l remained unliquidated, but what particular debtors had n satisfied by the proceeds of the sale of the property ich the tenant of the town-house in Burlington-gardens had ually purchased of Apperton himself; and accordingly an vertisement was inserted in the newspapers, couched in the ual terms, inviting Maxwell's creditors to come forward, or d an account of their claims against him, to Hanningham's icitor in Lincoln's Inn.

It is impossible to describe the state of Hanningham's mind ring the fortnight or three weeks allotted for the purpose of oducing these demands. The Maxwells were, of course, pt in a state of the most feverish suspense; and he who ght to have been their active agent and indefatigable man of siness was so completely overcome by the intelligence he d received from Hall in the prison, that his wife, who saw w much he was perplexed and absorbed, began to feel rious alarm, lest something, yet unknown to her, had affected n, not wholly disconnected with the subject of Hall's com- nication, but bearing upon circumstances and events in a ally different manner.

One person presented himself at the solicitor's shortly after advertisement summoning the creditors appeared in the wspapers, and although no creditor herself, it proved to be very important person in the way of affording evidence and owing a light upon the nature of Apperton's transactions osequently to the departure of Maxwell; this was no other n Mrs. Dawes, whom the reader may remember as in endance upon the fugitive family at Portsmouth, and who itted them when they departed for their exile, only because r age and infirmities kept her at home.

From her description of what had occurred upon her return London, when she found the sheriff's officers out of the house Burlington-gardens, and Apperton established in it, it was ite evident that the execution, from its rapid progress and its

sudden announcement, must have been in point of fact *wholly* unnecessary; and the moment that was so far ascertained as Dawe's narrative could substantiate it, a thousand suggestions presented themselves as to the motive which could have induced the abrupt communication of the event, coupled with the unqualified order for their embarkation and flight.

Connected with these circumstances was the extraordinary attention which prompted Apperton, at a time when he must have been, as one would have thought, wholly occupied with affairs actually going on in London, to prepare every accommodation for their departure, and every facility for their escape. At all events, the combination conjured up suspicions in Hanningham's mind that the object of Mr. Apperton was rather to frighten away his timid victim than to make the best of what he must have found a bad bargain.

In short, the man of business to whom the advertisement referred the creditors, thought he had found a clew to the unravelment of a great deal which appeared mysterious; and though Hanningham's visit to Biddle in prison had been unavailing, the lawyer fancied that he could insinuate himself like a corkscrew into the mind of the convict, and draw forth *secundum artem* the whole of its contents. What the learned gentleman's skill might have done, or what effect his very specious manner might have produced, it is now impossible to say; for the promising youth, whose conduct at Brighton had so much prepossessed the Maxwells in his favour, was, when the said attorney inquired after him in Newgate, several days' distance on his voyage to that vast land which, in some few years, will emulate the largest republic extant, and become, like her, a nation of saints and sages, patriots and philosophers—namely, New South Wales.

This channel, from which, to say truth, Hanningham, in spite of the sanguine expectations of his legal friend, anticipated little enlightenment, was therefore cut off; and the only chance left was in application to the respectable mother of all the Biddles; but to this measure Hanningham strongly opposed himself, as tending only to circulate the existence of doubts which it did not seem the least probable that any of the parties would feel inclined to clear up or satisfy.

The first step was to send Dawes down to her ancient master and mistress, who received her at Ryde, with all the welcome that kind hearts appreciating faithful services are likely to feel and exhibit. It was a great consolation to Kate to have her with them, and something like a balm to her wounded spirit, to talk

er days that were past; although the account Moss had heard d retailed to her concerning Somerford's invasion of a noble mily, and consequent expulsion therefrom, hindered her from nversing with satisfaction upon the only topic that she loved dwell upon.

Three weeks elapsed after the insertion of the advertisement, which was the period specified for the production of aims, and no persons appeared to prefer any, except two or ree of the minor tradesmen in the neighbourhood of Maxell's late residence, who were forthwith satisfied; and after is ordeal of his credit, Maxwell began to think he might enture to the metropolis; but Moss, who though not much ersed in the low ways of small lawyers, had a perfect knowedge of mankind, suggested his remaining snug where he was or some time longer; hinting his belief that the demands had been only postponed until he should show himself, so that his enemies might pounce upon him as soon as he came within their reach. Moss being to this advice most specially moved, not more by the anxiety he felt for the security of his friends than by the comfort he himself experienced during their stay at Melrose Cottage.

But what, all this time, was Edward Maxwell doing at Funchal? What were his sensations, what his anxiety, after the excitement which the discovery of the picture of his beloved Maria had created? No place remained unsearched, no person unquestioned, as to the history of this mysterious portrait; but all his inquiries were vain, and all the answers he obtained unsatisfactory.

Often and often did he watch the coming vessels, whose broad bows dashing up the foaming wave, he expected to bring a reply to his letters to Hanningham on this subject, which letters scarcely could have reached their destination; and hour after hour did he sit gazing upon the lineaments of her he loved, till he wept with anxiety and disappointment. Hanningham, however, was too deeply interested in matters to him of vital importance in England to pay such prompt obedience to Ned's importunate demands upon the subject as lovers are apt to expect; and lucky it was for the junior partner of the house that something was to occur to relieve the sameness of his occupation and vary a little the monotony of his existence: but so it was, and for a short time, at all events, his thoughts were drawn into a channel widely different from that in which they had been running since his discovery of the picture.

One fine evening, a ship called the Jonadab Brown, 580 tons,

of New-York, Amos Franklin, master, arrived in Funchal roads, and let go her anchor in four fathom water. She was bound to Funchal for wine—it should be known that Madeira is the popular beverage in the United States; the pure and patriotic members of which boil it, and ice it, and shake it, and fine it, and do every sort of thing to it, before they drink it, and so superior do they reckon their mode of treatment to that which the said wine meets with any where else, that they absolutely look with contempt upon any Madeira but their own.

The "Jonadab Brown" was a noble-looking merchantman, brown sides, taunt masts, square yards, a sharp bow and a clean counter. No sooner were her stars and stripes seen floating in the evening breeze, than every wine-merchant's heart beat with expectation; glasses were levelled at her from every eminence, in order to make out her private signal, and the Alfandegah was besieged in order to ascertain whence she came and whither she was bound.

A short time only elapsed before Maxwell had the good fortune to discover that she was chartered by a connexion of theirs, at New-York, and brought a large order to their house. This was the first very extensive shipment he had made since he had been left in administration, and he went assiduously to work, in order to prove to his partner not only his anxiety to do his duty, but his judgment in doing it scientifically.

It would have surprised the idle friends of his earlier days, or even his less dazzling companions in Mr. Diveand*pore's* shady chambers in Stone Buildings, to have seen the *active* junior partner of the Madeira house fagging about the pebbly streets of Funchal in a straw hat and buff leather shoes, superintending and marking, or causing to be marked, with the peculiar brand of the firm, the various pipes and hogsheads of London Particular, and the smaller casks of Certial Tinta and Malavisa, with a book in his hand and a pen behind his ear. His assiduity and attention not only conferred a great degree of satisfaction on himself, but attracted the marked and "partiklar" attention of Captain Amos Franklin, who, having twice, to use the captain's own expression, "tucked his trotters under Maxwell's mahogany," invited his host to "crack a biscuit" aboard the Jonadab Brown; an invitation which Maxwell was extremely well pleased to accept, because, independently of the pleasure which to an unaccustomed eye is derivable from looking over a fine vessel, such as the American first class ships of every denomination are, he would have an opportunity of seeing how they were stowing away the wine; about which,

l not actually understand very much, it was part of his affect that he did; and accordingly, Captain Amos n having had his gig backed in to receive the mer- they proceeded "somewhere about eight bells, I cal- to the beautiful "clipper" lying at anchor in the

repast was hospitably spread, and well served. Terra- up (a decoction of tortoise-flesh) and canvass-back ormed the novelties of the board, and Maxwell did ho- them, although at the expense of his natural feelings. ine was beyond praise—it was furnished by himself— punch, which the steward made after dinner, to wet ars, was nectareous. The captain dilated with consi- energy upon the merits of his tobacco, which was pure Virginia, and which he declared was unquestionably the the whole world, whether for smoking or chewing; nion in which, he said, he was supported by all the nen of his acquaintance.

ain Amos Franklin, after dinner, descanted somewhat upon the advantageous state of the "Union;" described sence of pomp in the President's levees and drawing- the paucity of his wants, and the scantiness of the of gratifying his wishes; and concluded a lengthened im upon the state of society, and the freedom of repre- on, by stating that the qualification for an elector in a was having paid taxes, or worked upon the roads.

strange definition of right to electoral privileges start- xwell, who proceeded to question his friend, and re- such extraordinary information on American statistics, deeply lament that neither the space I have left to con- y history, nor the nature of the history itself, will per- having the pleasure of repeating all the discoveries he the conclusion to which he came, however, was, that no pride so overweening as that which apes humility, t, as the march of intellect goes on, in the vast com- of which Amos Franklin was a worthy member, the nd wishes of the people will "progress," and that in n another century, the immense republic of the present ust and will inevitably fall under the dominion of a con- nal monarchy.

ptain Franklin," said somebody, entering the captain's

[illegible] is wor[illegible]ver[illegible]—much worse."

uessed he [illegible] d the captain—"light-

"No," said the Doctor, "calm, but weaker; gradially sinking I reckon; he's tremendous bad, I calkilate."

"An invalid?" said Maxwell.

"No," said Franklin, "a sick man we have got aboard—he's working his way here afore the mast, but has seen better days, I consider. He's an Englishman; but seems slick out of his element at sea."

"He has been talking," said Mr. Slaughter (so was the ship's surgeon called), "about Mr. Maxwell, the merchant here."

"Of *me*?" said Maxwell.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Slaughter, "I was not aware—"

—"Oh, say nothing about it, I beg," said Edward, "but what does he know of *me*?"

"I cannot guess," said Slaughter; "but when he was laid out on the forecastle for air, and the launch was alongside with the pipes marked with Maxwell—I ask pardon—your name branded on them, he seemed quite in a taking, and swore, and raved."

"May I see this person?" said Edward.

"You may indeed," said Franklin, "and do what you like with him for me; for a more useless beast never had I aboard the Jonadab Brown. When he were quite well, he wa'n't worth his salt, and now he's so tarnation sick, he's a precious sight worse than no use at all whatsoever."

It struck Maxwell, that by the interest this man appeared to take in his name, he might be some fellow-victim of his poor father in some of the woful speculations of the past year; that America being the natural "refuge for the destitute," he might have been driven thither by his necessities, and was now compelled to menial labour before the mast of a merchant ship; and if so, what a gratifying task it would be to him to protect and shelter the sufferer, for whom the sorrows he had already experienced in his own case and that of his parent, had excited a lively interest. Maxwell had naturally warm feelings, and a susceptible heart; and the inherent qualities of his nature being at this particular juncture called into greater activity by the genial operation of Captain Amos Franklin's punch, his mind was in an instant filled with a thousand bright visions. The hope of doing good, the delights of rescuing a countryman from toil and suffering, perhaps from death itself, all fired his imagination, and in the heyday of feeling he started up, and proposed a visit to the sick man's berth.

"Berth," as a fine lady of my acquaintance once said, when she was shown her accommodation in a steam-packet, "do they call this my *birth?* I rather think it will be my *death.*"

Something of a similar nature was the space in which the unfortunate object of Maxwell's inquiry and benevolence was deposited; however, nothing daunted by the darkness, lowness, heat, and all the other attendants of the dismal hole in which he was located, he proceeded towards the spot, following the surgeon; but his career was suddenly stopped by a signal from that officer, indicating that the poor fellow was asleep; and as all parties agreed rest was one of the most desirable objects to attain, they also agreed that to disturb him would be foolish, if not hazardous. The enterprise for the moment failed, and the expedition returned to the captain's cabin "*re infectâ*," but the impression made upon Edward's mind and feelings was not likely to be obliterated by the trifling delay which this circumstance occasioned. Indeed, having visited the part of the vessel in which the sufferer lay, he was well convinced of the absolute necessity of doing something immediately, if any thing were to be done, to relieve a person labouring under such symptoms as those which Slaughter described.

As for Amos Franklin, no man could more loudly applaud the benevolence and philanthropy of Maxwell than he; not only did he anticipate the man's speedy recovery on shore—not only did he foresee the satisfaction which his excellent friend (if he would allow him to call him so), would receive from the restoration of his *protegé*, but above all—which he did *not* express—he himself "should get rid of a sick man not worth his salt, and of no use at all whatsoever."

It was late when Maxwell went ashore, full of the chivalrous delight of rescuing an Englishman from misery and death; the thing occurred too at such a happy moment, when his feelings and affections were all ready for use—devoted to one object only, and that a picture. His mind wanted active occupation, even beyond tasting wine, and branding barrels; his benevolence was, as it were, pent up, and here was an opportunity of doing good, brought to him by what he could not help considering a lucky chance.

He had, however, put things *en train.* He had given directions to Captain Franklin to mention, or cause to be mentioned, to the invalid, the anxiety he had expressed about him, and to say that *he should* be on board the following morning,

and wished to hear such an account of him as he might be inclined to give to a countryman of his own, and that he was also anxious to be of whatever use to him he could, and to offer him any assistance or accommodation in his power; a commission which, as I have already said, Captain Amos Franklin was, for reasons particularly concerning himself and his own interests, quite sure of executing to its very letter.

Franklin had scarcely finished his second cigar "arter breakfast," before, summoning Slaughter to council, he began his inquiries about the sick man, Harris. Slaughter considered him a shade better; he quite agreed, as a tractable subordinate should, with Franklin, that going ashore was the only thing that could be relied upon for a chance of restoring him; and having therefore conceded most cordially upon the measure of his removal, it became only necessary to apprize him of the fact, and announce to him the great interest the mere mention of his case had excited in Mr. Edward Maxwell.

At this period Harris had been, as was the case every day, brought up on deck and laid on a grating, covered with an old striped and starred ensign, to catch the breeze as it blew over the lovely bay of Funchal, and the captain and the surgeon took the opportunity of speaking to him on the subject so near all their hearts.

"Well, Harris," said Franklin, "how do you find yourself to-day?"

"Weaker, I think, by twenty per cent. than yesterday," said Harris; "I am pretty near the wind-up, captain—*my* settling day is at hand."

"You must go ashore," said Slaughter.

"To be buried, I suppose," said the invalid.

"No, to recover," replied the Doctor; "I am convinced that a month or six weeks in this island would bring you round."

"How long do we stay here, sir?" said Harris.

"We!" said Franklin, "why, if you mean the ship, about eight days, I calkilate; but if you can get well by staying behind, don't you unsettle your mind about that—I'll let you off."

"Stay here!" said Harris, "how can I stay here?"

"Why," said Slaughter," a gentleman who was on board yesterday is interested in your case, and will take care of you during your recovery, and provide for your wants."

"Who is he," said Harris, "that he should be so good to a stranger?"

"An Englishman," said Franklin, "who feels for a countryman in distress."

"Distress, captain?" said Harris, "I am in no distress. I can work when I am well—I am distressed because I am ill; but I'm in no distress."

"I mean," said Franklin, anxious to soothe his anxiety upon the point of his great utility when in health, "the distress of sickness. He is coming on board this afternoon, and will speak to you himself; and is willing to furnish you accommodation on shore."

"Who is the gentleman, sir?" said Harris.

"Our wine-merchant," said Franklin.

"What, Maxwell?" said Harris.

"The same," replied the captain.

"Ah!"—said Harris, and a long pause ensued before he spoke.

"Do you know Mr. Maxwell?" said Slaughter.

"I, sir!" said the man; "not I. How should I know Mr. Maxwell?—I never was here before."

"But you seemed startled yesterday," said Slaughter, "when you saw the name branded on the casks."

"Did I?" said Harris. "It was not *that*, that startled me then. No; I'm much obliged to the gentleman for his offer, but though I'm poor, I'm proud. I can't accept his kindness—I'd rather not see him. If I *am* to go ashore, I'd rather go before he comes. They tell me there's an hospital ashore, doctor,—I can go there—but why not let me die where I am!"

"Your good friend, Mr. Maxwell, will not suffer that," said Franklin. "Have you been long from England, Harris?"

"Some time, sir,—some time," said Harris; "but what of that, captain? Something must be done for me, captain. If I shall die by staying on board, put me ashore—send me to the hospital—I——"

The sudden change of all his views and wishes—the rapid transition from the desire to be left to die quietly on board—and the anxious request to be sent on shore immediately, struck Slaughter as indications of derangement of intellect; and drawing the captain back from the position in which he stood near the patient, he considered it right, in the present stage of the case, to assent, or seem to assent, to his proposition.

"If," said he, "you really prefer going to an hospital, to being taken under the care of a benevolent gentleman——"

"I do, sir," said Harris, raising himself on the deck; "I do indeed, sir. *Why* should I lay myself under obligations to a

gentleman who can care nothing about me, sir? Why—why should I trouble any body—why disturb a family?"

"He has no family here," said Franklin; "he is living alone. His father and sister, and his partner and wife, are all gone to England."

"Alone is he?" said Harris. "His father gone to England, and his daughter? What then, is this gentleman—eh?—alone—no no,—but why—I—let me go ashore, sir—let me go to this place of refuge—let me release you of all trouble—*I* can't live long—I— —"

"My advice is," said Slaughter, taking the captain aside, "that he should be sent ashore as soon as possible. Delirium is again coming on. Mr. Maxwell would have a sad job of it: at the hospital there are proper accommodations and genteel attendance, and—that's my advice, captain."

"Partiklur reasonable, I calkilate," said Franklin. "Harris," continued he, addressing the invalid, "the doctor and I agree that if you really prefer the hospital——"

"I do, I do—indeed I do!" said Harris, energetically; "any thing to incurring obligations. Let me go directly—this moment—I am quite strong enough. See, sir—see, I can go."

Here the wretched man, by a violent effort, raised himself on his feet, but in an instant fell to the deck, and remained senseless from the violence of the shock.

For a moment, the by-standers thought it was all over, and that life had fled; but he again "gradially," as the doctor said, recovered; and when he was sufficiently restored to repeat his expressions of anxiety to go to the hospital, the captain ordered a boat to be manned, and poor Harris and his kit, consisting of a well filled sea-chest, and a sort of leathern haversack which had evidently seen better days, were conveyed from the Jonadab Brown, under the care and superintendence of Dr. Slaughter, who humanely accompanied the invalid ashore, and who was commissioned by Captain Franklin, after he had procured admission for his patient at the hospital, to proceed to Maxwell's house and report progress, in order that if Maxwell should have no other object in visiting the ship than tendering his services to the poor man, he might be spared the trouble of an excursion in the heat of the day.

Scarcely had the boat got midway between the ship and the shore, than one of the sailors came aft to Captain Franklin, holding in his hand a small but weighty object.

"What's that?" said the captain.

"Why," said the sailor, "in rowsting out Harris's ham-

ınd things, just for to ventilate the place, we found
. As right's right, it belongs to him, sir; and so, if you
just to count it out, as he sha'n't say hereafter we have
ıny on it, we shall be glad if you will send it ashore
m."

klin desired the man to follow him to the cabin, and
from him a shortish leathern bag or pouch, which it
Harris had been in the habit of wearing constantly
ıis person, but which, in the hurry and agitation of the
ıt of departure, he had left behind him, he proceeded to
ɔut its contents on the table; and, in the presence of the
ɔounted thirty-seven English sovereigns, nine half sove-
four American eagles, a Portuguese doubloon, and
n Spanish dollars in silver; which sum total, agreeing
hat the sailor had previously "jotted down" on a piece
er, the captain, according to the desire of his honest
ɔok charge of, and determined upon giving to Maxwell,
ıd expressed so kind a desire of being serviceable to the
ınd in whose care the money would be more secure, and
ɔd more useful to the invalid than if entrusted either to
ſ in his precarious state of health, or to the attendants of
ablishment in which he was placed.

ıklin, however, did not dismiss the sailor without ex-
g his satisfaction at his conduct, and that of his mess-
whose principles were not to be affected by their love of
r their dislike of an Englishman.

captain, shortly after this proceeding, went ashore, and
s luncheon at Maxwell's where he related the circum-
ı of the case, and delivered the modicum of treasure into
tody. They were here joined by the doctor, who had
l an asylum for the poor sailor (and as Franklin, who
ı joke in his way, said, "a *poor* sailor indeed he was");
much rejoiced the said Franklin, because it had cleared
ip of an invalid whom he had no doubt would very
become very troublesome, rather than from any hope of
ntual recovery. It appeared from what he could collect,
e germ of the man's present complaint had been a violent
of yellow fever, and that some mental excitement to
as Slaughter and the Portuguese doctor at the hospital
, he must have been previously subject, had so com-
undermined and broken down his constitution, that
vas no hope, even with the greatest care and attention,
oring him.

ell," *said Maxwell*, "as I have taken up the cause of

this poor fellow, although I am rejected, I shall not be repulsed entirely. It will be my charge to see that he is taken care of where he is; and by being constituted trustee of his property, I can avail myself of my official privilege to visit him."

"He will not be long here to burthen your kindness, I guess," said Slaughter. "He never seemed to me so much excited as when I left him; but I ought to do him the justice to say, that in his anxiety to learn all particulars concerning his benefactor, he showed any thing rather than want of gratitude for his kind intentions."

Maxwell had, during his residence in Madeira, and especially since his appearance in the responsible character which he now maintained there, so conciliated all parties, and so thoroughly ingratiated himself with every class of the inhabitants, that his influence was commanding; and he was sufficiently aware of that fact to know that however well and liberally conducted the medical establishment at the Portuguese hospital might be, his appearing to take a personal interest in the case of any particular patient would, without saying it to the prejudice of the general care and attention bestowed upon the inmates of the building, ensure every comfort and consideration that circumstances would permit of. This, of itself, would have been sufficient to induce him forthwith to visit his unknown countryman, but the fact that he was actually in possession of property adequate to the purchase of any little luxuries the poor sufferer might require, tended to compel his putting his intentions into almost immediate execution; and accordingly, when his nautical friends had taken their departure, he proceeded, laden with Harris's treasure, to the infirmary.

Arrived there, he began his inquiries of the medical man in office, from whom he learned that the sailor about whom he was interested had missed the bag in question, but that his mind seemed so entirely preoccupied, that the care or even recollection of the subject appeared to have been entirely obliterated. He had put many questions to the officers of the establishment as to the character of the English gentleman who had offered so generously to assist him; and appeared very much affected by every thing which they mentioned relating to him—that he was frequently attacked by delirium, but that a flood of tears, which the silent recurrence to some one subject invariably produced, as constantly relieved him; and that although his interest was only for a moment excited about *the loss of* his money, the haversack which he brought with

him appeared to be an object of the most intense interest. He was at that moment, the officer said, sleeping, or perhaps only resting, with it under his head; he had never attempted to open it during the few hours he had been there, and it appeared to them sealed as well as locked; but that of course, it being no affair of theirs, they had no further noticed the case than as it appeared of such vital importance to the poor fellow, whose manners and quiet submission to whatever was proposed to him had quite gained the affections of the subordinates connected with the establishment.

"Do you think he would see me?" said Maxwell.

"I should advise your not pressing an interview upon him," said the attendant.

"But supposing," said Maxwell, "supposing that as he has expressed so strong a disinclination to subject himself to obligation, and such a dislike to seeing the individual who was anxious to do him a service, you were to tell him that a person charged with the bag and money which he left on board is commissioned by Captain Franklin to deliver it into his own hands?"

"In that way," said the attendant, "I [illegible] there will be no difficulty; but if the plan succeeds—and I [illegible] sir, after the kindness and sympathy you have been [illegible] enough to exhibit towards the poor fellow, any wish of yours it is our duty to comply with,—if the plan succeeds, and you should see him, do not, in the course of any conversation you may have with him, let it escape you that you *are* the person to whom, even as it is, he feels himself under such obligation—it is a turn of his disorder—it is a chord in the system which vibrates powerfully when touched; and whenever your name has been menitoned since he has been here, and since he has been aware of your good intentions, his agitation is terrible. As I have already said, tears give him relief, but perhaps, if the excitement were increased by your actual presence, the consequences might be fatal."

"God forbid," said Maxwell, "that any idle curiosity of mine should endanger a fellow-creature's life! Go you to him, and deliver the message I suggest—that I am a person deputed by the captain to hand him the purse; and if he admits me, which of course he will, I pledge myself to say nothing which can lead him to connect me in *that* character with myself in my own."

"Wait while I go," said the attendant, "and state the circumstances. He *has* a room entirely to himself; and having

foundation of an hospital or the endowment of a school; objects beyond question meritorious in themselves, but to which it would require more than mortal philosophy to devote a fortune, the possession of which would not only ensure his own happiness, but the happiness of those whom he loved better than himself.

Charles Somerford was compelled to quit Lord Lessingham's beautiful villa in the neighbourhood of London, for a day or two, in order to make the necessary arrangements for taking up his abode with him altogether; but his lordship, when he quitted him, earnestly entreated him to make his absence as short as possible, and so to settle his affairs that frequent visits to the metropolis were not to be considered essential. Charles bowed to a wish to the gratification of *which* Lord Lessingham was certainly entitled. The whole object of his life seemed to be a constant association with the individual who had been beloved by his Emily; and it was *little* less the duty on the part of Somerford, who had *accepted* one part of the treaty, to do all he could to fulfil the *other*.

Nothing could better suit poor Charles than the quiet of the noble earl's retreat. The neighbours, vying in anxiety to show their respect and attention to the venerable peer, were kept at bay, as it were, by his lordship's young friend; he received their visits, he returned them; and when he could—*as he did* in the course of a short time—persuade his lordship to admit a few chosen friends in an evening, Charles had the *arrangement* and management of every thing.

But it was impossible not to observe, although occasionally the scene was enlivened by a transient gleam of sunshine, that Lord Lessingham was gradually sinking, and that too, faster, as time wore on; till at last, after a night of great restlessness and agitation, Charles was summoned earlier than usual to the breakfast-room, where the earl had already arrived; but it seemed to Charles that something very decisive in its effect upon his lordship's constitution had taken place since they parted on the preceding evening. Something like paralysis, of which Lord Lessingham himself was evidently unconscious, had affected him, and Charles could scarcely conceal the effect which the sudden, and as it seemed to him, awful alteration of the old lord's appearance made upon him, on his first entrance to the apartment. There was an expression in Lord Lessingham's countenance that Somerford could not separate in his mind from a warning of death; and although his lord*ship repeatedly* assured him that he did not feel himself worse,

nxious young friend was unable to dispel the serious apensions he entertained from the first moment he saw him e morning.

thout apprizing his lordship of his intention, he despatched vant with a note, requesting a visit from the physician who ys attended the family, intimating at the same time a wish, he would make it appear as if his calling were accidental, Lord Lessingham should be needlessly alarmed by his reng advice, at a moment when, according to his own feelit was not necessary.

was afternoon before the physician arrived. Lord Lesam received him as usual; but in a moment was coned that Charles had been prompted by his apprehension of er to send for him.

I know," said his lordship, "that Somerford has caused to be sent for, doctor: he thinks me dangerously ill—but not so."

I hope not, my lord;" said the physician; "but with me precautionary system is a favourite one. I should recomd quiet and repose."

Do you think me worse?" said Lord Lessingham.

Not worse, my lord," replied the doctor; but still so ate, that a change might occur before we were aware of ithout proper care."

I have much to say," said Lord Lessingham; "much to tell, much to explain to Somerford—if I——"

It would be advisable to do it then," said the doctor; ——"

Is it so far gone as that?" said Lord Lessingham.

Not so, indeed, Lord Lessingham," said the physician; t I am quite sure, the sooner your mind is relieved from ness of importance, the more comfortable your bodily health be; and I should suggest the getting over any conversalikely to interest or agitate you as speedily as possible."

I see—I see it all," said the invalid; "another day, and haps I may be unable to explain myself—it shall be so. ve me then, and come to us this evening."

I will be here," said the physician: "in the mean time, our mind be as little acted upon as possible."

Ah!" said Lord Lessingham, "that caution is useless—it t be acted upon, and powerfully too—but I must trust to vidence to support me through the trial. At nine, then, I l see you."

Please God!" said the physician, in a tone which implied

that *he* would certainly be punctual, but that Lord Lessingham might not be conscious of his presence.

Somerford followed the physician from the room, and found his opinion generally coincided with his own as to Lord Lessingham's health: there was no immediate danger, but he was gradually sinking, and the change which had actually taken place within the last four-and-twenty hours, and which had excited Charles's alarm, had been certainly more rapid than the usual course. The return of the doctor at nine Somerford looked forward to with anxiety; and he resolved, if his excellent friend and patient should have lost ground considerably at that time, not to suffer the physician to quit the house during the night.

When Charles returned to Lord Lessingham's room, he found him weeping bitterly. Charles endeavoured to sooth and cheer him, but his efforts were vain, and Somerford thought the wisest thing to do was to suffer his grief, which he of course attributed to the recollection of poor Lady Emily, *which* was so indelibly recorded in his mind, to have its way. He sat himself by the side of the couch on which Lord Lessingham was extended, and waited watchfully his return to composure.

"Charles," said his lordship, "that I am dying I begin to feel; the words of the physician have opened the whole truth to me more clearly than my personal feelings; and while I have strength, I must unburden myself of that which *has lain* a heavy load upon my heart for years. What I am *about to* say is elsewhere recorded; and recorded in such a *form* as to render the effects which the disclosure must produce certain and incontestable.——I should wish, after I have relieved my mind of the detail which you must hear, to have with me our worthy rector. I long to join with him in prayer; but I cannot do so with satisfaction to myself, until you have heard the history of my early life, which I am about to impart to you."

"Spare me, my lord," said Charles; "spare yourself the recital of events which may agitate and unsettle your mind."

"Spare!" said Lord Lessingham; "no, Charles, no; I will not spare myself, who spared not others. Listen—As you know, Charles, I was born in the year 1759—born with all the advantages of rank and fortune, and grew, after the usual course of modern education, to be what is called a man of fashion and a man of the world, before I had reached the years of discretion. At that period, in the heyday of youth, *and in the* tumult of passions by which youth is assailed, my

station, my accomplishments, and, as I then was told, my personal merits, obtained me an easy access to all societies, and a greater share of favour than perhaps I deserved. My father proposed a marriage to me, which, like most others entered into under similar circumstances, was one of convenience. I refused to obey his wishes. I was fondly attached——"

Here his lordship seemed overcome by the recollection of past circumstances, and Charles entreated him to take some sort of refreshment before he proceeded. He did so, and shortly resumed his narration.

"I was," continued his lordship, "devotedly attached to a being all innocence and goodness. I loved her with the ardency of youth, and the warmth of a first affection: a marriage with *her* would have been destruction to my worldly views and prospects, and, at the moment when my father was urging another connexion, must have separated us for ever. No arts were untried on my part, no solicitations unused, to induce this amiable, excellent girl to consent to be mine without the sanction of the church. I own it, Charles—I confess, I admit my errors—it is that confession, it is those admissions, from which I expect relief. She withstood the specious flattery of her superior; she resisted the glittering offers of wealth and splendour which I basely made her—she triumphed,—and I, devoted to her for her beauty and her merit, became the worshipper of her virtue and excellence.—I married her."

Lord Lessingham again appeared exhausted, but the pause of a few moments recovered him.

"A few months of stolen bliss," continued his lordship, "for my father never knew of the marriage, were all that was granted me in return for my filial disobedience. She died soon after having given birth to a daughter, and I, reckless of consequences, and driven to desperation by the early blight which had fallen upon my joy and happiness, declared my readiness to obey my father's wishes with respect to my marriage, and in less than six months was united to the lady he had selected for me. The happiness such a match was likely to produce must be, as you can conceive, most problematical; and after bearing me a daughter, my fellow-victim to a marriage of expediency fled from me to the arms of a nobleman, now, like herself, gone to his long account, leaving me an only daughter.

"That daughter," said Lord Lessingham, "grew up the pride of my heart, the idol of my affections, mild, amiable, accomplished, and beautiful; she possessed every quality that could adorn her sex. Animated with intelligence, and an ever-

varying expression, her countenance was the index of a mind pure and unsophisticated as it was vigorous and active; in her manners, there was about her a winning sweetness, a grace which courts improve, but cannot give, and an unstudied genuineness of participation in all the hopes and fears of others, joined to an artless energy and warm enthusiasm for those she loved. I speak of a darling daughter, Charles, perhaps too favourably; but she was a superior being,—she walked amid the vices and the follies of the world unsullied, uncontaminated; and while the artless smile of pleasure played upon her cheek, and the bright fire of intellect sparkled in her eyes, there was ever beaming round her the pure radiancy of virtue to sanctify her beauty.

"On my elevation to the earldom of Lessingham," said his lordship, "I obtained the barony to be in remainder to her and her issue generally; and she married (with all my hopes of happiness for her, as I thought, realized), the Earl of Carisbrook, a man distinguished in his military career, and universally esteemed by all who knew him in private. But, Charles, Charles, the follies of my early days!—sins—call them sins—have been visited upon me in later life. My noble son-in-law fell on the field of battle—a nobler spirit never winged its flight to heaven than his; but my poor Emily never recovered the shock, and although she lingered on, and, as you know, has been lost to me but three short years; the sword that pierced her husband's heart broke hers."

"Calm yourself, my dear lord," said Charles, "pray *pause*—these recollections are too much for you."

"No," said his lordship; "I am performing a sacred duty; let it tear me, rack me as it will. I shall be easier when I have done my duty. With her dying breath she bequeathed me our poor, dear, lost child. Oh, Somerford! Somerford! death has been busy in my house! The chastening hand of Providence has been over me; but I bow—my poor—fond—darling Emily!"——

Lord Lessingham was here so exhausted that he fell back on the couch, and for a moment Somerford dreaded the worst, and that all was over; he chafed his temples, and rubbed his hands, and at length again the old man resumed.

"Emily," said his lordship, and the very name brought fresh tears into his eyes; "Emily was the only child of what I had hoped to see a happy, prosperous marriage; to her on my death, as my heir, would have devolved all my estates and fortune, and the barony which would have been her mother's

had she survived me. Lord Carisbrook's title descended to a younger brother, whom you have seen, I think, at Cheltenham; and now, at nearly seventy years of age, am I left alone in the wide world, to sink into my grave unregarded and unlamented."

"Oh! do not say so, Lord Lessingham," said Charles, "while a being devoted to you is at your side, whose affec——"

—"Affection!" cried Lord Lessingham; "affection to me! no, no! you have not heard the whole of this strange tale; much remains to be divulged, much to be told, which must make you hate me. I told you, Charles, I married the woman of my heart, the being I idolized: but what was the sequel? Pride, hateful pride, and the fear of a father prouder than myself, induced me carefully to conceal from all the world the fact of the marriage I had contracted. Emma, the beloved of my heart, in pure affection, she, whom of all God's creatures I loved the most, died in obscurity; and I, to stifle all remarks, to obviate all inquiry, sent forth into the world, as an orphan, the poor infant child to whom she had given birth, and fastened on its name the stamp of illegitimacy."

"Pray, pray, calm yourself," said Charles.

—"I am calm—calm as I can be," said his lordship: "listen, listen to me: that infant—that daughter, deserted by her father, cast off, abandoned, and thrown upon the world, was educated by a hired menial as his child, passed in the world for his offspring, and as his daughter, married—"

—"There—" interrupted Charles.

"Hear me, Charles," said Lord Lessingham; "in that station, with such a portion as her reputed father could be supposed to give her, she married, became the affectionate wife of a professional man, honourable and talented; but who, since his death, I hear was poor. It was through this connexion of hers I knew the Maxwells, with whom you would have allied yourself."

"Indeed, my lord," said Charles.

"Yes, yes," said Lord Lessingham, "the man who married my daughter, the daughter I disowned, and to the last neglected, was a friend of Maxwell in his youth: but as he sank in the world through neglect and illness, Maxwell advised him to retire to the neighbourhood of London, where he might obtain, if a confined, at least a respectable practice. In that place he died—the husband of my daughter, Charles, died—died in poverty! Are these not crimes to shudder at? Are these—"

"Pray, *sir*, *do not* needlessly agitate yourself," said Charles

—"He left a son," continued Lord Lessingham, "of whom I had heard favourable accounts, and who survived his mother, who died unnoticed by her unnatural, cruel parent—that son was the *protégé* of Maxwell."

—"Of Maxwell!" said Charles.

"Of Maxwell!" rejoined his lordship; "he went abroad, fought, bled in his country's service; and I watched his actions; my eye was ever on him. Pride, pride, hated pride, Charles, induced me to smother every right feeling and repress even parental affection. My beloved granddaughter Emily was the inheritor of my title, of my fortune: acknowledging this boy, with all his merits and all his rights, would have deprived *her* of her honours and station. I did him this continued injustice—I kept my shameful secret."

"But now," said Somerford, "now that all you cared for is gone, restore him to those rights.—Where is he now?"

"Before me, Charles!" exclaimed his lordship;—"you, you, my much-injured Charles! you are the grandson I deserted—you are the rightful heir whose claims I endeavoured to supersede."

It is impossible to say which of the two actors in this scene was the more overcome at this crisis. In a moment all the past kindness and affectionate treatment of Lord Lessingham was accounted for; in a moment Charles was at the feet of his aged grandfather, the acknowledged successor of his honours and his fortune.

"I have but one excuse to make," said Lord Lessingham, raising himself on the couch, "but one palliative to bring forward in extenuation of my unnatural conduct. The follies of youth, the folly of pride had estranged me from your mother during my father's lifetime. It would have been worse than madness on my part to have attempted to bring either her or you forward, or even to name you: thus, what my own thoughtlessness had entailed upon your unoffending mother, my subsequent apprehensions entailed on you; and when the dear child who is now gone—taken from me in judgment for my base attempts, Charles,—grew into my love, into my very heart of hearts, I had not courage to do you an act of justice, which would at once deprive her of the advantages for the attainment of which all my influence had been exerted."

"For Heaven's sake, sir," said Charles, "think not for one moment on what is past. Our dear Lady Emily's virtues and qualities are of themselves sufficient reasons to me for maintaining her claim against that of an unknown orphan."

"Generous Charles!" said his lordship, "let me conclude. When I heard, which I did, of the death of your poor mother's supposed parents, I hastened to the spot, with the intention of declaring her origin and avowing her legitimacy; but I saw your father: he convinced me by his manner that he was wholly ignorant of every circumstance which could lead to a discovery, if I did not make it; and then being under awe of a parent whose pride had been my greatest bane, I gladly availed myself of his want of knowledge, and left him uninformed of my name or my intentions. I was not unmindful of him in after-days; and justice to myself compels me to tell you, that he received, during the latter part of his life, from an unknown source, a competency, which I dared not exceed, lest a large source of income should excite suspicion as to the power of the donor, and thus lead to a discovery I wished to avoid; but never, never can I think of the fate of my daughter, who was abandoned by me. Oh, Charles! see—see in me an example that neither rank nor wealth can save the sinner from the pangs of remorse, the stings of conscience."

"Useless now, sir, are these regrets," said Somerford; "her son——"

"Ay, Charles," interrupted his lordship, "let me explain my conduct to you, while I am able. I watched your progress at Maxwell's—I traced your departure—I even attributed it to the right cause: yet I did not regret it. You were provided for, and provided for away from me and mine: you returned, and by chance was thrown near me—to that chance we are indebted for this explanation. The death of my poor daughter, Lady Emily, the fate of her husband, and the deviation of his title from the right line in consequence, narrowed my connexions and reduced my former importance; and when my poor Emily sickened, and I saw increasing illness gain upon her, I——"

"Spare yourself the recital, my lord," said Charles; "I——"

"Suffice it then to say," sobbed the old man, "that I knew of your illness at the Cape; that I traced you homeward; and that I engaged a friend of mine, without of course divulging the smallest circumstance likely to lead him towards the truth, to observe the movements of the Maxwell family, whom I understood to be at Brighton at the period of your return. Your landing there was unexpected, and of course I knew nothing of it; for Lord Bryanston, whose services I put in requisition, was not aware of the connexion between you and the surgeon's

family. I soon found from other sources that you had been successful in your career in India; and when the offer of your acquaintance was made me by Macleod, I grasped at it with rapture—the smouldering affections of nature burst into a flame, and I received the child of my deserted daughter with delight.

"Then it was, Charles, that beholding in you all that I considered desirable in a husband for my poor Emily, I encouraged the hope that you might be united. Then should I have done you the justice I had so long withheld, and have acknowledged you as the son of my first daughter, in whose right, according to the remainder in the patent, you succeed to my barony; because you would have conferred the rank upon your cousin, and thus have blended all the objects I had in view in one. But that, however, was not to be; but I have done you justice now, and now my mind is at ease."

"Let me implore your blessing, sir," said Charles; "forgive me the pain my conduct must have caused you; forgive the injustice I may have done you, in not understanding the full extent of your kindness."

"Kindness, Charles," said Lord Lessingham; "my kindness has been but small, the justice I have done compulsory; for had my poor Emily survived, you would have lived and died unconscious of our relationship. "But," added his lordship, again relapsing into tears, "the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and you are righted."

His lordship, at this period, was so much exhausted, that Charles forbade him, as he valued his happiness, to continue to speak; and remained at his side watching him, as he slumbered, from the effects of the exertion of mind and body which he had made.

What were Charles's feelings, as he contemplated the picture before him—the recollections which flashed across him, when he recalled the treatment of Maxwell; his having exiled him from England to avoid a union with his daughter—Maxwell, too, whose vanity would have been excited, whose pride gratified in the highest degree, by the prospect of such a connexion: but such is ever the success of the most calculating manœuvrers, who sacrifice the best affections of those they profess to love to the petty lucre of gain or the paltry aggrandizement which adventitious rank may bestow.

Lord Lessingham slumbered on, until the arrival of the medical attendant, whose visit he expected. The doctor pronounced his noble patient weakened only by the fatigue of con-

versation, and recommended quiet and repose as most likely to produce temporary relief; for without knowing how very much the rank and fortune of Somerford would be changed by the death of his lordship, and therefore without any view of flattering his expectations as a worldly doctor might think it amiable to do, the said doctor gave Charles distinctly to understand, that the decay which no art could check had begun, and that the greatest point to be attained, in the present state of his lordship's constitution, was to smooth the path to eternity by the regular process of abstaining from any topic which could agitate or irritate the patient.

Lord Lessingham, as if perfectly aware of the value of time, had made arrangements for seeing his solicitor, and other persons connected with his worldly affairs, the next day; and accordingly, in the presence of several witnesses, he signed and acknowledged the written statement of all that he had told his avowed grandson Charles; appended to which were the certificate of his marriage with Miss Emma Gaysford, the extract from the register of the baptism of their legitimate daughter, that of the baptism of Charles Somerford, together with the certificate of the marriage of Somerford and his mother; in short, every document necessary to make the facts of the case clear and unquestionable had been collected, and would have been previously brought into use, had the projected marriage between Charles and his cousin Lady Emily been brought about.

The marriage of Lord Lessingham with Miss Gaysford took place in June, 1780; she died in March, 1781, leaving the new-born infant, Sophia, afterward mother to Charles. In the year 1798, being between seventeen and eighteen years of age, Sophia married Somerford under circumstances which have already been recapitulated; and Charles was born in the year 1799. Mrs. Woodly, the supposed mother of Mrs. Somerford, died in 1805; the Somerfords settled in London in 1806; and Somerford died in 1815. Charles, then under the protection of Maxwell, left England for India in 1817, at the age of eighteen, and returned to Great Britain in 1825, after an absence of eight years, his mother having died in the year 1822.

All these dates having been duly collected, and the necessary papers arranged, Lord Lessingham, with perfect composure and self-possession, completed his worldly duties by delivering his will to his solicitors; and on their departure resigned himself to the care of his spiritual adviser, and the constant attention *of his newly* acknowledged grandson, with a mind un-

burdened of a heavy load, and a heart full of sincere repentance and pious faith.

While all these matters were, as the Americans say, progressing, much more was doing in other parts of the world; and Hanningham, whose efforts in ascertaining the real amount of Maxwell's liabilities continued unsuccessful, became more and more agitated as the days passed between his first interview with Hall and that upon which the recorder's report was to be received by the king. It so happened, that a continued illness of our beloved monarch delayed the reception of this awful catalogue of crime, even beyond Hanningham's hopes; for his object was, whatever the cause of his anxiety might be, to protract the period of Hall's existence until some other event occurred, but what that event was, not even his better half had yet ascertained; seeing that, as I have already said, he deprived himself of sharing with her the greatest satisfaction he had ever received from a piece of unexpected intelligence, lest she should, in her eagerness to delight others, divulge the good news before the proper season had arrived for doing so, and before Hall had legally and authoritatively made his statement, which was to exonerate the memory of old Mr. Hanningham from obloquy and disgrace. However, it could not be expected that the man should voluntarily confess the commission of a capital offence, with which there was now no chance of his being charged, while there yet remained the slightest hope of his obtaining a commutation of one of which he actually stood convicted.

There was one person, with whom the reader is as yet but little acquainted, whose heart would be gladdened by the intelligence which Hall's confession would convey, and that was the sister of Hanningham, of whom the culprit spoke in Newgate. This young lady, beautiful and accomplished, and eligible to a place in the best society, was by the fatal blow on her family driven from the world: circumstances prevented her accepting an asylum in her brother's house at Madeira, and her natural feelings and affections prompted her to utter seclusion. Hanningham looked forward, therefore, with increased satisfaction to the establishment of his venerated parent's innocence, inasmuch as he was quite certain that a knowledge of that fact would bring back his affectionate daughter to the world, and restore her to the comforts and pleasures of a family circle. Still so terrified was he, lest he should, knowing what he did, fail in establishing the facts, that

n *she* was left in ignorance of any part of the disclosure n which so much depended.

Five weeks had now rolled over Hanningham's head since interview with Hall, and every hour increased his anxiety, at length, one morning at breakfast, he saw announced in newspapers that the dreaded report had been presented, and t Hall, among others, was ordered for execution on the fol- ring Wednesday. His wife—whose mind when *she* read vspapers ran upon fashionable arrivals and departures, on ths, deaths, marriages, and a detail of parties at which, after ning lamps that never were lighted, inhaling the sweets of wers that never were planted, describing suppers that never re prepared, the said newspapers proceeded to enumerate a : of illustrious visiters who were neither invited or expected, if invited or expected never came—could not conceive what lent interest her husband could take about the recorder's re- t. In short, she thought it rather a peculiarity in a gentle- n whose father had made an exhibition upon the scaffold, to it out that particular portion of the paper to direct his atten- n to; and now that he saw the dreadful fact announced, his itation arrived at such a pitch that she feared something a le wrong in his brains,—he was so dreadfully excited at the y sound of an execution. If the dear, good-hearted man uld but have told her the whole truth—and now that Hall's th was decided upon, one would have thought he might, at events, have done so—she would have been easy, and the se would have gone on comfortably.

t is quite a mistaken idea, that a woman cannot keep a ret—nobody so well. Trust her but with half, or try to keep om her altogether, and she is sure to beat you; because her de prompts her to find out what the man thinks it right to iceal, and then her vanity induces her to tell what she has nd out; and this in order to show her power of discovery. ist all to her, and she will never betray you; but half a ifidence is not worth having: so perhaps Hanningham ught, and as he did not feel himself justified in giving his y the whole of his, gave her none.

Two or three days after this curious scene of agitation, Mr. nningham made his appearance in the presence of his lady, king like the summer's sun, glowing with smiles, excessively , and prodigiously happy.

'Do you think, my love," said he, as he walked about her idoir, dancingly, "do you think we could secure some more lrooms *in this house* ?"

They had removed from the hotel into furnished lodgings in Albemarle-street.

"I dare say we might, my dear," said she, who sat transfixed to her chair, her eyes following the movements of her husband round the room, as the whipman at Astley's follow the gentleman in tight whites and spangles, who is attitudinizing on the horse.

"Shall I ring for the servant, and inquire?" said Mr. Hanningham.

"To be sure, my love, if you like," said Mrs. Hanningham; "but why do you want more rooms?"

"Because, my dear," said Mr. Hanningham, "I expect more company."

"Company, love?" said Mrs. Hanningham.

"Company, dear," said Mr. Hanningham.

"Where are they coming from?" said Mrs. Hanningham.

"Can't you guess?" said Mr. Hanningham.

"Not I," said the lady.

"That 's very odd," said the gentleman.

"Who are they?" asked the lady.

"An old gentleman and his daughter," replied the gentleman.

"Oh, I know now," said Mrs. Hanningham; "Mr. and Miss Maxwell. But do you think it safe for them to come?"

"Perfectly safe," said Hanningham; "you may rely upon it—if it were not safe, do you think I should advise it?"

"No, my love," said Mrs. Hanningham; "only *Kate is* such a favourite of yours."

"Ring the bell, my sweet Mrs. Hanningham," said the husband; "and don't be jealous."

"Jealous—oh!" said the lady; "I——"

"No, my dear, I know," said Hanningham; "but perhaps you will take the trouble to inquire, yourself—ladies manage all these things so much better than men."

"Any thing to save men the trouble, I believe," said Mrs. Hanningham. "However, I'll be the good patient wife, and go."

She went; and Hanningham, having performed sundry evolutions in the way of walking and skipping about the apartment until she returned, was then informed that ample accommodation could be afforded for the expected visiters.

"You must remember," said Mrs. Hanningham, "when they come, not in your careless manner to call them Maxwell, as Kate writes me word their friend Mr. Moss did."

My dear, trust to me," said Mr. Hanningham. "If I call
Maxwell, I will suffer you to cut my head off."
When do they come ?" said Mrs. Hanningham.
This evening," said Mr. Hanningham.
From Portsmouth ?" inquired Mrs. Hanningham.
Exactly so, my dear," replied Mr. Hanningham ; "they
expect a late dinner here, so—you understand, my love—
e said."
id here again Mr. Hanningham performed the part of Har-
n, ending his rapid circuit round the room by saluting Co-
ine in the character of his wife, in a manner the most
nt and sonorous.
Why you are mad, my dear Hanningham," said Mrs. Han-
ham.
What for doing *so?*" said Mr. Hanningham. "But I be-
I *am* rather flighty, my love," added he : "so, with your
ission, I shall absent myself for an hour or two, having
ess of importance to transact. Now, remember, dinner at
past seven."
Does Dawes come with them, my love ?" said Mrs. Han-
ham.
D—— Dawes!" said Mr. Hanningham—"who cares for
es—what's Dawes to me or I to Dawes?—never mind
es, my beloved—let every body shift for himself—and do
unctual. Good-by, love—adieu till seven—I cannot stay
e house, so I must e'en go out."
id away went Hanningham out of the room as Jones goes
he stage, making, as it were, a point at his exit; not but
in general Hanningham was as different a person from
Richard Jones, as Mr. Richard Jones, the teacher of elo-
n, in his study in Chapel-street, Grosvenor Place, is from
ame Mr. Richard Jones on the stage of Drury Lane play-
e. It must be a comical sight to see this vivacious actor
s elevated academy, teaching lawyers to plead, members to
k, judges to sentence, and prelates to preach ; but he is a
man, and never blabs about his pupils—so he deserves the
nage he meets with.
or Mrs. Hanningham was left in a state of perplexity :
ad never seen her husband so wonderfully gay, so mar-
usly excited as he was to-day—and yet in the morning he
in the most melancholy possible humour ; some discovery
Iaxwell's business had no doubt put him into these high
ts, and he was resolved to let the *denouement* come upon
is the most agreeable surprise he could contrive.

Never did time seem to move so slowly as during the next three or four hours. At last, however, seven o'clock struck, and punctual to his time was Hanningham—but when he re-appeared his spirits were not the least lowered by their constant exercise during the day. His lady, dressed for dinner, received him with a mixture of pleasure and apprehension, lest the state he was in should continue, and she never should subdue him down into rationality again.

Eight o'clock arrived—it was dusk—the dinner was done—overdone—waiting: the servants had twice been into the drawing-room to know if they were to wait any longer—at five minutes past eight, a knock and ring announced an arrival, and a yellow postchaise come through from Liphook drew up at the door.

"There they are, by jingo!" said Hanningham, jumping up, and running, or rather tumbling down stairs to receive the visiters.

"Mercy on us!" said Mrs. Hanningham—not quite relishing the enthusiasm which her husband displayed upon the occasion of Miss Maxwell's arrival, and resolving to treat her with a proportionable degree of coolness, so as to mark her disapprobation of his conduct.

"Up stairs—up stairs!" she heard Hanningham say—and then followed a noise of kissing—extremely tantalizing, and not, as she thought, altogether called for under these circumstances—'Up stairs—take care—mind the corner—there, up with you—O, never mind the things—up with you."

And amidst all this jumble of words, and *scuffling*, and scrambling, and pushing, and thumping, who should rush into the drawing-room, to the astonishment of Mrs. Hanningham, but old Mr. Wilson, the agent from Fayal, and his charming daughter.

CHAPTER XVI.

> He comes, *my lord!* with all th' expecting joys
> Of a young promised lover.
>
> LEE.

MISFORTUNES, they say, never come alone—in our case, it seems that arrivals are equally pluralized; we have just been startled by the unexpected appearance of the Fayal agent and his daughter, and we must be prepared for the sudden entrance upon the scene of another character of the drama.

Maxwell, Moss, and Mrs. Apperton, were seated in council, discussing the best mode of proceeding in their affairs, Moss still adhering to his advice of remaining where they were, when Mrs. Dawes suddenly made her appearance in the little drawing-room of Melrose Cottage, evidently in a state of great agitation, and in a tone between laughing and crying, begged Mr. Moss to step out for a minute.

Maxwell, whose apprehensions for his personal freedom had never abated or relaxed since his return to England, in a moment conjured up a thousand horrible visions. Kate herself was terrified, and Moss believing something of the sort himself, sallied out as fast as he could.

"I am lost!" said Maxwell; "I know it—the harpies of the law are upon me. Kate, I shall never survive it."

"Compose yourself, my dearest father," said Mrs. Apperton; "why needlessly terrify yourself?"

"I know it *is* so," said the agitated old man.

"'Tis he, Mr. Moss!" said Mrs. Dawes.

"Himself," said Moss.

"He is in the back parlour at this very moment," replied the faithful housekeeper.

"Call Kittums," said Godfrey.

"They name *you*, Kate," said Maxwell.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Apperton.

"Don't flurry yourself, dear," said Mrs. Dawes, "it's he."

"Who?"

"Me, Kate, me," exclaimed Edward Maxwell, rushing from the little parlour; and in another moment Kate was in her fond brother's arms.

"It is my boy?" said Maxwell; "then something decisive has occurred. No trifling object would have brought him to England—of that I am convinced."

The scene at Melrose Cottage was most rapidly changed from doubt and apprehension to pleasure, and, it must be confessed, curiosity; for it was quite clear, putting the probability of what it might be out of the question, that Edward was full charged with something of first rate importance to the family.

It was not, however, to be expected that poor Edward could immediately unburthen himself of his secret, whatever it was, while floods of inquiries upon every minor point poured in upon him, and while Mrs. Dawes remained admiring and wondering at the great improvement which she saw in her young favourite's personal appearance. By degrees, they ascertained that he had been eleven days on his voyage, that he had been put ashore at Cowes, and that he had arrived *via* Newport and Wooton-bridge, at Ryde; but what the object he had in view in quitting Madeira was, they had not yet discovered, nor, strange to say, did Edward appear able to explain.

In fact, Edward had a communication to make of the most vital importance to all their prospects and future proceedings; but he was apprehensive of exciting too great a sensation by declaring it at once: indeed, his object was to get one of the party alone, to whom he might divulge the truth, and then, in combination with that individual, inform the person most of all interested in his narrative; however, as it turned out, he was relieved from his embarrassment without much manœuvring.

"Edward, dear," said Kate, "you are in mourning."

"Yes, Kate," said young Maxwell, "and so will you be, I conclude, very shortly."

"How do you mean?" said the elder Maxwell. "What has happened?"

Edward made a sign to his father, unperceived by his sister, which conveyed the truth to his mind.

"Kate, my love," said Maxwell, "go to your room for a few minutes—it will be better. Edward has something to communicate—let us hear what it is."

"She may remain," said Edward; "but she must prepare to hear strange things—important things—to her, the most of all, important."

"Do they relate to Apperton?" said Maxwell.

"They do," replied Edward.

"Where is he?" said Moss; "what have you done with him?"

"I can hear all," said Kate.

"I should think you might, Kittums," said Moss.

"I forewarn you of a shock," said Edward; "perhaps the dress I wear has already driven your thoughts into the right channel—Apperton is dead!"

"That's just what I anticipated," said Moss.

From the manner in which Kate received the announcement of her widowhood, little could be gathered as to the precise nature of her feelings—she burst into tears. Edward offered her his arm to lean on, and she quitted the room. A violent affectation of grief would have been absurd, because grief, sincerely, she could not feel for such a happy riddance. The tumult which the intelligence excited in her bosom arose, no doubt, from mingled sentiments, and she was handed over to the care of Mrs. Dawes, under whose tender management she was more likely to recover her calmness and serenity.

It appeared from Edward's account of the last days of Apperton, that he had attended him constantly and assiduously through his illness, which gained daily upon him, and at last terminated fatally in about three weeks after his arrival at Madeira. Before his death, the unhappy victim of low ambition and the pride of wealth, disclosed all that part of his history which was involved in obscurity, and admitted to Edward that when he found Maxwell's property gone, in a great measure, his object was to alarm him with the threat of immediate danger, and drive him away from England. That he had made every arrangement to facilitate his departure, and built the golden bridge for one, in whom, if he had staid, he could only have expected to find a serious enemy.

When Maxwell was gone, Apperton too late recollected that his signature was necessary to various transfers and endorsements, without which he could not carry his plans into execution, and he had recourse to the desperate expedient of forging his name. This scheme succeeded in two or three instances, but detection followed, and nothing but a precipitate retreat saved his life; while his brother-in-law, having been detected in uttering one of the fallacious securities, had been tried, convicted, and as we already know, sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

If repentance—apparently sincere,—may be permitted to weigh with human beings, as we are taught to believe it does

with the Divinity, Apperton's sufferings—his anxiety to atone for his faults, and the care with which, through all his difficulties, he had preserved certain documents which would be of the highest advantage to Maxwell, gave him a strong claim to be forgiven. It appeared that, when he found himself driven to the last extremity, he proceeded to one of the out-ports, and instead of taking a passage to America in the character of a gentleman, entered himself as a common sailor, of whose vocation he assumed the dress and labour, and literally worked his way before the mast to the United States; there he was seized with the yellow fever, which acting upon a constitution considerably reduced by the total change of habit and subsistence, he was given over. Nature, however, rallied, and as he was told that a sea voyage would probably be more serviceable to him than any thing else, he forthwith entered himself on board the Jonadab Brown, which he left only to expire in Edward's arms.

The contents of the case, or haversack, to which reference has before been made, were, in the highest degree, important to Maxwell; they consisted of sundry bonds and securities which Maxwell had given, and which, when things came to the worst, Apperton had paid off with the wreck of the property which came into his possession; so that in point of fact, not only was Maxwell not involved to the amount of a guinea beyond the first great loss, but at the present moment upwards of twenty thousand pounds remained in his name in the three per cents., which Apperton had been unable to get *hold of*. Thus it appeared, that after all, if Apperton had acted *fairly*, and contented himself by meeting the misfortunes which assailed him manfully, he never need have had recourse to crime to atone for what, at worst, might after all have been only indiscretion.

It was indeed, a wonderful change of scene for Maxwell and his daughter. The old gentleman proceeded to Kate's room, and there divulged to her the particulars which Edward had related, while the young gentleman and Moss, who hated voyages practically, but very much relished "hearing tell of them," mutually edified each other—the one by detailing, and the other by listening to the history of his progress from Funchal to Cowes. Of course there was now no necessity for further concealment—no need of continued disguise; their business and duty would call them to London, whither, it appeared to Edward Maxwell, he ought at all events immediately to repair, seeing that he had, for the advancement of his own

objects, taken upon himself the responsibility of quitting the post which had been confidentially assigned to him.

But was it the positive necessity for his being the bearer of Apperton's last communications, or the packet which contained the important securities, that really led him to undertake the expedition to England? No doubt he could better explain the occurrences, and describe the sort of state in which his brother-in-law's mind and feelings appeared to be, at the time of his death, than any one else; and it was, above all, a very agreeable thing to be the bearer of favourable intelligence; but none of these, as I believe, would have driven him to the decision of leaving the winepipes and warehouses, if he had not accidentally discovered the picture of his long-sought Maria. It was evident, by her picture being in *that* house, that she must somehow be connected with the people to whom the house belonged. Half an hour's personal communication with his partner would do more to elucidate the mystery than half a year's correspondence, where letters and answers cannot be exchanged with any certainty as to time.

When Kate returned to the drawing-room she appeared calm and tranquil, but the placidity of her grief was occasionally interrupted by tears, which she could not control; their cause and origin I do not attempt to seek or display. However, while Maxwell retired for the purpose of examining the papers of which Edward was the bearer, Moss and she were engaged in a conversation touching her future prospects, which, it must be admitted, even if delicate in itself, was at all events somewhat premature.

"Well, Kittums," said Godfrey, feeding his nose with a huge pinch of snuff, "what'll the Charley cretur do now?"

"My dear Mr. Moss," said Kate, "how can you, at a moment like this, speak on a subject——"

"Which you do nothing but think about," said Moss. "Bou, Kittums! I know what woman creturs are—who can suppose you ever cared one penny for that sixteen-stringed Jack of a cretur, as died in the hospital?"

"Respect to the dead,—" said Kate.

"Oh! respect to the dead," repeated Moss; "why you might as well say that Hanningham respects *his* father—the worthy gentleman as cut his partner's throat, or shot him, or whatever it was. Did Apperton respect any of *you*, or any of your property, when he was alive, eh!"

"He has made all the atonement in his power," said Kate.

"Rather latish," said Moss. "Suppose he had not acci-

dentally fallen in with Neddums, what would have gone with his atonement? No; he saved his own neck, after having squandered all your money. Now, I want to know where master Somerford is, and what he'll do?"

"What should he do?" said Mrs. Apperton.

"What!" said Moss. "Come, come, Kittums, none o' your double faces with me—none of your Janus fancies—it's a good job that the old lord cretur, whoever he was, wouldn't have nothing to say to him, or else——"

"Indeed, Mr. Moss," said Kate, "I must entreat of you to talk of something else. I am sure you would not willingly give me pain; and the conversation has taken a turn which will drive me from the room, if you continue it."

"I hate affectation," said Moss: "but I have done. I suppose you must take a little time to come round, and so till after dinner, I'll have done, but then——"

"Well, well, any time except now," said Kate, glad to parry a dialogue which, while it brought the true nature of her feelings somewhat too painfully before her eyes, agitated and disturbed her beyond endurance. She had lost a husband who had been no husband to her; who had forfeited every claim to her affection or esteem. The news was of so recent a date that it seemed like a dream, scarcely possible to be real; and then, as Moss said—but which he should not have said—her speculations upon the conduct of Somerford, who had never communicated with her since her return to England, were equally wild and complicated. It was true that Charles could not correspond with her, because he was ignorant of the name they had assumed, and of the place to which they had retired; but he knew of their residence in Madeira.

Upon the return of the Maxwells to the drawing-room, the first burst of surprise and sorrow—if there were any—having subsided, the members of the family were able to converse upon the topics so new and so deeply interesting to them, with calmness and composure. It turned out, that Maxwell still possessed available property to an amount sufficient to afford him a competence in retirement, and after his death to secure his Kate from difficulty or embarrassment; it was therefore agreed upon that the family should proceed forthwith to London, and Kate, as ladies are always the best correspondents, was deputed to write to Mrs. Hanningham, announcing the events that had occurred, the arrival of Edward, his anxiety to see his partner and justify his abandonment of his post at Madeira, and to solicit her good offices in procuring

them rooms and accommodations in their neighbourhood in London, in which great metropolis it was their intention to arrive in the course of the following evening.

"And now," said Edward to his sister, "now that I have brought you such satisfactory—not satisfactory, I mean decisive—news of your late husband, what have *you* done for me with regard to my beautiful vision; the mystery about whom is increased in a tenfold degree, by the circumstance which I announced to you about the picture?"

"Do not think me cruel," said the widow; "do not believe that I could trifle with your feelings for a moment, but I have not dared to communicate to your father the discovery you made. Indeed, if you really feel that affection for me which I have every reason to believe you do, you must evince it by promising me not to drop one syllable upon the subject of that person at present. If your father were aware that you had seen that portrait, his injunctions with respect to the mention of the subject would be of the strongest kind; therefore, occupy yourself for the present in the numerous affairs to which circumstances have drawn your attention. But let me implore you, trust to me to bring *that* matter forward at a season more favourable than the present."

"But surely," said Edward, "when I see Hanningham, I may speak to him on the subject of the picture which I found in his house."

"The pictures were not *his*," said Kate; "I knew of those pictures when you did not, and mischief incalculable may now ensue from your having dragged them into light. However, with respect to all but the one, I conclude you are indifferent—and mark me! believe me, when I tell you, that a question, an observation from you to Hanningham upon the subject of that portrait, destroys at once, inevitably, entirely, and eternally, your hopes, vague as they may be now, about the being upon whom your affections are so devotedly fixed."

"But how came those pictures in his possession?"

"They belonged to his late father," said Katherine; "they were clandestinely removed from England at the time of his execution. None of them should have been seen; this, however, is a mere error—and may be repaired: but the history which attaches to that young creature is such, that I tell you again, and for the last time, a word relative to the likeness addressed to your partner extinguishes all hope about the original, and perhaps would have the effect of breaking off even the mercantile connexion which so happily exists between you now."

Poor Edward, who saw the mystery which he had hoped to dissipate thicken as he approached it, was considerably distressed at this solemn declaration of his sister; and the more so, because he reposed the most implicit confidence in her, and was perfectly assured that unless she were well convinced of the necessity of the course she suggested, she would not have advised him to pursue it. He began almost to wish that he had remained where he was, living upon hopes and expectations, with a true resemblance of his idol before him, instead of having put himself in a situation to have those hopes and expectations overthrown, with the loss of the portrait, and with no chance of obtaining the original.

However, the domestic happiness of the family was enough to live on, for one day, at all events, without alloy; and Edward, with a resolution often made but seldom kept by lovers determined that he would not think about his mysterious Maria for the next twelve hours. Maxwell's countenance, as he gazed upon his poor daughter, and felt conscious that let what might happen, she would be secure from the buffetings of fortune, and anticipated a return to his former habits and associations, bespoke sentiments which language would feebly describe: even Moss smiled, and grumbled not; and poor old Mrs. Dawes was busier than a bee, running in and out, and up and down, making preparations for the little family banquet of the day, and their departure for the metropolis on the morrow.

Little did these short-sighted, mole-eyed mortals anticipate what was to happen on that morrow, or what extraordinary changes, even in this changeable state, were to take place within the next eight-and-forty hours; but it is lucky that men and women are not gifted with prescience, unless indeed the gift were universally accompanied by the power and means of avoiding the consequences which such an instinctive perception would so fearfully exhibit. As it was, the day went on; passions and feelings subsided into a calm interchange of thoughts and affections; and it must be confessed, qualified as all earthly advantages naturally are by some countervailing evil, the Maxwells had never been so nearly happy as they now were, since the good old times before Mrs. Maxwell died, and Charles Somerford had been sent abroad.

Squills, who to medical ability united personal kindness and assiduity, in behalf of his friends, was very soon let into the mystery, or rather the history, of Edward's arrival and his brother-in-law's death, and the earnestness of his manner, and

the warmth of feeling which he expressed on the occasion, added to a "double-barrelled" hint of Moss's that he would be pleased to dine with them the last day of their stay, and moreover would be uncommonly useful in the morning in getting their luggage down to the pier-head, and civilizing the boatmen, and, in short, smoothing their exit from the island—induced the surgeon, after a brief conference with Kate, to beg him to join the little family party, they hoped not for the last time, although perhaps for the last time *there*. And accordingly Squills prepared himself for the rural banquet, and left strict orders with Mrs. Squills not to send the usual nine o'clock message by the little boy with the glazed hat and the basket, that he was wanted by a patient; an order which she felt extremely well disposed to obey, seeing that she and her daughters, and son-in-law, were going to tea and quadrilles at Miss Wamble's cottage, at number thirty-two.

There was one of the party at Maxwell's who suffered deeply, but who felt bound to silence by the commands of his sister, and the hope of a favourable result to his taciturnity. Edward was restless and agitated, and more beaten than ever, by finding from Kate that the discovery he had made of the portrait at Madeira, instead of accelerating a favourable termination to his doubts and fears, was in fact a new and almost insurmountable difficulty in the way of settlement. He determined so far, however, to act for himself, as to speak confidentially to his partner Hanningham, explain to him all the foregone circumstances, and, if necessary to his future happiness, pledge him to secrecy as far as related to his father.

To a person in Edward's state of mind, the society and conversation of Squills, all dart, point, wit, and epigram, parried and returned by Moss in his old way of pooh poohing his adversary down, was any thing but agreeable. He was not used to the style of dialogue in which they were indulging. Of Count Narli, to whose adventures they were perpetually alluding, he had never heard; what Mardo Paste was he did not know; nor was he interested at all in the minute dissections of the tabbies at Ryde, or the little tittle-tattle of its pier; and it must be observed, that even with a mind attuned to amusement, it requires some little habitude, some little personal knowledge of a humorist, before we are able to taste his wit or relish his allusions. Edward withdrew from the small drawing-room to stroll about the place; and Kate, under pretence of fatigue by anticipation, retired to rest; so that Maxwell, Moss, and Squills, had the evening to themselves,

and made the ambient air redolent with the fumes of cigars until a late hour.

The morning came—the family re-assembled—the boatmen's barrows were at the door. Squills in advance, and in command: Dawes, wrapped up to vapour-bath heat, for fear of the sea-breeze, and pale as a sheet at the prospect of the twenty minutes' voyage she was about to undertake to Portsmouth; Kate, not yet decently weeded as became her state—for at Ryde sea-weeds were all she could have dressed her sorrow in, at so short a notice—was ready before her father; and Edward, whose whole system seemed on wheels, and whose restlessness and anxiety to see Hanningham nothing could control, was calling his respectable parent, when Mossums was seen standing at the door of "his lodgums," making signs that they would lose the packet, if they did not make haste; which he did, by extending to their extreme length alternately his legs and arms, after the manner of a semaphore, for which character he was about as well qualified as a turtle; however, he made himself understood, and after a run and a good fresh "blow" along the jetty, the party found themselves mustered, boxes, bundles, parcels, packages, and all, on the deck of the steamer—the funnel smoking, the paddles splashing, and the horn blowing its last parting blast. To the word "Go," the wheels responded musically, and the black boat dashed away the foam from her bows, and plunging through the water like a "thing of life," soon conveyed her living cargo to the back of the Quebec, where the disembarkation took place in as short a space of time as possible.

Having reached Portsmouth, the next step was to ascertain the best and readiest mode of leaving it again. Moss advocated any conveyance which would accommodate four insides, and proposed securing the entire of one of the stage-coaches for that purpose, as being at once the most economical and expeditious, seeing that he and the Maxwells would occupy the seats within, while Mrs. Dawes might take her journey on the roof; but this very judicious suggestion of Godfrey's could not be acted upon, because none of the London coaches were vacant. There was, indeed, an inside place in one of them, but Godfrey declined it—he had no notion of separation; sink or swim, they would all go together; he was not going up "grumpums" by himself in a corner, with a fat woman, a sick child, a fine lady, and a drunken sailor; and go he would not—so the next best they could do, was to proceed to the Crown *en masse*, and take counsel there of the landlord, who would

no doubt put them on a course of getting to London forthwith, which should at once be agreeable to them, and profitable to himself.

This proposal was instantly agreed to, and the party walked to the inn, followed and surrounded by barrowmen and porters bearing their various packages of luggage. No sooner had they reached the open door than a peal of bells announced their arrival, and the landlord himself—always a welcome sight at a house of public entertainment, because it gives earnest of his intentions to accommodate his customers to the best of his ability, received them on the threshold.

By one of those common efforts of habitual memory, which very often surprise one in similar cases, the moment the landlord saw the party he recognised Maxwell, not only as a person known to him by sight, but as bearing the name of Maxwell, and as the Mr. Maxwell who had been at the Crown some months previous; and with the greatest courtesy greeted him on his return from the Isle of Wight, to which he knew he was going when he last saw him, and whence he naturally concluded he was now coming back.

"Why, Mack, you are known here," said Moss.

"Yes; luckily it does not signify," said Maxwell, "but I never should have flattered myself that I could live so long in mine host's recollection."

The attention and civility of the landlord were beyond praise; and having been ushered into a drawing-room, Maxwell began his propositions as to the journey, by telling him that he was quite surprised at his remembering him so long.

"We seldom lose the recollection of faces we have once had the pleasure of seeing, sir," said the landlord, "especially when we feel pleased at seeing them again."

"You are very kind," said Maxwell; "we want to get to London this evening, and we are at a loss how to manage as to stowage."

"I think, sir," said the landlord, "you could manage with the chariot; the seat behind holds two, and three inside would not be too much in a roomy carriage."

"Ah, Neddums and Dawes in the dickey," said Moss, "and Kittums inside, between Mack and me."

"A most accommodating arrangement," said Edward.

"I must protest against Dawes having an outside place," said Kate; "and therefore, if there is any means of her getting to town by a coach, we can manage extremely well."

"You shall have your own way," said Maxwell, "and that will make the affair more simple."

Arrangements were made for the accommodation of Dave, who was hurried breathless at the top of her speed to a coach-office at the Fountain, and packed into a Rocket or a Regulator, whichever it might have been, with all becoming expedition.

"But," said Maxwell, "with respect to the chariot—can we have it all the way through—to town?"

"The chariot, sir," said the landlord, "is your own carriage—the one you left here when you passed through, sir."

"My carriage!" said the surgeon, who had forgotten, in the hurry and bustle of the last few months, that he had left his chariot at the same inn, under directions from Apperton to let it remain there till sent for; but in a moment collecting himself, and assuming as composed an air as he could command under the influence of strong surprise, he added, "What, did they never send for it to town after all?"

"No, sir," said the landlord, "it has been here ever since, and I believe you will admit that we have taken every care of it."

Moss thought both the "creturs" were crazy—it was all a mystery to him, who knew nothing of the arrangement; but the feelings of Kate and her father, when they saw the well-known vehicle at the door, looking as it did in the bright days of prosperity, were not a little agitated; it recalled a thousand recollections, a thousand bitter pangs, but it was necessary to stifle them, and take it as it came to them, simply as a convenient receptacle for themselves and their luggage. *Moss*, who had not much sentiment about him, could not understand how a thing built of leather and wood, at a tradesman's in Long-Acre, hung upon springs, and pulled about upon wheels, could inspire any thing like affection, or excite any thing like pleasure or regret; but he was, nevertheless, quite conscious of the comfort it afforded him, and he threw himself into the corner of it with the greatest aptitude, protesting, however, that it smelt "a leetle mouldy or so."

The travellers started, and proceeded without let or hindrance from Horndean to Petersfield, from Petersfield to Liphook, and from Liphook to Guilford. The day was fine, the country looked lovely, and somehow there was an association of comforts in the journey which Kate felt intensely. The idea of having her beloved father in his own country, journeying to the scene and sphere of all his former life, without the awe of con-

sequences, and in his proper name and character, was delightful to her; even the trifling circumstance of the carriage being their own seemed to add to the strength of the illusion that every thing had taken a turn, and that bright days were yet in store for them.

Maxwell had an objection to entering London in the broad glare of day, in a chariot once so well known, and which in its time was as familiar to the public eye as Mr. Heaviside's putty colour, or Dr. Hooper's green, and accordingly suggested a halt at the White Hart for a couple of hours, during which Moss proposed, as a mode of overcoming the *ennui* of a country town, a snack of mutton-chops and kidneys, with a "pickled warnut;" indeed, after the proposition of stopping had once been made, no power of mechanism could have been found strong enough to move him forward; and accordingly, the party took possession of that pleasing apartment which commands the point-blank view of the gothic house opposite, and which is decorated with most loyal and religious prints, thus laudably exhibiting the attachment of the landlord to church and state.

It was at one of the windows of this room that Moss amused himself by watching the little shopping parties of the belles of Guilford and its vicinity, dragged up and shuffled down the precipitous hill in the street, in little phaetons, some double-bodied, with half-starved horses to do the duty—cruelty vans, with skeleton ponies,—and I only regret that space and circumstances do not permit my giving the reader an abstract and brief chronicle of his observations.

The instinct which announces to the camel the approach to water in the desert was nothing to that which indicated to Moss the advent of a mutton-chop. Long before the step of the waiter was heard on the staircase, Godfrey had wriggled himself and his armchair from the window to the table; his associates acknowledged the potency of his faculties in that way, and followed his example; they had scarcely ranged themselves round the board when the expected cutlet came.

In the middle of their repast, the arrival of a particularly elegant, plain, dark olive-green travelling carriage and four, with two servants in the rumble, created a sensation—but not of sufficient importance to abstract the "lunchers," who, to do them justice, performed their parts to admiration. After they had concluded the operation, and strayed to the window, Moss's notice was attracted by seeing a tall gentleman in black, looking very attentively at Maxwell's carriage, which had

been left in the street in front of the house, and evidently making inquiries concerning it of one of the people belonging to the inn, who, it seemed equally clear, was unable to afford the information he was seeking.

"Kittums," said Moss, "come here—I'll show you something—promise not to scream out and make a Tom Noddy of yourself. Look here!—here's Charles Somerford himself, if ever I saw him in my life."

Kate approached with caution, although she rather attributed Godfrey's announcement to a joke than to any thing like reality. She saw, and in an instant recognised Charles—it was indeed he himself.

Moss proceeded to attract his attention by coughing at the window, in a peculiar manner familiar to Charles's ear, if he recollected it; but Kate drew Mousetrap back, and implored him, as he valued her happiness, her respectability, instantly to come away, and not render her liable to the imputation of following or intruding herself upon her former lover, especially at the very moment when she had heard of the removal of the only obstacle to their union. Moss saw that she was right, and immediately abstained from his proceedings, but nevertheless determined to take upon himself the responsibility of going and speaking to Somerford, if Somerford it should be, and by so doing lead, as he thought would be best, to a general reconciliation between the parties, who appeared really to have been thrown together by some providential interference for the purpose.

In pursuance of his plan, Moss retired; and it would be difficult to depict the feelings of Kate as she saw him quit the room—the ardent desire she felt to witness his meeting with Somerford, the manner in which he greeted him, and the sort of feeling he exhibited at the renovation of their friendship. Maxwell and Edward had previously left the inn for a stroll, which in Guilford is generally an interesting thing, seeing that it is a goodly town, and rich in matters of antiquity. Kate, stepping on tiptoe to the window, watched and saw, listened and heard.

"Why, Moss," said Somerford, "is it possible—you here? Where are the Maxwells? I knew it was *their* carriage."

Here the conversation subsided into a low tone; Moss put his arm through Charles's, and walked slowly down the street with him. Kate followed them with her eyes—she saw Charles looking—she saw Moss point with his finger, as if to indicate the very spot where she was—she beheld him relating some-

thing—what she could not exactly guess—but she saw her own Charles Somerford hastily break from Moss, and leap, as it were, with joy, in the open street; next she saw him turn Godfrey round, and lug him along upwards towards the inn, Moss shaking with the exercise and an April sensation of laughing and crying. The struggle did not last long; Charles cast off his Mentor, and entering the house, dashed up stairs. All that Kate saw was his rush into the room; of what subsequently happened she was utterly unconscious, till she found herself seated on the sofa, Charles tenderly watching her recovery, her father holding her burning hand in his, with Edward by his side, and Godfrey Moss at the round table in the middle of the room, making himself, *sub silentiô*, a particularly dark-brown tumbler of brandy and water.

"This is the most extraordinary, most providential meeting that could have been imagined," said Charles; "I was crossing to Richmond from Sussex, where I have been on some melancholy business; and the idea of intersecting you, whom of all people in the world I was most anxious to meet, at a time, too," added he, in a subdued tone of voice, "when our meeting might be so satisfactory——"

"Ah! well, Charley boy," said Moss, "what is to be, is; and what will be, will: and so now, come, none of your preaching—come along with us. We'll carry you up to town—there's a place outside along with Neddums, and you two creturs can talk over your love affairs."

"What," said Charles, "has he any love affairs?"

"No, no," said Maxwell; "nonsense—they are only joking."

Ned and Charles exchanged looks, which induced the latter to think there was no joke in the matter.

"But won't that do?" said Moss; "that's a good arrangement."

"I am going to Richmond," said Charles; "and must——"

"How d'ye travel?" said Moss.

"I have a carriage here," said Somerford.

"Oh!" said Moss; "that comes of Indy—

'When I'm rich, I rides in chaises.'

That's the way, is it?—walks about with a sprig of jasmine in his button-hole, and does um dandy."

A gentle tap at the door produced the permission to "come in;" and a servant in black, standing six feet two without his

shoes, with buckskins and boots which would have made Brummell in his day jealous, presented himself.

Moss stared, and was about to be facetious; the Maxwells were rather puzzled to know who was wanted; when the man, approaching Charles, said, in a low voice, "The horses are ready, my lord, whenever your lordship is."

This little speech startled the whole party.

"Order them round, then," said Charles; "we are all going, I fancy," added he, addressing his companions, having already seen that Maxwell's carriage was prepared for starting.

"Yes, my lord," said the servant, and departed.

A moment's pause succeeded this short scene.

"I believe," said Charles, "my change of station in the world is a novelty to you: you are not aware of my accession to the title of my grandfather."

"Grand——who?" said Moss.

"Pray be quiet, dear Godfrey," said Maxwell; who, between ourselves, had an inherent affection for a lord—even for the youngest Irish baron, or the silliest Irish bishop—I am not quite sure whether it would not have gone down to the depths of a lord mayor of York—"how d'ye mean, Charles?"

"To you, my dear sir," said Somerford, "and yours, I am, and always shall be, Charles Somerford; but to the world I am Lord Lessingham. Ask me nothing about it now, because I have not time to tell, nor you to hear, the whole of a very extraordinary history; but if you will do that which I think will be a wiser thing than going on to town to-night, come with me to Richmond *en masse*, I will exert my first right of seigneurie by receiving you, and giving you, at all events, a warm and hospitable reception."

Kate did not know what to say or to do: there was an apparent impropriety in her going on a visit to Charles, even though he were a lord (which she could scarcely bring herself to believe), at the moment when she had just heard of her husband's death; besides she had no maid. Dawes, who to be sure was but an antiquated specimen of a soubrette, was absent, and there were a thousand other reasons. However, a sort of compromise was made; and it was agreed that Kate and her father should at all events travel in his lordship's carriage as far as Kingston, and that Ned and Godfrey Moss should discuss the events of the day, *tête-à-tête*, in Maxwell's chariot; an arrangement to which Moss gladly agreed, as giving him more room, taking particular care, however, upon starting, to let

the postboys understand that the old gentleman with the white head in my lord's coach was to pay for the horses.

In the course of their progress to Kingston, where Lord Lessingham took his leave of them for his villa, all those events and circumstances which are already known to the reader were communicated by the noble baron to his old and esteemed friends; and it was also arranged, at Katherine's wish, that she and her father should proceed direct for London to Hanningham's, where they were expected; an arrangement which was sanctioned by Charles, only on the condition that on the following day they would pay him a visit in his retirement, to which he felt a desire to introduce them, not only for the gratification of feelings personal to himself, but that he might, instantly and under the roof of that repentant grandfather to whom he owed all, sanctify, as it were, the resolution he had never abandoned of making Katherine his wife, should the opportunity ever offer itself.

At Kingston they separated; and the surgeon's carriage proceeded, *via* Putney, to the lodgings of the Hanninghams; Lord Lessingham, however, having seized on one of the party as a hostage, whom he promised to deliver up by two o'clock on the following day. This was Edward. He saw he was out of spirits; he was anxious to ascertain the cause of his chagrin, and if there were any means in his power of overcoming it. Besides, he was quite alone at Richmond, and the suddenly subsiding into solitude after the excitement of the morning would have been doubly irksome. So, overcome by all the persuasions which were made use of, Edward, whose anxiety to get to London was a little qualified by the certainty t at he should have an opportunity of talking privately and confidentially with Somerford that evening, agreed to the kind proposal of his noble friend, and accompanied him to his villa.

The day terminated, as far as the Maxwells were concerned, in a happy reception by Hanningham and his wife. None of these Moss knew, and when he came into the drawing-room, and saw Wilson and Miss Wilson, and some other strangers seated there, he stopped short, told Kittums to say nothing about him, and rolled himself and his portmanteau off to his club, where he dined at his ease, took his full swig of port, and the *chasse* which he generally adopted, promising to call the next day and begin his new acquaintance before he was tired with a seventy-mile journey, and a six-mile voyage.

The greetings and recognitions were, on all hands, warm

and agreeable; and the account of the day's adventures was received with the greatest pleasure and sympathy by Katherine's female friends. Hanningham and Maxwell entered into a lengthened and interesting conversation in a corner of the room; and old Wilson whispered Kate, that, let who in the world be happy, *he* was the happiest man in existence.

In such a state of perfect bliss what a cruelty it would be to introduce any topic likely to curdle the mass of joy; let us therefore wish the assembled party good-night, not, however, without the expectation of reaping a "pretty particular harvest" of adventures on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVII.

Submit thy fate to heaven's indulgent care,
Though all seems lost, 'tis impious to despair.
The tracts of Providence like rivers wind—
Here, run before us—there, retreat behind;
And though immerged in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise.

HIGGONS.

NOTHING could have answered better, than the whole arrangement of the family party; for Edward, who, being a stranger to the Wilsons, would naturally have felt shy and ill at ease in their company, while bursting with anxiety to open his heart to Hanningham, passed with his old friend Lord Lessingham an evening of perfect enjoyment. Those who know what love is, and what lovers are, will immediately comprehend that he talked of nothing from dinner-time until bed-time but of himself and his mysterious Maria—to Charles he unburdened his whole heart, and so deeply interested him in his fate, that his lordship pledged himself to aid his designs and further his views with regard to her, to the utmost extent of his power and ability.

This was consolatory, agreeable, and encouraging to Edward; but there were other points gained during their *tête-à-tête*, which were even more important to the interests of the Maxwell family, as matters now stood. Charles, aware that in so early a stage of Kate's widowhood any declaration made to *her* of his feelings towards her personally would be highly in-

delicate, was equally conscious that he might, without binding Edward to any thing like secrecy or concealment of the fact from his sister, distinctly express to him, that the sole object of his ambition, the great aim of his life, was to secure her hand as his wife, when the season which the custom of the world has assigned to weeds and weeping should have passed by. It is true, after Charles's conduct and conversation during their journey towards town, Kate could have no doubt of the constancy and sincerity of his affection for her; but he appeared anxious, beyond any thing that might be implied, to bind himself to her brother, as to one who would hereafter hold him responsible for the declaration he made.

Edward, in relating all the proceedings of Apperton to his newly found friend, only realized, as his lordship said, the opinion he formed of the man at his first and only interview—the extent of his atrocities were even yet to be developed, for it seemed that after having been arrested, after having given notice of taking the benefit of the insolvent act, and after having involved three or four persons who still had faith in his honour and credit, as his sureties for the rules of the King's Bench Prison, to which he was committed, his criminal transactions began so rapidly to divulge themselves, that all considerations were sacrificed to his personal safety, and he fled the country, leaving the unhappy dupes who had placed a confidence in him to reimburse the marshal of the prison in the whole amount of the debts for which he had been confined.

When the morning arrived, and Edward found himself in the terrestrial paradise which now belonged to his friend, it still seemed like a dream—a bright, beautiful dream, wanting but one additional charm to make it perfect. Richmond, that looks every day one sees it as if it were dressed to look lovely on that day alone, was in all its beauty. There was a repose, a fragrance, a charm about it all, that kept the friends lingering on the lawn, still talking on their favourite themes, until two o'clock, when they resolved—still continuing their conversation in the same strain no doubt—to proceed to London to join the family party; for whose reception at the villa in the evening Lord Lessingham had given directions that every preparation should be made. Accordingly they started for town, where stranger and more important events had been in the course of occurrence than even they could anticipate.

After an evening perhaps even more interesting to the parties concerned than that which the two friends passed at Richmond, the family coterie in London assembled at break-

fast; Hanningham's feelings were evidently so much excited that he could scarcely keep himself quiet, and old Maxwell and Wilson sat together, enjoying between themselves, not exactly a joke—for it appeared to be something more important than that—but a secret, which evidently gave them the most heartfelt satisfaction, but which they seemed determined not to impart for the benefit of their friends.

"To day, at twelve o'clock," said Hanningham, "I am to fulfil a duty which I owe to the reputation of a beloved parent, whose name has been branded, and whose character has been stigmatized, as a murderer. The real culprit, as I have already told you, has admitted himself the man—to-morrow he suffers for another crime, and hopes to make some atonement for his sins by confessing to-day, before a competent authority, the whole of the bloody transaction in which he, and he alone, was concerned. It will be most satisfactory to me," continued Hanningham, "if Mr. Maxwell, and Mr. Moss (for Godfrey had gone to breakfast with them—the new laid eggums and the hammums were too strong an inducement to be withstood), and Mr. Wilson would accompany me to Newgate, where the proceeding is to take place, as the more witnesses there are to such a solemn act of justice, the more gratifying it will be to a son anxious for the reputation of a parent."

"What!" said Moss, "must we go poking our noses through the iron bars and fetters—all among the clankum creturs wot kills one another?"

"A little sacrifice of personal comfort," said Maxwell, "for a few minutes, Moss, will be amply repaid, by the satisfaction you will derive from seeing Hanningham made happy."

"Oh, I am ready," said Moss,—"I can't walk, you know—carry me any where—I'll go."

And accordingly, preparations were made; and as time drew on, Hanningham's carriage was at the door, and within it were stowed the three old gentlemen and the noble-minded son, whose whole heart and soul were in the vindication of his calumniated parent.

"This," said Wilson, as they passed along the streets, "is a most curious—a most wonderful event. I am scarcely prepared for what I am to see, in the dreadful receptacle to which we are going;—my heart sickens."

"You must bear up," said Maxwell; "it is absolutely essential you should be with us—screw your courage to the sticking-place—your rustication in Fayal has not so entirely uncivilized you, that you cannot endure the sight of a prison."

"Pray remain with us," said Hanningham; "assure yourself you will be repaid for the struggle."

They reached the door of the keeper's house, into which they were admitted. There they found, already arrived, the persons who were to receive the confession officially for the Secretary of State for the home department—a process which Moss, who had but a confused notion of law, and whose nerves, moreover, were entirely unstrung by the sight of certain iron bars placed perpendicularly on the outer side of the windows of the very smart apartment in which they were assembled, could not help thinking a work of supererogation. "It may be all vastly well," thought he, "for Hanningham to establish his father's innocence in the minds of those who knew him, but what the deuse is the use of troubling the Secretary of State or the Crown about a cretur who has been dead this year and a half, or whatever it is?"

After a certain degree of muttering and murmuring, a rattling of keys and clattering were heard—the door of the room opened, and, preceded by a couple of turnkeys, the "procession" moved through sundry dark and gloomy passages to the door of the cell in which Hall was incarcerated. It was opened, and by a dim light the visiters discovered the unhappy culprit stretched on his pallet, in earnest conversation with the ordinary of the prison.

The agitation of Wilson at the sight before him was so great, that it was with difficulty he could be supported to the seat which the clergyman gave up to him. Hall raised himself to receive the expected visiters; and the official person who accompanied them, taking a candle (the only light in the cell) in his hand, read over slowly and distinctly the confession which Hall had made, and which he now attested by his signature. Wilson, who had attentively watched every syllable of this declaration, became more violently affected towards its conclusion, and when Hall signed the paper—a mingled scream and groan burst from the old gentleman, who, in a moment after, fell senseless on the floor.

"What has happened?" said Hall. "More mischief—more murder—am I destined to destroy—destroy—destroy!"

"No," said Hanningham; "calm yourself—compose yourself—this is nothing. He will recover—raise him, bathe his temples; he will be better in a minute."

"He!" screamed Hall, as his eyes glared on the pale face of the agitated sufferer—"Who is he!—Great God preserve

me—it is my friend—my master!—Hanningham himself—safe, safe—alive and safe!"

The parties to this scene were now so highly excited, that it was deemed expedient to remove them from it; but Hall had seized the hand of Wilson, or rather the elder Hanningham,—for Hanningham it *was*—and grasped it with a firmness which resisted all efforts to disengage it. Tears *flowed* in torrents from the wretched culprit's eyes, and it was not until both had so far recovered, that the one could pronounce the word of forgiveness, and the other hear it, with something like composure, that they were separated.

After such a meeting, such a discovery, and such a parting, it may be easily imagined that the party were not a little relieved by a return to the light and air, even of London. Hanningham had achieved a triumph worthy of a son, to which he had been led while earnestly endeavouring to evince his gratitude for conduct on the part of Maxwell which alone could have rendered his success efficient. What Maxwell *did* remains to be seen.

When they reached home, they found Lord Lessingham and Edward waiting their arrival. Mrs. Apperton and Miss Wilson were out, gone shopping, in order to procure the necessary materials for the former's widowhood; for although decency and propriety rendered it absolutely necessary that she should assume mourning, neither the period of her husband's death nor the general character of their connexion rendered it imperative upon her to consign herself to positive seclusion, or deny herself the privilege of choosing her own crape, and arranging her own love.

Edward and young Hanningham were, of course, in an instant engaged on topics of mutual interest; and the elder Hanningham was, by the general advice of the party, consigned to his room and sofa, to recollect his scattered thoughts and spirits after a scene which not only cleared his character from crime, but restored him to his family and friends, and to society in general.

It was after Edward and his friend had in some degree satisfied themselves with their conversation, that Maxwell, taking advantage of the temporary absence of young Hanningham and his wife, Mrs. Apperton, and Miss Wilson (all of whom knew the story), disclosed to his son and Lord Lessingham the nature of the secret which Kate had discovered—on which his fate and reputation had hitherto hung, but which, now that his

professional career was ended, and the innocence of Hanningham established, was no longer of importance.

It appeared that the body of Hanningham had been procured by one of Maxwell's agents for the purpose of dissection, and had on the stormy evening of the dreadful day of his supposed execution, been brought in the usual manner to the private entrance of his residence. That after the departure of his pupils, Maxwell had retired to his study, and before returning to the drawing-room, visited the receptacle for the dead, to see that all was safe for the night. Here, to his amazement and surprise, his ears were assailed by a faint groan and a sigh—he carried his light to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and saw not only that the human being before him was not dead, but actually breathing and moving.

He was aware who the man was—he had taken great interest in the case—in the examination—the charge—the trial, and the condemnation, and he had always maintained an opinion of his innocence; he was here—before him—alone—and in his power. To preserve him was to entail ruin on himself; for besides bringing down the heaviest penalty of the law in furthering his escape, the development of the fact would involve the disclosure of the system by which the surgical theatres are furnished with subjects. All was at stake: Hanningham had been declared guilty of murder—had, in the eye of the world, suffered the extreme punishment of the law, and was dead—not only legally, but as the people believed, physically.

He paused to consider—a blow would end the struggle between returning vitality and death—a blow, too, which it was almost his duty to give, and such a blow as *in more than one similar case has been given*, was all that was wanting to end the mystery; but could he, feeling as he did that the man had been unjustly convicted,—could he complete what the law had failed to consummate? The case was trying—fearful—hazardous.—Maxwell, however, had made up his mind.

First, securing the door which separated the dwelling-house from the surgery, he raised the unhappy sufferer, and placed him in a sitting posture—he found life and animation rapidly returning—he bled his unconscious patient—the blood flowed—flowed freely, and the wretched sufferer soon began to seem conscious of the objects round him; but it required care, and patience, and time, and attention to manage such a resuscitation. These Maxwell devoted to it.

It would be useless and unprofitable to go through the

details of the recovery of the unfortunate Hanningham, who at length became sufficiently renovated to be removed by Maxwell, with great care and caution, up the back stairs of the house to his own room. The period he chose for the transit was during the supper-hour of the servants; he felt secure that his path would not then be crossed by any of the establishment: he succeeded in assisting, almost carrying his trembling companion to the apartment; there arrived, he furnished him with clothes from his own wardrobe, administered such cordials as he considered essential to his restoration, and then locking the door of his room, and bringing away the key, left him in safety while he went down to join his family, as if he had been only pursuing the ordinary course of his studies.

It was on that night, the reader will recollect, that a sound of something falling heavily in the room above, alarmed the family party. Hanningham, miscalculating his strength, had ventured to attempt to cross the apartment, but growing giddy, fell backwards into the chair whence he had essayed to move. Maxwell hurried up, and soon ascertained the cause of the noise; it will also be recollected that Katherine followed abruptly, and, rushing into the apartment, beheld her father in the act of administering assistance to the pale and agitated stranger.

If, as she often afterward said, her father had then simply bound her to secrecy as to what she had actually seen, without permitting her to know more of the history with which the exhibition was connected, all would have been well; for she would have felt solemnly engaged never to reveal it, and even if she had violated her parent's confidence, she could have told nothing to inculpate him; but he, in his agitation, and in the desire of obtaining an entire assurance of fidelity from his child, by making the most unreserved confidence, imparted the whole fact to her, expressing, at the same time, his determination to save the unfortunate man, or perish in the attempt.

With this view, after the family had retired to rest, he and his weakened companion, somewhat restored by the care which had been bestowed on him, quitted the house, and proceeded to the outskirts of the town, in a direction which Hanningham knew his daughter might easily reach; there Maxwell attended him, staid with him through the night, nor left him until he found him safely housed, and in the care of his exemplary child, whose unceasing and unremitting affection and attention to her suffering parent during his tedious imprisonment, and in the day of death itself, had been beyond all praise.

"It was after having made these arrangements," said Maxwell, "that I returned home, and was soundly rated by Mousetrap for pottering all over the country, guinea hunting. I did not defend myself against this charge, I recollect; but I had great and manifold difficulties to contend with after that. To send Hanningham to his son at Madeira would have been to betray the whole business, in which, of course, I could not personally appear; however, I managed to engage a passage for him and his daughter to Fayal, a place which they only knew by name, and certainly never expected to visit. Thither they were to go under the name of Wilson."

"Our confidential agent," exclaimed Edward—"now I see."

"But the difficulty," continued Maxwell, "was to elude the vigilance of observation between London and Portsmouth, where the vessel bound to Fayal lay; therefore it was that I took the precaution to engage, for a few pounds, a passage round from the river to Portsmouth, in a ship called the Whilelmina."

"Captain Randolph?" said Edward.

"Exactly so," said Maxwell; "and in the dusk of the evening before she sailed, I contrived to bring Hanningham in my carriage to the water-side from the lodging I had secured for him, and saw him safe into the merchant ship, from which he was not to depart until his transhipment into the Fayalese brig, at Spithead; and by midnight they were under way."

"And the daughter, sir—Miss Hanningham," said Charles.

"She remained behind in town, for a day or two, to avoid any suspicion," said Maxwell, "when she proceeded direct to join her father, and arrived on board the vessel where he was, on the evening after he had been put into her, from the ship. Much odium did I incur—much calumny did I encounter, I believe, from the necessity which occurred of my meeting that lovely girl in various parts of the town—for, of course, I never dared venture to the place by daylight where her father lay concealed. Even my own son, I believe, suspected me of some improper flirtation, and once took upon himself to watch my proceedings in the Green Park."

"The Green Park!" cried Edward, leaping from his chair in ecstacy. "Do you mean, my dearest father—I say, do you mean that the beloved creature, who was your companion in the Green Park on that day, is Hanningham's sister—the sister of my friend? This, then, accounts for the picture."

"The picture!" said Maxwell; "I know nothing about pictures, Ned—but here—here is the charming original herself!"

And at that moment the folding doors between the drawing-rooms were thrown open, and the blushing, trembling Maria Hanningham sank into the arms of Mr. Edward Maxwell, as naturally as if they had been prepared for the event by a dozen rehearsals.

"Now," said Maxwell, "you are fully aware of the importance of the secret I had to conceal—now you see the danger and difficulty which would have accrued to us all by any countenance or furtherance of the connexion between Maria and you—and now you are able to judge of the trials I have undergone, the reward of which, and of my earnest prayers to Providence has been this general restoration of us all to peace and happiness."

Maxwell, in the midst of the good feeling which really and truly actuated him throughout the whole of this complicated business, had, it will be seen, the good taste not to give the real and true reason why he decidedly objected to his son's marriage with Maria. The entire acquittal of Hanningham had set the question at rest, and what use was there *in recurring* to past difficulties?

It was now Maria's turn to explain to Edward that her acquaintance with the police officer whom she met in the park, was made during her visits to the prison where her father was confined; that she put herself under his orders, to escape from Edward's importunities; that on the day he chased her to the ship, she did not see or recognise him, but that she went purposely by water from London to meet and receive her father, who, strange to say, was actually brought to the stairs on the Surry side of the river in Maxwell's carriage, at the very moment that Ned was whistling and kicking his heels with the watermen at the landing-place on the other. Maria went ashore with the captain, as the waterman said, and returned to her residence, but not *viâ* Cockatoo Hall, which she never had visited, and which accounted for Mrs. Randolph's indignant denial of any acquaintance on the part of her husband with "no sort of young ladies whatsomever."

Of all the gabblings and tattlings since the days of Babel, never was any thing like the noise in Hanningham's drawing-room at this period. Lord Lessingham and Kate in one corner; Maria and Edward in another; Mr. Hanningham, and old Maxwell, and Moss in another: servants coming in—servants going out—it was perfectly confusing, astounding, and overwhelming.

"Pray," said Moss, when something like a calm occurred,

"when shall I send for the vicar of Fudley-cum-Pipes? I see that'll be the end on't."

Nobody answered the appeal; and if Kate had said any thing, she perhaps would have preferred some other joiner, since the last job the vicar had performed had not turned out exactly according to the expectation of the parties most concerned.

The elder Hanningham, in the course of an hour or two, found himself sufficiently strong to rejoin the party; and, as he expressed himself, his happiness was beyond the lot of man; and he left those around him to judge what his feelings must be towards Maxwell.

"I suspect," said Lord Lessingham, "that a trial will be made of your affection for that family—a Maxwell, a friend of mine, has a design, and a serious one too, of robbing you of the greatest treasure you possess, Mr. Hanningham."

"She *is* a treasure," said the old man, comprehending his lordship's meaning; "God bless her! Through my imprisonment, my trial, in my cell, nay, to the very foot of the scaffold, was this beloved child my solace, my companion, my support; and to see her restored to the world—to happiness, I hope—repays all I have suffered. Mr. Maxwell," continued he, addressing Ned, "personally acquainted we have been but a short time—my son has told me your character—you are worthy of your father. If I have indeed a treasure to bestow, it is yours—dearer, as it is to me, than my heart's blood."

The young people, apparently not at all disinclined to take advantage of any opportunity for so doing, again rushed into each other's arms; whereupon Moss rising out of a soft downy armed-chair in which he had been ensconced, after the fashion of a diamond in cotton, said, "Well, now we have had enough of all this trash and gammon—what time do we dine?"

"I propose, Mr. Moss," said Lord Lessingham, "to have the honour of receiving you all at Richmond."

"Richmond!" said Moss; "what not dine before *that?*"

"Every arrangement is made for your reception," said Charles, "and if Mrs. Apperton and Mrs. Hanningham will undertake to chaperone Miss Hanningham, I, on the part of myself and Ned Maxwell, pledge ourselves to entertain you and the elders in a manner quite consistent with your views of comfort."

"Have you got a French cook, my lord?" said Moss.

"No; but a very liberal translation of one into English," said Lord Lessingham.

"Because, if you have got one of those night-capped creturs," said Moss, "that sprinkle salmon all over with capers and butter by way of making it nice, and cram crawfish into turkies, with lumps of pudding round them by way of sauce, I'd advise you to poke him into the river, and let one of your kitchen maids do me a nice hot mutton-chop, with the gravy in him, or roast me a leg of the cretur entire."

"You shall order what you please, my dear Moss," said Charles; "you will find my villa Liberty Hall, You shall have your cigar, and 'ginnums-and-water,' out under a great tree; a monkey to play with, a cockatoo to worry, pigeons to feed, and one of the prettiest of the still-room maids to bring you the peas."

"That's right, Charley, my boy," said Moss; "you are one of the true fellows after all—no spoiling you by making you a lord, at all events."

"I am likely to be spoiled," said Charles, "if good fortune and unmerited happiness can effect it. But we must not lose time in moralizing, out of regard to your appetite, Moss: there are the carriages at the door, which will carry us all and our servants—so let us away, and pass a day of happiness after an age of sorrow."

"Come," said Maxwell; "and let this be ever impressed on your minds, my children—that however adverse what is profanely and idly called fate may appear to set against us in this world, a firm reliance on the bounty of Providence will never be disappointed. There scarcely ever was a more striking instance of retributive justice than that which our own history exhibits—let others take courage from the results, and, while they put their trust in Heaven, fear no evils which assail them on earth."

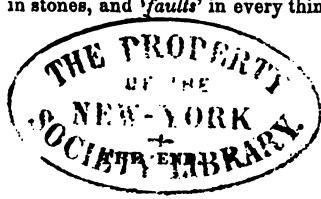
Moss, who, although brother to the vicar of Fudley-cum-Pipes, had no particular turn for sermons, especially when delivered by the laity, now began to fidget and unsettle the ladies, who proceeded to put themselves in readiness to accept the very gratifying invitation of Lord Lessingham; and in less than half-an-hour the happy party left town for his beautiful villa. His lordship, Mrs. Apperton, Maxwell, and Moss filling the britscha, and the Hanninghams, Miss Hanningham, and Ned Maxwell stowed away in the barouche.

One additional line only is necessary to dispose of another performer in our drama—Mrs. Overall, *ci-devant* Epsworth. The Major, two months after his marriage, was expatiating earnestly upon some favourite topic, at the head of one of the

marble staircases of his economical palace at Florence, when in the enthusiasm of the moment, he lost his balance, pitched over the balustrades on his head, and was killed. His widow remained disconsolate only six months; and one of the first persons who paid Lord Lessingham a visit at Richmond to congratulate him upon his accession to his title was his old flame, returned to England, re-married to an Italian nobleman with a landed estate of sixty-eight pounds per annum, which conferred upon her the title of Countess Latatatarina.

It would, under the circumstances, be scarcely desirable to carry this history any farther, lest we should find in the sequel that the widowhood of Mrs. Apperton were measured by the patience of her friend and cousin, the Countess. It will perhaps be sufficient to say, that at this present writing, there does not exist a happier couple than Lord and Lady Lessingham, or than Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maxwell; that the old gentlemen play chess as well as ever; and that Godfrey Moss, sick of the absurdity of all "worldly creturs," has settled himself down in happy retirement, where he finds—

——"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and '*faults*' in every thing."



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